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England: Impressions and Personalities

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IT is nearly two months since I landed in England from America. My English sojourn is the first stage of a year-long journey which will take me through Europe and the Near East—a voyage of rediscovery of lands which I have not visited since before the Great War. Short though my stay in England has been, it has been filled with a wide variety of experiences. I have seen many diverse phases of contemporary British life and have been privileged to meet and converse with persons representing most shades of thought—ranging from "Die-Hard" Tory leaders like the Duke of Northumberland and editors of *The Morning Post* clear over to some of the "Reddest" members of the Labor party.

How can I summarize my impressions of post-war England? Perhaps the best way of stating them would be to say that they crystallize in three distinct layers, superimposed one upon the other in point of time. When I had been here a week I exclaimed to myself surprisedly: "Why, there's been very little change from the England I knew before 1914!" When I had been here a month I said: "Ah, yes; there have been enormous changes." Now my verdict is: "But, after all, England is still fundamentally the same." I have submitted this judgment to several of my English friends, and they have agreed that it is substantially correct. The more radically minded among them have admitted the fact with evident regret. As H. G. Wells expressed it: "How can you expect much real change when so much of our youth has been killed off and the old men left to 'carry on'?"

One thing, however, I can certify from my own knowledge has not altered even superficially, and that is the English spring. Why is it that Americans persist in entertaining such roseate ideas of the English springtime despite repeated disillusionments? I believe the reason is the lyric wiles of the English poets. Since the days of Chaucer at least, Britannia's bards have been singing the glories of her springtide. "Oh, to be in England in the spring!" has been the refrain, with appropriate variations. Wherefore we transatlantic sharers in the English literary tradition reach the ancestral Motherland filled with hopes which are promptly dashed by a choice assortment of cloud, rain, and chill—with an occasional flurry of hail or wet snowflakes thrown in for good measure. Thereupon we conclude that English poets are either inveterate optimists or brazen "boosters." And then?—then we stay away from England a few years: subtly the lyric charm is rewoven, and our faith revives! Why does not some courageous Britisher arise and expose this poetic fallacy? I have told Norman Angell that he picked quite the wrong subject when he wrote that book of his "The Great Illusion."

However, though the British climate remains unaltered, many other things have markedly changed. These changes, to be sure, do not exactly leap to the cas-

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ual eye. London has physically altered but slightly during the past decade. New construction is not noticeable save in Regent Street, which is being demolished wholesale and rebuilt with rather flamboyant business edifices. The same absence of outstanding physical change is true of the countryside. Motoring through rural England, the villages look as picturesquely ancient as of yore. As for the great estates, though one is assured that they are rapidly passing from their ancestral owners to more plebeian hands, the new title-deeds are not pasted on the park gates.

Nevertheless, one cannot be many hours on English soil without sensing that this island is not the same as it was ten years ago. And probably the first general impression which is borne in upon the consciousness of the newly landed visitor is that here is a people which, while getting along and preserving appearances, is manifestly "hard up." In the towns and cities one seldom sees new clothes. Even in the fashionable quarters of London the number of smartly dressed men and women is only a tithe of that visible before the war. And when one motors through the country one perceives a striking lack of pleasure traffic even on the main roads. Seldom do you meet a lordly limousine or luxurious touring-car; on the contrary, there is a variety of diminutive models, very strange to American eyes, and obviously designed to run on a minimum of "petrol"—which costs several times as much as it does at home. Lastly, the humble bicycle, which with us is almost as extinct as the dodo, flourishes exceedingly in England, the thrifty Briton guarding his lean pocket-book by a liberal use of leg-power.

These random impressions are fortified and confirmed by evidence of a much more precise character when one comes into personal contact with the English themselves. The Englishman's home may still be his castle, but the castle is distinctly less sumptuous than in pre-war days. I have entered but few houses in which I have not instantly sensed a subtle atmosphere of economy. Nearly everywhere one feels a lowering, or perhaps rather a contraction, of those easy living standards of the British upper and middle classes before the war. Servants are fewer, food is plainer, while clothing and furnishings are alike apt to show signs of wear.

But (and here is the bright side of an otherwise rather pathetic situation) while standards of living may have fallen, standards of life have been maintained. When I say that "appearances are preserved," I mean that the English, though in straitened circumstances, are maintaining a mode of existence in keeping with their traditional self-respect and sense of fitness. I do not, however, mean that there is any false pride or attempt to conceal the basic realities of the situation. The Englishman receives you "as is." He may be obviously far less prosperous than when he entertained you ten years ago, but he attempts neither bluff nor apology. When the subject of the state of affairs in England comes up for discussion, he does not confine himself to generalities but illustrates the point by facts from his own life. "You know," says he, "I can't afford to keep a motor-car these days"; or it may be: "Just look at these clothes, now; I've had 'em for I don't know how many years." And, like as not, he will end by exclaiming laughingly: "We're all so dreadfully poor just now, you know." And the laugh will be quite spontaneous; it may be a bit rueful, but it will certainly be neither forced nor bitter. The thing which has most impressed me here is the way the English are bearing their misfortunes and carrying their heavy burdens with cheery courage and without a trace of either self-pity or vain repining. I sometimes wonder whether, under equally trying circumstances, we Americans would show up as well.

For England's situation is to-day not a brilliant one, nor are her prospects for the near future particularly bright. This crowded little island lives by its foreign trade. Without overseas markets for its manufactured products, one-half of Britain's population would probably have to emigrate or starve. Now, many of her pre-war markets, especially in Europe, have been impoverished by the war, and Britain is feeling acutely the reflex pinch of their adversity. For the past two years the number of her unemployed has averaged one million five hundred thousand, kept alive mainly by doles from the

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public treasury. This, in turn, has added to the terrible burden of taxation, which weighs like a perpetual nightmare not merely on the rich but also upon the humblest layers of the middle classes and even on the better-paid artisans. How heavily this tax burden weighs I cannot better illustrate than by quoting the words of one who is a well-known figure in British journalism. "I am a successful man," he told me; "I earn an income which, at first sight, appears ample for all reasonable requirements. And yet, after my taxes are deducted, I am hard put to it to make both ends meet. Just see how it figures out: of the twelve months of every calendar year, I work five months for the state. In other words, from New Year's till the 1st of June I labor to pay my tax bill. Only thereafter can I begin to earn anything for myself and the upkeep of my family. And consider my family obligations. I have four daughters. All of them must have the best university education, just like boys, to fit them for professional careers. They must be fitted for professional careers because (and here is another great tragedy of contemporary English life) the women of their generation have only about one-fourth the chance of marrying that they would have had before 1914, so terribly have the young men of their class been slaughtered off in the late war." It is only when one hears conversations of this nature that one properly appreciates the Briton's cheerful grit and determination to "win through."

This same courageous determination is the best assurance of England's future. At the same time, the candid observer cannot but wonder whether it may not all be needed before Britain emerges into easier times. At present England is unquestionably passing through a difficult transition period which may last long. Certainly her political life is in a most confused and troubled state. The two outstanding political phenomena are the portentous rise of the Labor party and the equally portentous collapse of Liberalism. When I was last in England the Liberal party was in the saddle, while Labor, though vociferous, was a small and politically impotent minority. To-day Labor confronts the Conservative Government as the Constitutional Opposition, while the Liberals are split into jarring factions. Can the Liberal party "come back"? If I am to believe the bulk of the testimony I have heard on this point, I am inclined to doubt it. The Laborites claim unanimously that they have absorbed, or are fast absorbing, "all that is worth while" in the Liberal ranks. The Conservatives claim that they will ultimately absorb all the "solid" elements of Liberalism in the coming struggle against the revolutionary aims of Labor. Most significant of all, several Liberals have told me confidentially that they considered their party future distinctly dubious. One of these gentlemen, after stating that in his opinion all non-Labor elements would sooner or later have to fuse to oppose the "Labor menace," used the following simile: "You and I might be having an acrimonious dispute over financial differences, but if a tiger should suddenly jump through the window, we would probably become good allies." Another point worth noting is that, while the Laborites rejoice whole-heartedly at the prospect of Liberalism's destruction, Conservatives are inclined to deplore its possible disappearance, with the resulting division of party lines on economic and social rather than on political questions. All hands are agreed in thinking that if such a line-up takes place, British politics will become much more bitter and violent in character.

Partisan bitterness was, however, happily in abeyance during the afternoon I was privileged to spend watching the proceedings in the House of Commons. These proceedings were enlivened by an echo from my own "dry" country. Our Supreme Court's ruling against the presence of liquor on foreign merchant ships in American waters had ruffled some sections of British public opinion, one result of which was that a Conservative M. P., Lieutenant-Colonel Courthope by name, rose to introduce a retaliatory bill compelling all ships transporting passengers in British waters to carry liquid refreshment forbidden under American jurisdiction. The "honorable and gallant Member" began his speech asking leave to introduce the bill by stating that imitation was the sincerest form of flattery, and that Americans must not take it amiss if the British, following the American example (although in a different

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direction), interested themselves in the question of liquor on foreign ships in their waters. This imitation, he went on, while sincere, was not servile. The American demand was that all ships in American waters should be dry. The intention of his bill was that all ships in British waters must be wet, or at least reasonably moist. If enacted, this bill would insure that American ships entering British waters would be put to as much trouble taking on liquor as British or other foreign ships entering American waters would be in getting rid of it. Having been introduced by a Conservative, the bill was promptly opposed by Laborites and Liberals. A Labor member made the chief counter-argument by stating that since foreign ships could traverse the three miles of British territorial waters in about fifteen minutes, this brief period for spirituous refreshment could be taken advantage of only by plutocratic passengers, to the exclusion of "the poor stokers and sailormen" who would be absorbed in their duties. He therefore denounced the bill as "a piece of vicious class legislation." The bill ultimately passed its first reading by a small majority and went merrily on its way—which will probably be a long one. So ended this phase of Anglo-American relations.

In its larger aspect, however, Anglo-American relations, when viewed from this side of the water, form a most fascinating—and illusive—study. I had come to England determined to unearth the sources of anti-Americanism in Britain, but I soon made a disconcerting discovery: no Englishman would admit that he was an anti-American! A few did say they thought there was a certain amount of ill feeling here and there on specific points like our period of entry into the late war and the debt settlement, but I was unable to get any tangible evidence. Still determined in my quest, I sought out the man whom many American readers of English periodicals consider the arch-champion of British anti-Americanism—Mr. L. J. Maxse. The redoubtable editor of *The National Review* received me most hospitably, and in the midst of an amicable evening I ventured to tax him roundly with the charge so often laid at his door. His reply was disappointing. Roundly denying the accusation, he went on to declare that no one was more desirous than he of cordial relations between the two peoples; the sole obstacle, in his opinion, being the numerous anti-Britishers in the United States. Thus my hopes have remained unfulfilled. The nearest thing to anti-Americanism that I have discovered was a bitter criticism of our failure to take the Turkish Mandate, pronounced by a British champion of one of the Near Eastern nationalities. For a moment my hopes rose high, but they were soon dashed when the gentleman went on to utter the wish that the British army might possibly be mobilized for the cause of his protégés. Thereupon I became convinced that he spoke for no one but himself, because if there is one thing that stands out in contemporary British public opinion it is that the English are "fed up" to the neck with war and do not want to fight under any conceivable circumstances.

England seems, in fact, to be passing through an "isolationist" phase analogous to our own. Disappointed by the failure of the peace settlement to bring real tranquillity to Europe, and alarmed lest fresh disturbances should threaten to involve them once more in armed intervention, multitudes of Englishmen of all political parties and in all walks of life express an ardent wish to avoid Continental entanglements and confine themselves to their home affairs and the development of their vast colonial empire. Whether England could long disassociate herself from the doings of her Continental neighbors is at least doubtful; but the British desire for freedom from Continental entanglements is perfectly understandable, if for no other reasons than their own urgent internal questions and the even more complicated problems arising from their imperial responsibilities. One has only to mention such names as "India," "Egypt," "Mesopotamia," to realize the number and scope of the problems continually pressing for discussion and decision. Just at present the "Kenya Question" is perhaps the thorniest matter which is up for imperial consideration. It also illustrates how imperial affairs tend to cross-cut and coalesce in highly disconcerting fashion.

Kenya is a British colony situated in

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East Africa. This sounds remote from the turbid stream of world-politics; but it isn't, as the sequel will show. Kenya is peopled by at least three well-marked racial stocks. In the first place, there are the natives—several million Africans of various creeds, colors, and previous conditions of servitude. At the apex of the social pyramid are about ten thousand white settlers, adventurous British pioneers who have established themselves as planters and ranchers in the cool highlands of the interior which can be considered "White Man's country." Between the white and black elements are wedged about twenty-five thousand Hindus, most of whom came from India as coolies to work on the white plantations, but who now desire to set up for themselves and take a hand in exploiting the country. In this they are backed by their countrymen in India, many of whom consider East Africa as a future Indian colony. With this is linked up such burning questions as India's growing "nationalism" and the desire to obtain free access for Indian emigrants to all parts of the British Empire on the basis of "common citizenship." This, however, rouses the ire of white men in all the British colonies and dominions. The Indians of Kenya Colony have demanded equal political rights with the white settlers. The whites, faced by the prospect of a hostile Hindu majority, have protested that they will never tolerate political subjection that would spell their eventual destruction. Both parties have been backed up by powerful supporters, and, since Kenya is a Crown Colony under the jurisdiction of the Home Government, rival delegations are fighting a verbal campaign here in London. Both sides utter dire threats. The Hindus say that if they are not granted equality, their race will consider it a deadly insult and that India will soon revolt and be lost to the empire. The whites say that they will not be sacrificed, and that if the Hindus are given equality they will rise, drive the Hindus to the seacoast, and defy the Government to affront the self-governing dominions, especially South Africa, by attempting to put white men under a colored yoke. Meanwhile the black men are sitting on the side-lines, not saying much but possibly thinking a good deal. It is all very annoying to the Home Government and very disturbing to British public opinion, which has so many troubles of its own.

However, before we order our mourning robes for the poor old empire, we would do well to remember a few facts. First and foremost, Britain has been in the empire business for over three hundred years, yet she has made only one cardinal blunder—that relating to her American colonies. One major disaster in three centuries is a pretty good record. It shows that Englishmen know how to handle imperial problems. And the evidence of this gets immensely stronger when you have been privileged to meet a varied assortment of colonial officials, as I have just been doing. They are a fine, strong, wise lot, those British empire-builders and conservers. Curiously enough, they are very much of a type: a composite photograph would show striking correlations. Most of them tend to be tall, with gray or blue eyes, commanding noses, decisive chins, and strong yet flexible jaws. That jaw is, to my mind, the key-feature of the lot: the individuals may vary from the above-mentioned norm in some respects, but that jaw they all possess. Perhaps it may be the secret of Britain's empire!

Another highly significant type is the Permanent Official of the Home Government. The members of this bureaucratic caste have not that physical similarity which is observable among their fellows of the colonial services. Nevertheless, one cannot meet many of them without recognizing an intellectual norm which is clearly apparent. There is a quiet, unassuming efficiency about them which merits the compliment paid them by a political leader in a conversation I had not long ago as "the finest bureaucracy in the world." Certainly they are head and shoulders above any Continental bureaucrats with whom I am acquainted. They add distinctly to one's sense of confidence in Britain's future. Remembering them, one is tempted to believe that, while problems may lower and politicians may rage, England's destiny need not be despaired of while the technique of her affairs remains in such intelligent and capable hands.

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A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

XXXV

CAMPTON once more stood leaning in the window of a Paris hospital.

Before him, but viewed at another angle, was spread that same great spectacle of the Place de la Concorde that he had looked down at from the Crillon on the eve of mobilisation; behind him, in a fresh white bed, George lay in the same attitude as when his father had stood in the door of his room and sketched him while he slept.

All day there had run through Campton's mind the *clairvoyante's* promise to Julia: "Your son will come back soon, and will never be sent to the front again."

Ah, this time it was true—never, never would he be sent to the front again! They had him fast now, had him safe. That was the one certainty. Fast how, safe how?—the answer to that had long hung in the balance. For two weeks or more after his return the surgeons had hesitated. Then youth had seemed to conquer, and the parents had been told to hope that after a long period of immobility George's shattered frame would slowly re-knit, and he would walk again—or at least hobble. A month had gone by since then; and Campton could at last trust himself to cast his mind back over the intervening days, so like in their anguish to those at Doullens, yet so different in all that material aid and organization could give.

Evacuation from the base, now so systematically and promptly effected, had become a matter of course in all but the gravest cases; and even the delicate undertaking of deflecting George's course from the hospital near the front to which he had been destined, and bringing him to Paris, had been accomplished by a word in the right quarter from Mr. Brant.

Campton, from the first, had been opposed to the attempt to bring George to Paris; partly perhaps because he felt that in the quiet provincial hospital near the front he would be able to have his son to himself. At any rate, the journey would have been shorter; though, as against that, Paris offered more possibilities of surgical aid. His opposition had been violent enough to check his growing friendliness with the Brants; and at the hours when they came to see George, Campton now most often contrived to be absent.

Well, at any rate, George was alive, he was there under his father's eye, he was going to live: there seemed to be no doubt about it now. Campton could think it all over slowly and even calmly, marvelling at the miracle and taking it in. . . So at least he had imagined till he first made the attempt; then the old sense of unreality enveloped him again, and he struggled vainly to clutch at something tangible amid the swimming mists. "George—George—George—" He used to say the name over and over below his breath, as he sat and watched at his son's bedside; but it sounded far off and hollow, like the voice of one ghost calling to another.

Who was "George"? What did the name represent? The father left his post in the window and turned back to the bed, once more searching the boy's face for enlightenment. But George's eyes were closed: sleep lay on him like an impenetrable veil. The sleep of ordinary men was not like that: the light of their daily habits continued to shine through the chinks of their closed faces. But with these others, these who had been down into the lower circles of the pit, it was different: sleep instantly and completely sucked them back into the unknown. There were times when Campton, thus watching beside his son, used

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to say to himself: "If he were dead he could not be farther from me"—so deeply did George seem plunged in secret traffic with things unutterable.

Now and then Campton, as he sat beside him, seemed to see a little way into those subterranean darknesses; but after a moment he always shuddered back to daylight, benumbed, inadequate, weighed down with the weakness of the flesh and the imaginative incapacity to reach beyond his habitual range of sensation. "No wonder they don't talk to us," he mused.

By and by, perhaps, when George was well again, and the war over, the father might penetrate into his son's mind, and find some new ground of communion with him: now the thing was not to be conceived.

He remembered again Adele Anthony's asking him, when he had come back from Doullens: "What was the first thing you felt?" and his answering: "Nothing." . . Well, it was like that now: every vibration had ceased in him. Between himself and George lay the unbridgeable abyss of his son's experiences.

As he sat there, the door was softly opened a few inches and Boylston's face showed through the crack; light shot from it like the rays around a chalice. At a sign from him Campton slipped out into the corridor and Boylston silently pushed a newspaper into his grasp. He bent over it, trying with dazzled eyes to read sense into the staring head-lines: but "America—America—America—" was all that he could see.

A nurse came gliding up to them on light feet: the tears were running down her face. "Yes—I know, I know, I know!" she exulted. Up the tall stairs and through the ramifying of long white passages rose an unwonted rumour of sound, checked, subdued, invisibly rebuked, but ever again breaking out, like the noise of ripples on a windless beach. In every direction nurses and orderlies were speeding from one room to another of the house of pain with the message: "America has declared war on Germany."

Campton and Boylston stole back into George's room, and George lifted his eyelids and smiled at them, understanding before they spoke.

"The sixth of April! Remember the date!" Boylston cried over him in a gleeful whisper.

The wounded man, held fast in his splints, contrived to raise his head a little. His eyes laughed back into Boylston's.

"You'll be in uniform within a week!" he said; and Boylston crimsoned.

Campton turned away again to the window. The day had come—had come; and his son had lived to see it. So many of George's comrades had gone down to death without hope; and in a few months more George, leaning from that same window—or perhaps well enough to be watching the spectacle with his father from the terrace of the Tuileries—would look out on the first brown battalions marching across the Place de la Concorde, where father and son, in the early days of the war, had seen the young recruits of the Foreign Legion patrolling under improvised flags.

At the thought Campton felt a loosening of the tightness about his heart. Something which had been confused and uncertain in his relation to the whole long anguish was abruptly lifted, giving him the same sense of buoyancy which laughed in Boylston's glance. At last, random atoms that they were, they seemed all to have been shaken into their places, pressed into the huge mysterious design which was slowly curving a new firmament over a new earth. . .

Another knock; and a jubilant nurse appeared, hardly visible above a great bunch of lilacs tied with a starred and striped ribbon. Campton, as he passed the flowers over to his son, noticed an envelope with Mrs. Talkett's perpendicular scrawl. George lay smiling, the lilacs close to his pillow, his free hand fingering the envelope; but he did not unseal the letter, and seemed to care less than ever to talk.

After an interval the door opened, this time to show Mr. Brant's guarded glance. He drew back slightly at the sight of Campton; but Boylston, jumping up, passed close to the painter to breathe: "To-day, sir, just to-day—you must!"

Campton went to the door and signed silently to Mr. Brant to enter. Julia

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Brant stood outside, flushed and tearful, carrying as many orchids as Mrs. Talkett had sent lilacs. Campton held out his hand to her, and with an embarrassed haste she stammered: "We couldn't wait—." Behind her he saw Adele Anthony hurriedly coming up the stairs.

For a few minutes they all stood or sat about George's bed, while their voices, beginning to speak low, rose uncontrollably, interrupting one another with tears and laughter. Mr. Brant and Boylston were both brimming with news, and George, though he listened more than he spoke, now and then put a brief question which loosened fresh floods. Suddenly Campton noticed that his face, which had been too flushed, grew pale; but he continued to smile, and his eyes to move responsively from one illuminated face to the other. Campton, seeing that the others meant to linger, presently rose and slipping out quietly walked across the rue de Rivoli to the deserted terrace of the Tuileries. There he sat for a long time, looking out on the vast glittering spaces of the Place de la Concorde, and calling up, with his painter's faculty of vivid and precise visualization, a future vision of interminable lines of brown battalions marching past.

When he returned to the hospital after dinner the night-nurse met him. She was not quite as well satisfied with her patient that evening: hadn't he perhaps had too many visitors? Yes, of course—she knew it had been a great day, a day of international rejoicing, above all a blessed day for France. But the doctors, from the beginning, must have warned Mr. Campton that his son ought to be kept quiet—very quiet. The last operation had been a great strain on his heart. Yes, certainly, Mr. Campton might go in; the patient had asked for him. Oh, there was no danger—no need for anxiety; only he must not stay too long; his son must try to sleep.

Campton nodded, and stole in.

George lay motionless in the shaded lamplight: his eyes were open, but they seemed to reflect his father's presence without any change of expression, like mirrors rather than like eyes. The room was doubly silent after the joyful hubbub of the afternoon. The nurse had put the orchids and lilacs where George's eyes could rest on them. But was it on the flowers that his gaze so tranquilly dwelt? Or did he see in their place the faces of their senders? Or was he again in that far country whither no other eyes could follow him?

Campton took his usual seat by the bed. Father and son looked at each other, and the old George glanced out for half a second through the wounded man's lashes.

"There was too much talking to-day," Campton grumbled.

"Was there? I didn't notice," his son smiled.

No—he hadn't noticed; he didn't notice anything. He was a million miles away again, whirling into his place in the awful pattern of that new firmament. . .

"Tired, old man?" Campton asked under his breath.

"No; just glad," said George contentedly.

His father laid a hand on his and sat silently beside him while the spring night blew softly in upon them through the open window. The quiet streets grew quieter, the hush in their hearts seemed gradually to steal over the extinguished city. Campton kept saying to himself: "I must be off," and still not moving. The nurse was sure to come back presently—why should he not wait till she dismissed him?

After a while, seeing that George's eyes had closed, Campton rose, and crept across the room to darken the lamp with a newspaper. His movement must have roused his son, for he heard a slight struggle behind him and the low cry: "Father!"

Campton turned and reached the bed in a stride. George, ashy-white, had managed to lift himself a little on his free elbow.

"Anything wrong?" the father cried.

"No; everything all right," George said. He dropped back, his lids closing again, and a single twitch ran through the hand that Campton had seized. After that he lay stiller than ever.

XXXVI

George's prediction had come true. At his funeral, three days afterward, Boylston, a new-fledged member of the

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American Military Mission, was already in uniform. . .

But through what perversity of attention did the fact strike Campton, as he stood, a blank unfeeling automaton, in the front pew behind that coffin draped with flags and flanked with candle-glitter? Why did one thing rather than another reach to his deadened brain, and mostly the trivial things, such as Boylston's being already in uniform, and poor Julia's nose, under the harsh crape, looking so blue-red without its powder, and the chaplain's asking "O grave, where is thy victory?" in the querulous tone of a schoolmaster reproaching a pupil who mislaid things? It was always so with Campton: when sorrow fell it left him insensible and dumb. Not till long afterward did he begin to feel its birth-pangs. . .

They first came to him, those pangs, on a hot morning of the following July, as he sat once more on the terrace of the Tuileries. Most of his time, during the months since George's death, had been spent in endless aimless wanderings about Paris: and that day, coming down early from Montmartre, he had noticed in his listless way that all the streets were fluttering with American flags. The fact left him indifferent: Paris was always decorating nowadays for one ally or another. Then he remembered that it must be the Fourth of July; but the idea of the Fourth of July came to him through the same haze of indifference, as no more than a far-off childish memory of surreptitious explosions and burnt fingers. He strolled on toward the Tuileries, where he had got into the way of sitting for hours at a time, looking across the square at what had once been George's window.

He was surprised to find the rue de Rivoli packed with people; but his only thought was the instinctive one of turning away to avoid them, and he began to retrace his steps toward the Louvre. Then at a corner he paused again and looked back toward the Place de la Concorde. It was not curiosity that drew him, heaven knew—he would never again be curious about anything—but he suddenly remembered the day three months earlier when, leaning from George's window in the hospital, he had said to himself: "By the time our first regiments arrive he'll be up and looking at them from here, or sitting with me over there on the terrace"; and that decided him to turn back. It was as if he had felt the pressure of George's hand on his arm.

Though it was still so early he had some difficulty in pushing his way through the throng. No seats were left on the terrace, but he managed to squeeze into a corner near one of the great vases of the balustrade; and leaning there, with the happy hubbub about him, he watched and waited.

Such a summer morning it was—and such a strange grave beauty had fallen on the place! He seemed to understand for the first time—he who had served Beauty all his days—how profoundly, at certain hours, it may become the symbol of things hoped for and things died for. All those stately spaces and raying distances, witnesses of so many memorable scenes, might have been called together just as the setting for this one event—the sight of a few brown battalions passing over them like a feeble trail of insects.

Campton, with a vague awakening of interest, glanced about him, studying the faces of the crowd. Old and young, infirm and healthy, civilians and soldiers—ah, the soldiers!—all were exultant, confident, alive. Alive! The word meant something new to him now—something so strange and unnatural that his mind still hung and brooded over it. For now that George was dead, by what mere blind propulsion did all these thousands of human beings keep on mechanically living?

He became aware that a boy, leaning over intervening shoulders, was trying to push a folded paper into his hand. On it was pencilled, in Mr. Brant's writing: "There will be a long time to wait. Will you take the seat I have kept next to mine?" Campton glanced down the terrace, saw where the little man sat at its farther end, and shook his head. Then some contradictory impulse made him decide to get up, laboriously work his halting frame through the crowd, and insert himself into the place next to Mr. Brant. The two men nodded without shaking hands; after that they sat silent, their eyes on the empty square. Campton

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noticed that Mr. Brant wore his usual gray clothes, but with a mourning band on the left sleeve. The sight of that little band irritated Campton. . .

There was, as Mr. Brant had predicted, a long interval of waiting; but at length a murmur of jubilation rose far off, and gathering depth and volume came bellowing and spraying up to where they sat. The square, the Champs Elysées and all the leafy distances were flooded with it: it was as though the voice of Paris had suddenly sprung up in fountains out of her stones. Then a military march broke shrilly on the tumult; and there they came at last, in a scant swaying line —so few, so new, so raw; so little, in comparison with the immense assemblages familiar to the place, so much in meaning and in promise.

"How badly they march—there hasn't even been time to drill them properly!" Campton thought; and at the thought he felt a choking in his throat, and his sorrow burst up in him in healing springs. . .

It was after that day that he first went back to his work. He had not touched paint or pencil since George's death; now he felt the inspiration and the power returning, and he began to spend his days among the young American officers and soldiers, studying them, talking to them, going about with them, and then hurrying home to jot down his impressions. He had not, as yet, looked at his last study of George, or opened the portfolio with the old sketches; if any one had asked him, he would probably have said that they no longer interested him. His whole creative faculty was curiously, mysteriously engrossed in the recording of the young faces for whose coming George had yearned.

"It's their marching so badly—it's their not even having had time to be drilled!" he said to Boylston, half-shamefacedly, as they sat together one August evening in the studio window.

Campton seldom saw Boylston nowadays. All the young man's time was taken up by his job with the understaffed and inexperienced Military Mission; but fagged as he was by continual overwork and heavy responsibilities, his blinking eyes had at last lost their unsatisfied look, and his whole busy person radiated hope and encouragement.

On the day in question he had turned up unexpectedly, inviting himself to dine with Campton and smoke a cigar afterward in the quiet window overhanging Paris. Campton was glad to have him there; no one could tell him more than Boylston about the American soldiers, their numbers, the accommodations prepared for their reception, their first contact with the other belligerents, and their own view of the business they were about. And the two chatted quietly in the twilight till the young man, rising, said it was time to be off.

"Back to your shop?"

"Rather! There's a night's work ahead. But I'm as good as new after our talk."

Campton looked at him wistfully. "You know I'd like to paint you some day."

"Oh—" cried Boylston, suffused with blushes; and added with a laugh: "It's my uniform, not me."

"Well, your uniform *is* you—it's all of you young men."

Boylston stood in the window twisting his cap about undecidedly. "Look here, sir—now that you've got back to work again——"

"Well?" Campton interrupted suspiciously.

The young man cleared his throat and spoke with a rush. "His mother wants most awfully that something should be decided about the monument."

"Monument? What monument? I don't want my son to have a monument," Campton exploded.

"It'll break her heart if something isn't put on the grave before long. It's five months now—and they fully recognize your right to decide——"

"Damn what they recognize! It was they who brought him to Paris; they made him travel when he wasn't fit; they killed him."

"Well—supposing they did: judge how much more they must be suffering!"

"Let 'em suffer. He's my son—my son. He isn't Brant's."

"Miss Anthony thinks——"

"And he's not hers either, that I know of!"

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Boylston seemed to hesitate. "Well, that's just it, isn't it, sir? You've had him; you have him still. Nobody can touch that fact, or take it from you. Every hour of his life was yours. But they've never had anything, those two others, Mr. Brant and Miss Anthony; nothing but a reflected light. And so every outward sign means more to them. I'm putting it badly, I know——"

Campton held out his hand. "You don't mean to, I suppose. But better not put it at all. Good night," he said. And on the threshold he called out sardonically: "And who's going to pay for a monument, I'd like to know?"

A monument—they wanted a monument! Wanted him to decide about it, plan it, perhaps design it—good Lord, he didn't know! No doubt it all seemed simple enough to them: anything did, that money could buy... When he couldn't yet bear to turn that last canvas out from the wall, or look into the old portfolio even... Suffering, suffering! What did they any of them know about suffering? Going over old photographs, comparing studies, recalling scenes and sayings, discussing with some sculptor or other the shape of George's eyelids, the spring of his chest-muscles, the way his hair grew and his hands moved—why, it was like digging him up again out of that peaceful corner of the Neuilly cemetery where at last he was resting, like dragging him back to the fret and the fever, and the senseless roar of the guns that still went on.

And then: as he'd said to Boylston, who was to pay for their monument? Even if the making of it had struck him as a way of getting nearer to his boy, instead of building up a marble wall between them —even if the idea had appealed to him, he hadn't a penny to spare for such an undertaking. In the first place, he never intended to paint again for money; never intended to do anything but these gaunt and serious or round and babyish young American faces above their stiff military collars, and when their portraits were finished to put them away, locked up for his own pleasure; and what he had earned in the last years was partly for these young men—for their reading-rooms, clubs, recreation centres, whatever was likely to give them temporary rest and solace in the grim months to come; and partly for such of the protégés of the "Friends of French Art" as had been deprived of aid under the new management. Tales of private jealousy and petty retaliation came to Campton daily, now that Mme. Beausite administered the funds; Adele Anthony and Mlle. Davril, bursting with the wrongs of their pensioners, were always appealing to him for help. And then, hidden behind these more or less valid reasons, the old instinctive dread of spending had reasserted itself, he couldn't tell how or why, unless through some dim opposition to the Brants' perpetual outpouring: their hospitals, their motors, their bribes, their orchids, and now their monument—*their* monument!

He sought refuge from it all with his soldiers, haunting for hours every day one of the newly-opened Soldiers' and Sailors' Clubs. Adele Anthony had already found a job there, and was making a success of it. She looked twenty years older since George was gone, but she stuck to her work with the same humorous pertinacity; and with her mingled heartiness and ceremony, her funny resuscitation of obsolete American slang, and her ability to answer all their most disconcerting questions about Paris and France (Montmartre included), she easily eclipsed the ministering angels who twanged the home-town chord and called them "boys."

The young men appeared to return Campton's liking; it was as if they had guessed that he needed them, and wanted to offer him their shy help. He was conscious of something rather protecting in their attitude, of his being to them a vague unidentified figure, merely "the old gentleman" who was friendly to them; but he didn't mind. It was enough to sit and listen to their talk, to try and clear up a few of the countless puzzles which confronted them, to render them such fatherly services as he could, and in the interval to jot down notes of their faces—their inexhaustibly inspiring faces. Sometimes to talk with them was like being on the floor in George's nursery, among the blocks and the tin soldiers; sometimes like walking with young archangels in a cool empty heaven; but

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wherever he was he always had the sense of being among his own, the sense he had never had since George's death.

To think of them all as George's brothers, to study out the secret likeness to him in their young dedicated faces: that was now his one passion, his sustaining task; it was at such times that his son came back and sat among them. . .

Gradually, as the weeks passed, the first of his new friends, officers and soldiers, were dispersed throughout the training camps, and new faces succeeded to those he had tried to fix on his canvas; an endless line of Benny Upshers, baby-Georges, school-boy Boylstons, they seemed to be. Campton saw each one go with a fresh pang, knowing that every move brought them so much nearer to the front, that ever-ravening and inexorable front. They were always happy to be gone; and that only increased his pain. Now and then he attached himself more particularly to one of the young men, because of some look of the eyes or some turn of the mind like George's; and then the parting became anguish.

One day a second-lieutenant came to the studio to take leave. He had been an early recruit of Plattsburg, and his military training was so far advanced that he counted on being among the first officers sent to the fighting line. He was a fresh-coloured lad, with fair hair that stood up in a defiant crest.

"There are so few of us, and there's so little time to lose; they can't afford to be too particular," he laughed.

It was just the sort of thing that George would have said, and the laugh was like an echo of George's. At the sound Campton suddenly burst into tears, and was aware of his visitor's looking at him with eyes of dismay and compassion.

"Oh, don't, sir, *don't*," the young man pleaded, wringing the painter's hand, and making what decent haste he could to get out of the studio.

Campton, left alone, turned once more to his easel. He sat down before a canvas on which he had blocked out a group of soldiers playing cards at their club; but after a stroke or two he threw aside his brush, and remained with his head bowed on his hands, a lonely tired old man.

He had kept a cheerful front at his son's going; and now he could not say goodbye to one of these young fellows without crying. Well—it was because he had no one left of his own, he supposed. Loneliness like his took all a man's strength from him. . .

The bell rang, but he did not move. It rang again; then the door was pushed timidly open, and Mrs. Talkett came in. He had not seen her since the day of George's funeral, when he had fancied he detected her in a shrunken black-veiled figure hurrying past in the meaningless line of mourners.

In her usual abrupt fashion she began, without a greeting: "I've come to say goodbye; I'm going to America."

He looked at her remotely, hardly hearing what she said. "To America?"

"Yes; to join my husband."

He continued to consider her in silence, and she frowned in her perplexed and fretful way. "He's at Plattsburg, you know." Her eyes wandered unseeingly about the studio. "There's nothing else to do, is there—now—here or anywhere? So I sail to-morrow; I mean to take a house somewhere near him. He's not well, and he writes that he misses me. The life in camp is so unsuited to him——"

Campton still listened absently. "Oh, you're right to go," he agreed at length, supposing it was what she expected of him.

"Am I?" She half-smiled. "What's right and what's wrong? I don't know any longer. I'm only trying to do what I suppose George would have wanted." She stood uncertainly in front of Campton. "All I *do* know," she cried, with a sharp break in her voice, "is that I've never in my life been happy enough to be so unhappy!" And she threw herself down on the divan in a storm of desolate sobbing.

After he had comforted her as best he could, and she had gone away, Campton continued to wander up and down the studio forlornly. That cry of hers kept on echoing in his ears: "I've never in my life been happy enough to be so unhappy!" It associated itself suddenly with a phrase of Boylston's that he had brushed away unheeding: "You've had

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your son—you have him still; but those others have never had anything."

Yes; Campton saw now that it was true of poor Madge Talkett, as it was of Adele Anthony and Mr. Brant, and even in a measure of Julia. They had never—no, not even George's mother—had anything, in the close inextricable sense in which Campton had had his son. And it was only now, in his own hour of destitution, that he understood how much greater the depth of their poverty had been. He recalled the frightened embarrassed look of the young lieutenant whom he had discountenanced by his tears; and he said to himself: "The only thing that helps is to be able to do things for people. I suppose that's why Brant's always trying——"

Julia too: it was strange that his thoughts should turn to her with such a peculiar pity. It was not because the boy had been born of her body: Campton did not see her now, as he once had in a brief moment of compassion, as the young mother bending illumined above her baby. He saw her as an old empty-hearted woman, and asked himself how such an unmanageable monster as grief was to fill up the room of her absent son.

What did such people as Julia do with grief, he wondered, how did they make room for it in their lives, get up and lie down every day with its taste on their lips? Its elemental quality, that awful sense it communicated of a whirling earth, a crumbling Time, and all the cold stellar spaces yawning to receive us—these feelings, which he was beginning to discern and to come to terms with in his own way (and with the sense that it would have been George's way too), these feelings could never give their stern appeasement to Julia... Her religion? Yes, such as it was no doubt it would help; talking with the Rector would help; giving more time to her church-charities, her wounded soldiers, imagining that she was paying some kind of tax on her affliction. But the vacant evenings, at home, face to face with Brant! Campton had long since seen that the one thing which had held the two together was their shared love of George; and if Julia discovered, as she could hardly fail to do, how much more deeply Brant had loved her son than she had, and how much more inconsolably he mourned him, that would only increase her sense of isolation. And so, in sheer self-defense, she would gradually, stealthily, fill up the void with the old occupations, with bridge and visits and secret consultations at the dress-maker's about the width of crape on her dresses; and all the while the object of life would be gone for her. Yes; he pitied Julia most of all.

But Mr. Brant too—yes, perhaps in a different way it was he who suffered most. For the stellar spaces were not exactly Mr. Brant's native climate, and yet voices would call to him from them, and he would not know...

There were moments when Campton looked about him with astonishment at the richness of his own denuded life; when George was in the sunset, in the voices of young people, or in any trivial joke that father and son would have shared; and other moments when he was nowhere, utterly lost, extinct and irrecoverable; and others again when the one thing which could have vitalized the dead business of living would have been to see him shove open the studio door, stalk in, pour out some coffee for himself in his father's cup, and diffuse through the air the warm sense of his bodily presence, the fresh smell of his clothes and his flesh and his hair. But through all these moods, Campton began to see, there ran the life-giving power of a reality embraced and accepted. George had been; George was; as long as his father's consciousness lasted, George would be as much a part of it as the closest, most actual of his immediate sensations. He had missed nothing of George, and here was his harvest, his golden harvest.

Such states of mind were not constant with Campton; but more and more often, when they came, they swept him on eagle wings over the next desert to the next oasis; and so, gradually, the meaningless days became linked to each other in some kind of intelligible sequence.

Boylston, after the talk which had so agitated Campton, did not turn up again at the studio for some time; but when he next appeared the painter, hardly pausing to greet him, began at once, as if they had

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just parted: "That monument you spoke about the other day . . . you know. . ."

Boylston glanced at him in surprise. "Well, sir?"

"If they want me to do it, I'll do it," said Campton, jerking the words out abruptly and walking away toward the window. He had not known, till he began, that he meant to say it, or how difficult it would be to say; and he stood there a moment struggling with the unreasoning rebellious irritability which so often lay in wait for his better impulses. At length he turned back, his hands in his pockets, clinking his change as he had done the first time that Boylston had come to him for help. "But as I plan the thing," he began again, in a queer growling tone, "it's going to cost a lot—everything of the sort does nowadays, especially in marble. It's hard enough to get any one to do that kind of work at all. And prices have about tripled, you know."

Boylston's eyes filled, and he nodded without speaking.

"That's just what Brant'll like though, isn't it?" Campton went on, with an irrepressible sneer in his voice. He saw Boylston redden and look away, and he too flushed to the forehead and broke off ashamed. Suddenly he had the vision of Mr. Brant effacing himself at the foot of the hospital-stairs when they had arrived at Doullens; Mr. Brant drawing forth the copy of the orderly's letter in the dark fog-swept cloister; Mr. Brant always yielding, always holding back, yet always remembering to do or to say the one thing the father's lacerated soul could bear.

"And he's had nothing—nothing—nothing!" Campton thought.

He turned again to Boylston, his face still flushed, his lips twitching. "Tell them—tell Brant—that I'll design the thing, and he shall pay for it. He'll want to—I understand that. Only, for God's sake, don't let him come here and thank me—at least not yet!"

Boylston again nodded silently, and turned to go.

After he had gone the painter moved back to his long table. He had always had a fancy for modelling—had always had lumps of clay lying about within reach. He pulled out all the sketches from the old portfolio, spread them before him on the table, and began.

PARIS, 1918—Saint Brice-sous-Forêt, 1922.

THE END.

To Beata

BY STARK YOUNG

HER brows are like the swallow's wings
Upon the azure of her face,
And in their flight they bear me hints
Of many a holy, far-off place:
I look on sunrise hills beyond,
And leagues of moonlit dim desire,
I hear the sound of twilight pipes
From uplands where my dreams aspire;
And as I draw me near to her
I mark me where within her eyes,
Beneath the wings of her sweet brows,
The stars of hope arise.

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A Street Scene in Tokio.

The picturesque festival decoration helps to obscure the banal European architecture.

New Construction in an Ancient Empire

BY W. A. STARRETT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

YOKOHAMA, with its modern docks and rows of dingy European structures, stolid and stodgy, not unlike the water-fronts of London or Amsterdam, its brick hotels, with illusory modernized exteriors, gives a feeling of disappointment to the visitor who on his first venture from shipboard is looking for the picturesque in Japan. The coolies and sampans go their accustomed way, but the little toy gardens and thatched cottages are not to be seen, and one must wander into the by-ways to catch even a glimpse of the remnants of the ancient native construction.

The stranger wanders in disappointment through the narrow streets, lined with these same stodgy European types of fifty years ago—stolid stone, iron-shuttered warehouses, with bolster beams projecting from above loft openings, after the manner of our merchant ancestors who traded from old India House. For it was these who opened Japan and brought with them their ideas of stone and brick warehouses—go-downs, they are called; and following came their counting-houses and office-buildings, which the imitative Japanese quickly copied, and, having

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copied and learned, repeated and duplicated down to the present day.

One peers behind the maze of pole scaffolding, covered with matting, that everywhere in Japan proclaims a building under construction, and is surprised to find these same old type structures being built—sometimes with a few modern jimcracks, the offering of enterprising American commercial agents—but essentially of the same types that were introduced into Japan nearly a century ago.

There are of course exceptions; particularly are they to be found in Tokio, and even in Kobe and Osaka. Even these, however, have a distinctly foreign aspect to American eyes, so used to the last word in convenience and economy of design. To us the banal German influence—"Dutch" (there is no other word that will express it)—leaves the American troubled and wondering as to how these obsolete structures ever found their way into Japan. English commercial architecture lent its disservice to the Japanese with its ponderous thick exterior walls, making windows shadowed at the back of deep reveals; with cumbersome interior cross walls, and all in a country of soft and soggy bottoms, where lightness of construction and scientific engineering design should have been the first consideration.

Japan sent her architects of the last generation to France, Germany, and England, as we did; but how differently they applied the knowledge which they acquired! Perhaps one explanation is that the Japanese did not have the opportunity on their return to collaborate with structural engineers, as our architects did, to gain and apply that structural skill which was then fast being whipped into a science—a science which might literally be said to have been developed almost in a decade by contemporary American constructors leading the world in the art of building.

Japan builded truly and well out of that old school, and amazing indeed is the skill with which ideas brought from halfway around the world were applied by the intrepid and fortunate few who were privileged to study abroad, returning, as they did, as missionaries to persuade a nation to lay down the structural usages of a thousand years, and take up with something absolutely revolutionary. And however obsolete may seem many of the structures that one sees going up in almost any Japanese city, it must not be forgotten that these types have been, up to now, adequate to the Japanese requirements.

A tremendous metamorphosis, going to the very heart of the commercial and social life of Japan, was produced by the introduction of the European structure. The wrench necessary to accommodate the people to these novelties must have been very great. It is not to be expected that they will immediately turn again to still another form; for, from the point of view of general convenience, equipment, and arrangement, the modern American type of structure is as far ahead of the adopted European type in Japan as those old European forms are ahead of the ancient pagodas and kuras of the days of the shoguns.

While Japan largely missed our era of skeleton steel structures, concrete when it came fairly took the country by storm. Concrete and *nouveau* art flourished like weeds, while the conservative steel skeleton, overlaid with the adaptation of the classical designs which we in America have come to regard as our most beautiful and dignified work, was largely passed over by the Japanese. It might be said that only in the past few years did the more progressive of the Japanese appreciate that perhaps they had missed something in undertaking the rebuilding of their cities and industries—the task that fate has set for Japan. From a hermit kingdom to one of the great powers of the earth she sweeps on so swiftly that history will hardly be able to record the transition. And with the change comes the necessity to rebuild the structures of the whole empire; for not only are modern office-buildings, hotels, apartments, factories, and residences required; but the even more pressing questions of paved roads, sewers, water-mains, fire protection, sanitation, and transportation on a larger and heavier scale are demanding attention. All this means construction—vast programmes of construction, vitally essential to the Japanese as they emerge into the maelstrom of modern commercial

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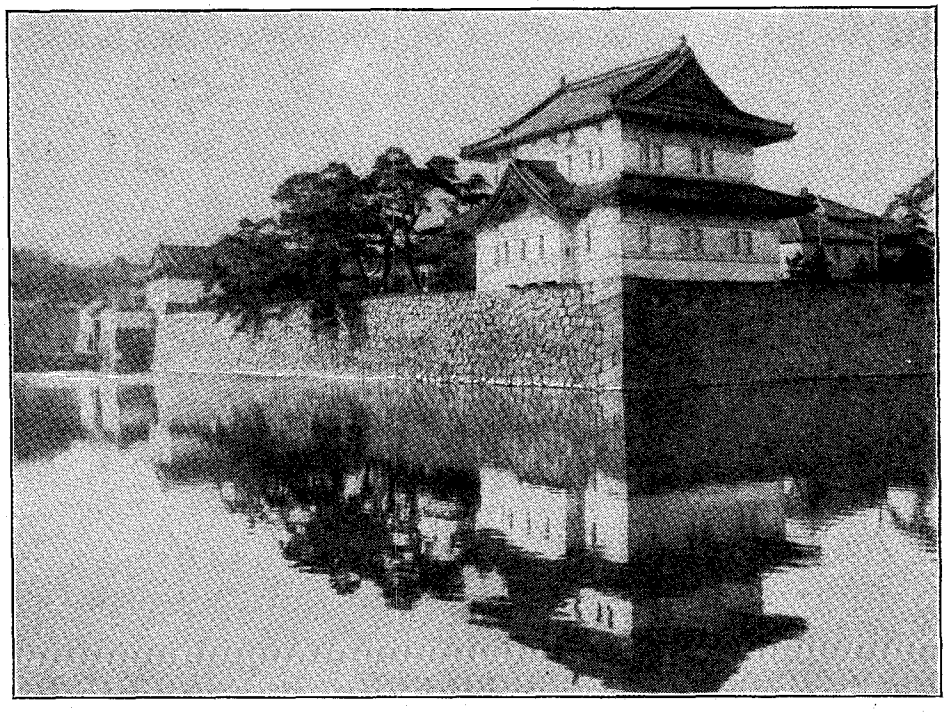
and intellectual life—a tremendous price to be paid for their heritage of world power.

It may fairly be said that Japan's progress is already snagged on the problem of her building requirements. Squarely across her path lie her construction problems, and these she is facing with a fortitude that does credit to her progressive spirit. From a nation of floor-living people, whose resources and ancient customs engendered the development of exquisite simplicity and ennobled asceticism, they are hurled bodily into the company of furniture-using nations, with the complexity of habits and requirements which our modern existence postulates.

It is easy to stand in a Japanese city and visualize a Woolworth Building or a Boston Public Library on almost any corner. It is a very different matter to construct out there a modern structure, to marshal the leadership and instruct the native labor, to organize where no organization exists, to translate drawings from shaku and metres to feet and inches, and accurate notations from Japanese to English. These are only a few of the problems.

Tokio, like most cities of Japan, stands on an alluvial plain—a river delta formed by the erosion from the mountains which everywhere abound in Japan; a soft, muddy bottom, with an evil reputation for allowing buildings to settle, and with Mother Nature pitching in frequent earthquakes of greater or less severity. But under that silty alluvial deposit there is excellent sand, and under the sand hard-pan, a splendid foundation soil, an American engineer would say; and, with the water-level only a few feet below the surface, a splendid place for a pile foundation.

When, a few years ago, American constructors were asked to undertake the building of some really modern structures in Japan, these questions and many others had to be met. Also the Japanese, with that progressive spirit which keeps them



Corner of the Imperial Palace Grounds, Tokio.

Consider the superb simplicity of the native architecture and the virility of the ancient stone construction.

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in our constant admiration, had made careful study of these questions, and had sent intelligent observers to America and elsewhere to collect data and ideas for these new buildings. Earthquakes and soggy bottoms had made the Japanese people cautious. The American pneumatic caisson had attracted their attention, but the large amount of plant and equipment necessary was a great obstacle, there being nothing of the sort in Japan. Borings showed the hard-pan to be fifty or sixty feet below the surface in Tokio, and with an admirable ingenuity the Japanese engineers devised an open caisson to be penetrated down to hard-pan. One of the features of the scheme was the use of a diving outfit, to be worn by the workman who would dig at the bottom of the caisson. Unfortunately, when the caisson "dropped," the workman in his diving suit was apt to be catapulted up and out of the caisson, paraphernalia and all. A workman was found who could actually stand this ordeal, but the hazard was very great, however commendable his willingness; and since the operation in hand would require some hundreds of caissons, it was deemed advisable to adopt some speedier and surer method than one depending on the genial willingness of this aquatic virtuoso.

Sturdy Oregon piles were imported, long enough to reach the excellent hard-pan; the unaccustomed sound of great American steam pile-drivers rent the calm of old Tokio for two or three months, and the bogie of Tokio's soggy bottom was forever laid. How simple and how obvious, but under the circumstances a revolution, in view of the fact that many of the quasi-modern structures of other years lean and careen from settlement, caused by those earlier Japanese builders' trying to conquer the instability of the soil from above, instead of going through it to the solid foundation that nature had provided.

And yet the interest in these first American construction ventures does not lie so much in the innovations that they have introduced as in the contrasts, the transitions, that are everywhere observed, and the adaptation of that which is found best and most natural in the Japanese themselves. For make no mistake—the Japanese is a versatile and adaptable workman. His shortcoming is and has been in leadership, the intelligent and constructive leadership which Japan is now ready

Native Carpenter at Work.

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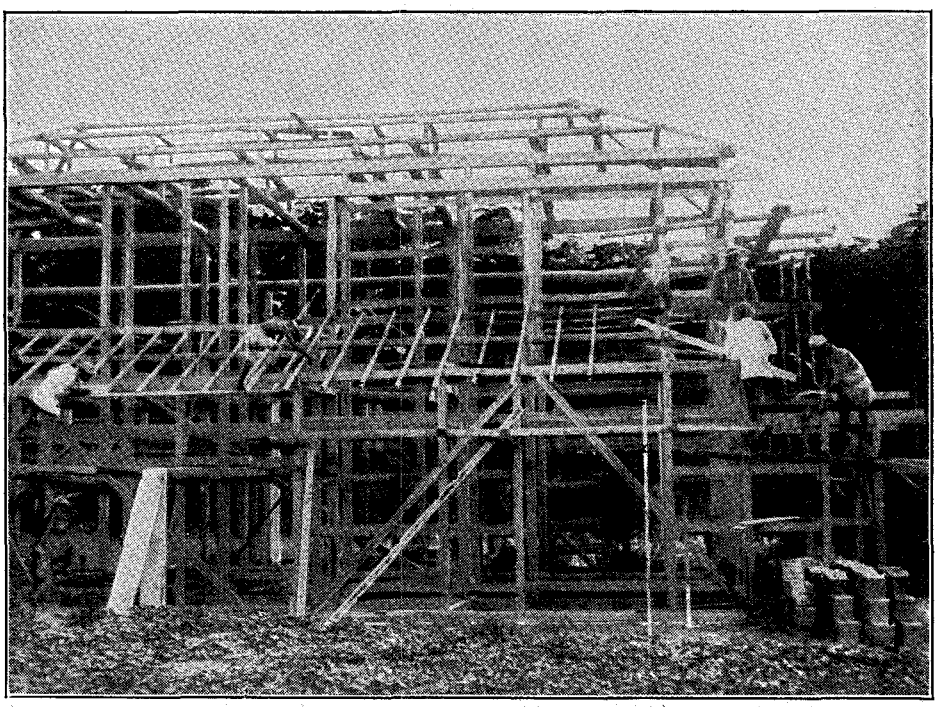
and anxious to follow in the inauguration of her more modern building programme. So much has been said in the academic analysis of the Japanese enigma, so much speculation has been spent on the dominant characteristics of the Oriental, that it may seem a presumption to assert that the enigma is relatively simple. With a real job ahead of you, academics must be discarded, and when this is done the problem becomes surprisingly like our own. Leadership—its necessity just a little more evident in Japan than in America, but, after all, only the same old standard brand that always has and always will be the guiding force of progress—that is what is needed. And the Japanese, above everything else, need leadership in their construction problems—that intelligent knowledge of what is to be done, and the means to be employed, coupled with ability to explain it to others and fire their imagination and enthusiasm for the plan of action, and finally to get the plan under way—that is the task set for one who would join with the Japanese in their creative enterprises.

Many of the ancient methods of the Japanese have been brought down to present-day usages and are easily adaptable: some are very good; others must be endured, even though they are clumsy and ill-suited to modern requirements, simply because changes cannot all be introduced at once.

Custom holds with great tenacity in old Japan. And finally there are those methods and usages which simply must be changed—uprooted—before any substantial progress in their great construction programme can be made by the Japanese. It is interesting to see the nimble little Japanese carpenters, working with their curious tools—saws that look like serrated butchers' cleavers, and are drawn toward the workman; and the planes that work backward in like manner—awkward, one may say, but wonder-



Native Solution of "Skeleton Construction."

Note the heavy timbering of the roof. The walls will be largely movable "shoji," paper-covered sash. Where plain wall surfaces are to be used, they will be constructed of a weaving of bamboo wattles plastered over smoothly with clay mixed with wood fibre.

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fully effective in the hands of the Japanese.

To see a man seated on the floor, holding a piece of lumber with his feet and working his tools toward him, gives a feeling of dismay to one who is charged with organizing carpenters in numbers to turn out on a production basis the things requisite in a modern building. And yet these Japanese artisans do effective work and are susceptible of a high degree of organization. As cabinetmakers and producers of exquisite woodwork they are probably not excelled in the world.

Native Stone-Cutter.
Note the workmanship on the granite lantern in background.

In stone-cutting the Japanese also excel. Nowhere in the world will one find more perfect and beautiful granite cutting, which, together with the perfection of its setting, makes the workmanship a delight to the eye. The granite is native, and has long been used by the Japanese for foundation-stones, steps, thresholds, and balustrades, or even the ever-present Tori gates; but they have not used it structurally in their native architecture. Wood, bamboo, and paper are the materials of their ancient superstructures. More recently quarries of softer native stone have been opened. Some of it is beautiful and some banal. Very few opportunities so far have been offered to use these soft stones effectively; but under the stimulus of the new era in building it may be expected that Japan will make rich contributions to this field of lithic ornamentation.

The Japanese have from time immemorial been a burden-carrying race, and the unit of size and effort seems to be a man-power. This cannot be said to be literally true, for everywhere one sees evidences of prodigious engineering undertakings. Witness the enormous granite stones that go to make up the citadel of old Osaka. There on the hilltop, miles from the quarries from which they were obtained, may be seen some of the greatest monoliths in the world. These huge pieces, some of them twenty-four feet high by thirty to forty feet long, and probably at least ten to twelve feet thick, could only have been set in place by human and animal labor, for they date back to an era long before mechanical power was known anywhere in the world. Incidentally that citadel in its vast extent, its extraordinary impregnability, and its scientific military design, might easily rank as one of the wonders of the world, certainly of the Orient —the Carcasonne of old Japan, which for nearly five centuries held back the shoguns of the West and insured the continuity of the oldest ruling dynasty the world has ever known.

If Japan's stone-cutters excel and need no further training to be adapted to modern construction, if her carpenters and cabinetmakers excel in spite of their unaccustomed methods, their curious tools and devices, one who must organize these people for modern building construction must ponder indeed when he contemplates the burden-carrying habits of the nation. Man-drawn wheeled devices, while of relatively modern origin, are widely used; witness the rickshaws and the innumerable push-carts. Horse-

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drawn carts and even automobiles are common enough in the large cities, but not in the rural districts; and in spite of these exceptions, it may truly be said that Japanese life is still attuned to the one-man-power standard. One has to weigh the merits and demerits of this in considering how to organize for a large construction programme. Wheelbarrows may turn out to be most impracticable, and the stolid hod-carrier gives way to the picturesque coolie with the ever useful scale-beam over his shoulder.

Ladders have never been used by the Japanese; they reach the upper parts of their structures by long inclined planes, built through the maze of pole scaffolding which seems always to be erected to the full ultimate height of the proposed new structure before the actual building is started. This neglect of the useful ladder seems a strange oversight in view of the fact that the stairways in their houses are so steep as to be virtually ladders; yet the inclined plane is almost universal, induced no doubt by the wearing of soft little sandals by the workmen, or the barefootedness of the coolie.

The sandal or "tabe" is itself an element which introduces something of a problem. One fairly gasps to see these soft-shod workmen walking about on the débris of lumber incident to taking down wooden concrete forms, where sharp nails fairly bristle and a misstep might be painful, to say the least, to the unprotected feet of these men. Partly for this reason shoes are finding favor, and partly for the same reason methods must be adopted to mitigate this difficulty. So compromise sets in; a healthy blending that, repeated in a thousand forms, epitomizes the problem and its solution.

Building, from one point of view, is the accumulating in an orderly sequence of a variety of things of great and small weight. Carriers and traffic are great essentials, and in our own country our conveniences of civilization have largely been developed to meet the wide variety of things that construction in one form or another has demanded. Consider Japan with its one-man-power unit and its simple requirements—narrow streets, light bridges, shallow waterways, all adequate to the ancient usages, now suddenly rendered obsolete by the swift march of progress. Then consider the introduction of heavy and wide motor-trucks, necessarily heavy structural steel columns and girders, heavy boilers and heavy machine castings and parts. What must be the fundamental reconstruction even to receive these things; and what must be the calculation and investigation to determine to what extent things modern may be adapted pending the completed readjustment to the demands of modernization?

With these practical difficulties one must cope. The broad avenues of Tokio seem ample to the casual observer; but the lanes and byways leading from the sometimes remote landing-places or sources of supply lend their problems. The beautiful concrete bridges along the Guiza by no means indicate that many a canal is spanned by anything more substantial than square "timbers" of granite,

The hod-carrier gives way to the coolie with the scale-beam.

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placed side by side and covered with macadam, offering a continuous surface but capable of sustaining hardly more than the weight of an ordinary touring-car. The trucking of heavy pieces, therefore, becomes an undertaking of magnitude, and indeed may be governed completely by these obscure obstructions.

The police of the large Japanese cities are alive to these questions, and scrutinize with care the size, weight, and character of the vehicles to be employed, and they inquire concerning the loads that are likely to be encountered. Japan's best roadways are still constructed of water-bound macadam. She is just now facing the problem of motor-vehicle damage, and is showing proper concern that the vehicles shall not be too destructive of pavement.

So there is a joy in solving these problems. The landing of a ten-ton column, made in Pittsburgh, at the job site in Japan, after all the interminable tribulations that these difficulties induce, is a triumph that savors of victory; and even the picturesqueness of the bullock-carts, pressed into service for the unusual task, is not lost on these practical Americans who have planned and worried, and finally succeeded in this adventure.

Labor-unions as they are known in America do not exist in Japan, but something akin to them may be found in the innumerable guilds which bind the various classes of artisans together. They are childish and stubborn in many things, cunning and crafty in others, but generally industrious and responsive to intelligent leadership. Guilds resist the introduction of steam-shovels, but permit a barbarous peonage among the owners of little push-carts, who toil long, weary hours for a mere subsistence at the hands of the labor contractors who flagrantly collect toll from these workers. Striking has become a fad in Japan, although very few of those who strike have any conception of what they are striking about. Recently a sporadic strike was instituted against contract labor, the prevailing system throughout Japan. Nobody could be found among the strikers loitering in the vicinity who knew what the strike was about. In a few days the men gradually drifted back to work. Within a few weeks they were again on strike; this time, the leaders said, in support of the proposition that all employment should be under the contract-labor system. No doubt the same fog of ignorance clouded the minds of the men in the latter incident that prevailed in the former, but they were at least exercising their God-given prerogative of striking, which seemed to please them hugely.

In Japan women work as well as men in all the burden-carrying occupations. It is with a sickening heart that one observes these stolid, leathery little creatures toiling and sweating at their heavy burdens beside the men. The little push-cart coolie, farmed out by the Japanese padrone, is often accompanied by one or more of his women-folk; and even one or two children will join in the loading and pushing. Or they may be found plodding along under the burden of a great piece of timber or a heavy length of pipe—a sorrowful spectacle that the enlightened Japanese are commencing to see in the same light that we view it. Any one who has witnessed the coaling of the ships at Nagasaki by those streams of toiling, sweating women cannot fail to have indelibly impressed upon him the fact that one of Japan's early necessities is to meet and mitigate this evil.

Perhaps the least sympathy to be derived from this woman-labor problem comes from the coolie women themselves. They seem to be a happy, garrulous lot, talking and singing as they toil. Japan has always had some conception of pile-driving, and along the canals in the large cities may be found some good examples of pile foundations; but the work is all on a small and insufficient scale—merely saplings driven by crude little devices, the working of which is carried on almost entirely by women. It is picturesque, if one can get beyond the abhorrence of it all, to see these gangs of women, each pulling on a separate rope that leads to the main line used to raise the weight. They sing or chant, heaving in unison, and at a signal letting go together, thus releasing the hammer which falls with a thud and the confused whipping about of the released little hand-lines. Upon the release, the women break into chatter and laughter and stroll leisurely back to the crude

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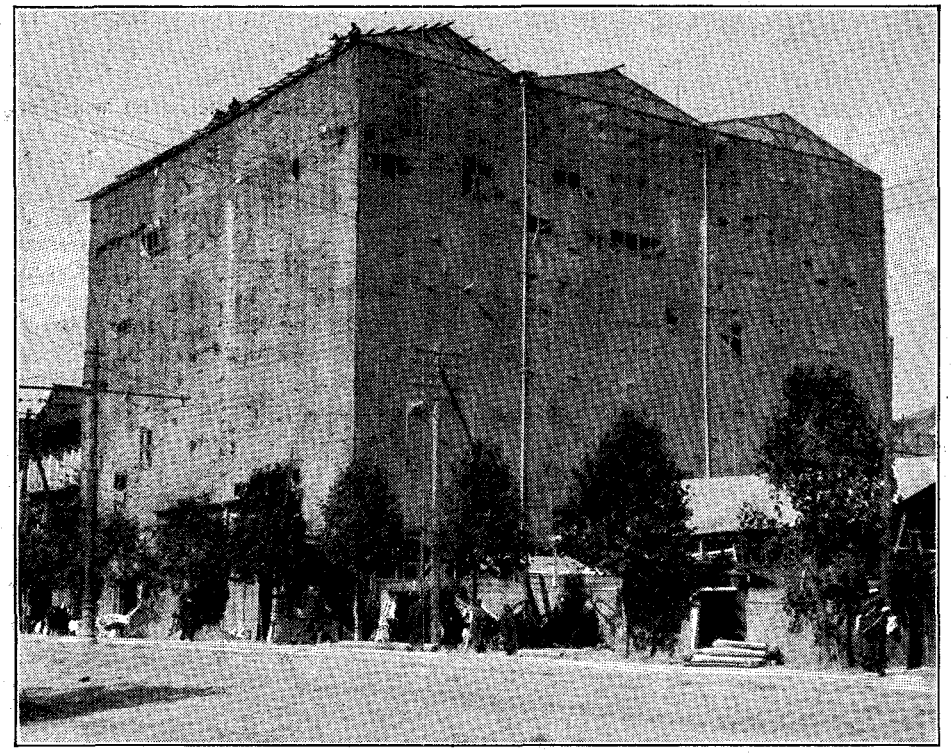
framework, where the lines hang all a-dangle, pick them up, and start again the seemingly interminable grind, again droning their chant of unison. Japanese observers tell us that some of these songs are ancient ballads handed down through generations of guilds that have followed this peculiar calling; others, we are told, are witty commentaries on events of the women toiling up the gang-plank after work, chatting as they slip from their bare shoulders their tunics and approach the large wooden trough of fresh water, into which they climb for their post-labor bath. The bath finished, they stand and talk and don their tunics or kimonos again with the same unconcern, and depart on their separate ways, still laughing and



A pole and matting encased Japanese building operation.

day; and some, they say, are the spicy little quips that cause demure Japanese maidens to hurry by, all a-flutter.

Perhaps sympathy for coolie working women may be overdone, however repugnant the principle is. The abiding good humor of the Japanese workmen is shared equally by the women, and the good-natured garrulity that one hears among these mixed gangs of laborers reminds one that these toilers must be possessed of sunny dispositions. They are friendly workers, these men and women, and while their conventionalities are not ours, there is a certain admirable virility in the sight of a group of a few men and gabbling. Above everything else, the Japanese working classes are a cleanly people, ever bathing and washing. To see a Japanese coolie lay down his burden at some public hydrant, and commence cleansing his teeth with his ever-present pocket toothbrush is no uncommon sight. It happens so frequently among the laborers on a building, whenever they chance to pass an open water-tap on the job, as to excite no comment, except perhaps from some giggling American tourist who happens to be passing, and who is apt to snap the incident and hastily enter a note of it in anticipation of the book he is sure to write on his return to America.

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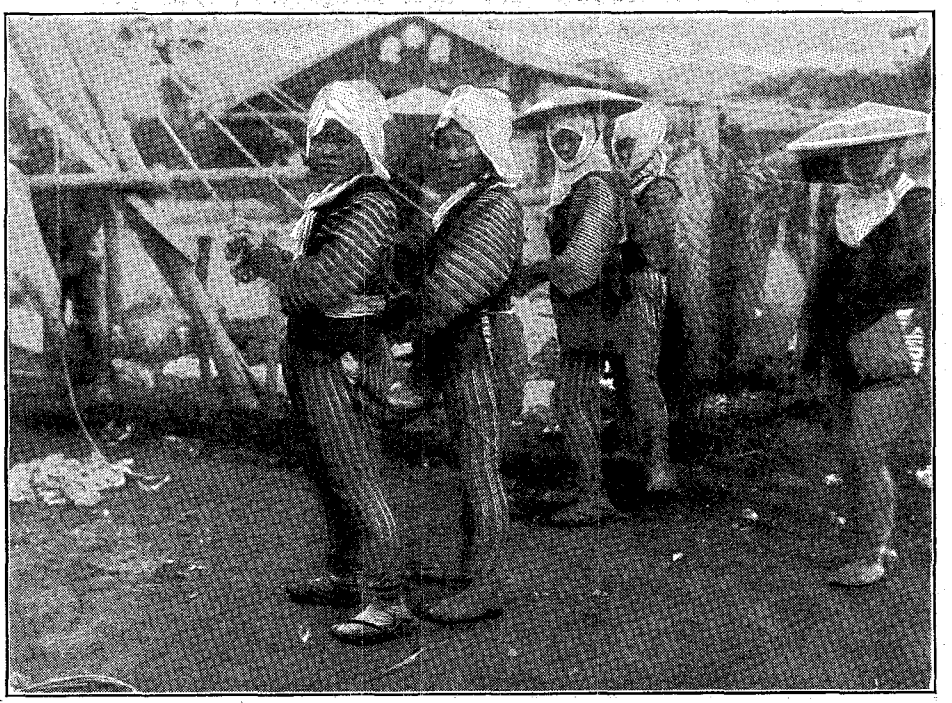
If the steam-shovel was too much for Japanese labor to accept, the coolie pile-driving guild must have been dismayed by the great American steam pile-drivers, for against these they raised no protest. Perhaps the large Oregon pine piles, so huge in comparison with the little sticks they had been used to driving, forced the realization that here, at least, was an operation that was beyond the capacity of anything the guild workers could devise. If American construction does nothing beyond supplanting the ancient and wasteful system of gangs of women toilers on their puny pile-driving rigs, a gain will have been made.

There are almost endless incidents and experiences to be recounted—some humorous, some tragic, and some recording a patience and fortitude that is not generally ascribed to hustling Americans. Operating through interpreters is surprisingly easy, all things considered. It is amusing and instructive to watch a high-strung American foreman, bellowing at an inoffensive little interpreter at his elbow some complicated and immediately-to-be-performed instructions. It is almost amazing to observe how readily the Japanese will catch on, even through this roundabout medium of interpretation. It is here that leadership at its best may be observed. Some good men have made failures of work in Japan, simply through lack of ability to explain; while others have so quickly developed the knack of appealing to the intelligence of the Japanese workmen as to be almost in direct communication, even though neither one understands the other's language.

The one-man-power standard becomes a decided handicap when men work in gangs and are taught to use power tools. This working in gangs, where each man does only a part and a group must work to a predetermined plan, is confusing to them and must be taught with patience and understanding. A riveting gang is an example of the kind of group co-operation that the Japanese are not used to, and it takes much patient explanation to get them to work together. The Japanese is used to accomplishing all of a given little task himself—the one-man-power unit of Japanese tradition. But they do respond to intelligent leadership, and



Native Women at Pile-Driving.

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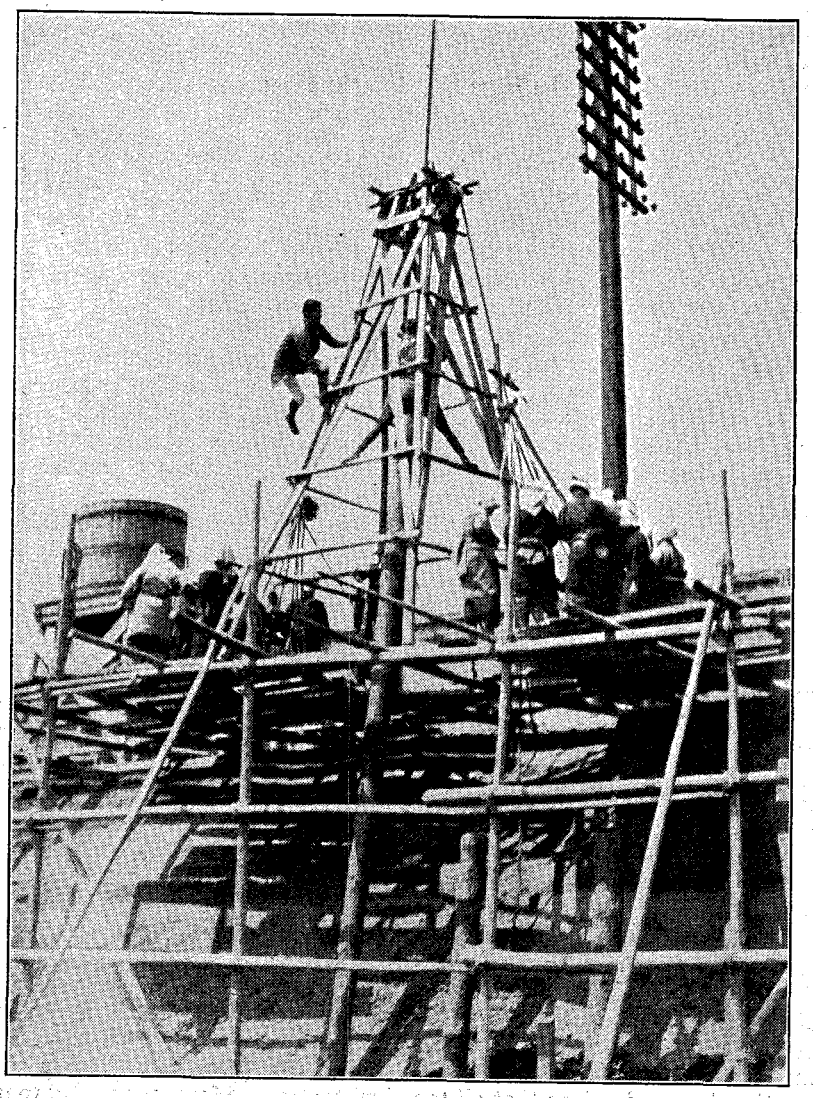

A Native Pile-Driving Rig.

many an American engineer would look with covetous eyes on some of the Japanese riveting gangs when they get the knack of the thing, for they perform splendidly when the work to be done is fully understood.

Brick, mortar, plastering, and masonry —these were in use or had their analogies in the ancient structures of Japan, and the guilds that follow these trades take to the new adaptation very easily. Accurate measurements bother them, however, and a corps of engineers has to be kept constantly vigilant to guard against errors arising from this deficiency. Such plastering as is done in native construction is applied with a crude little trowel, not unlike the implement found in a juvenile gardening outfit. The infinite patience with which a Japanese artisan putters around with this little implement does credit to his perseverance, but the result is far from satisfactory. Our little brown brothers will have to learn plastering from the ground up, if they are to attain the nicety of finish in their buildings that other craftsmen are delivering.

And so the problems must always be

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faced with optimism, for, if there is one thing the commentators are agreed upon, it is the universal avidity of the Japanese for better knowledge and application of the new ideas to which Japan has committed herself.

Perhaps the greatest innovation, the most revolutionary novelty introduced by Americans, was the total abolition of the pole scaffolding, with its encasement in matting, that always precedes a building operation in Japan. If these huge temporary structures are a source of curiosity to the casual traveller, he may be comforted to know that they are almost equally inscrutable to the American engineer. They seem to have come down from time immemorial, and one sometimes feels that the native Japanese vie with each other in the outlandish complexity to be introduced into them. An inquiring American started to find out why the scaffolding was in such general use, particularly why it should be covered with matting and in many cases roofed over, thus completely enveloping the structure to be built. For, apart from any other consideration, this vast match-stick structure is a fire hazard of the first order, endangering not only the structure it encloses, but the whole community; for if the thing should ever get ablaze, it would not only ruin the building it was supposed to protect, but from the relatively lofty height to which it is often built embers would be showered down on the surrounding buildings, which, being constructed largely of paper and wood, would be almost sure to start another of those great sectional conflagrations that all too often sweep whole areas of the cities of Japan.

The first inquiry was directed at an architect, whose greatest building was then under construction under the cover of this matchwood shelter. The answer was naïve; he did not want his masterpiece to be seen until it had been completed, and besides, the Emperor might pass that way and his eye should not be offended by seeing an unfinished structure. Hardly sufficient reasoning to justify the expense and hazard, an American would think. Another averred that the scaffolding and matting were a police regulation, an awesome thing to be conjured with in old Japan. The police were appealed to. Yes, it was a regulation; but this time it was to protect the public from falling missiles. The building in question stood back some fifteen yards from the street, behind a fence that kept the public well out into the roadway. When this was pointed out, the police said they would look into the matter, and later inquiry developed nothing more satisfactory. As a structure to support the inclined plane upon which the Japanese workmen were accustomed to mount to the upper parts of the building, it had some justification; but there are so many better ways to accomplish this same result that this reason seemed insufficient. As a practical matter, the clutter of broken lumber, building refuse, and general untidiness that accumulates in one of these bird-cage affairs is appalling, and its very existence is a contradiction of the orderliness of almost everything else Japanese.

Finally, the Americans decided that no reason existed for pole scaffolding on any such scale, and proceeded to build in the accustomed American fashion. Great was the speculation from the curbstone; but as the buildings grew and actually took form, devoid of the ancient token of construction, the amazement grew. Finally, when the skeleton was finished, and almost overnight hanging scaffolds were broken out all over the outside of the building, and the Japanese workmen took their places on these and calmly proceeded to lay brick, the dismay was complete.

But that was not all. An inquiring and insistent police force proceeded to inspect this innovation. They twigged the wire cables, and looked solemnly up them from below; climbed to the roof and looked solemnly down them from above; tapped them with their little swords—and departed. And thus for all time, probably, is the bird-cage, matting-covered pole scaffold for Japan laid with its ancestors, so far as modern building is concerned. A triumph and a contribution to the progress of Japan is to be credited to American builders.

Japan will probably never build high buildings. The leading cities have wisely joined in uniform building codes, and all of them limit the height to one hundred

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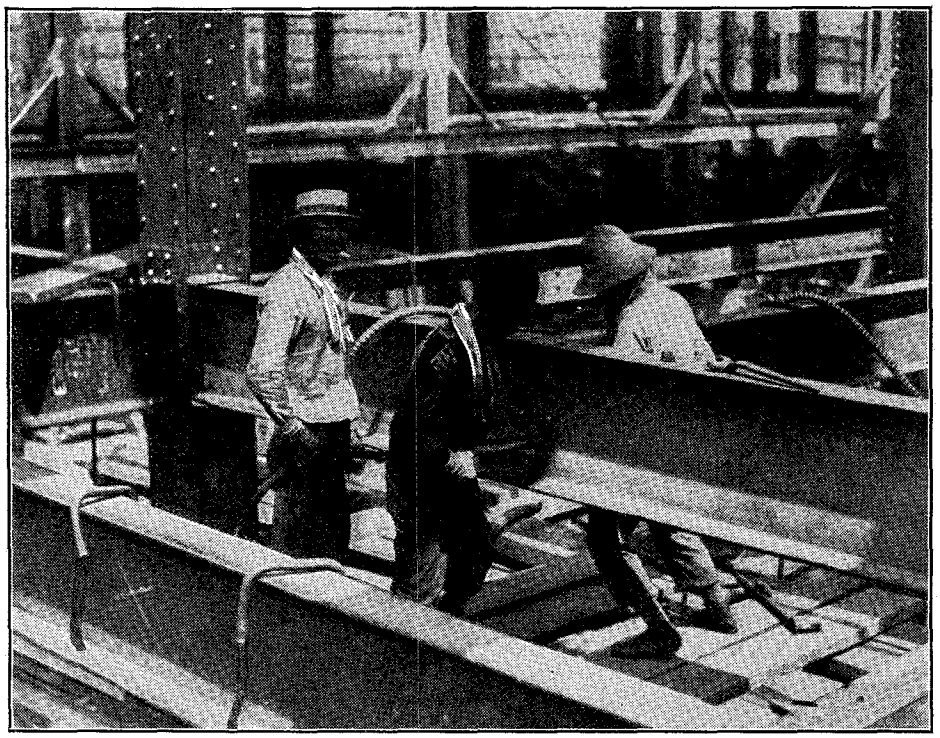
shaku (feet)—about eight stories. No doubt many considerations of congestion, traffic, and policy dictated the wisdom of this limitation, but the earthquake problem was the determining factor. The Japanese in recent years have made a profound study of earthquakes; perhaps the most advanced scientists in the world on that particular problem are to be found in Japan, for with them it is an ever-present menace, and through the centuries the Japanese have had reason to fear this dread thing. But the truth is that only in recent years have they done anything really scientific in meeting the problem in their structures. Sentimental tourists, always alert for evidences of great subtlety in the Japanese, point out how adroitly the native house is constructed to meet the earthquake. The roofs are heavy and solid, generally covered with weighty tile. This is all very well as a protection against the weather and as a fire preventive in cities; but as an engineering expedient against earthquakes, it is a myth. When the tremor comes, the spindly corner posts of the structures rock and gyrate, setting in motion the heavy roof, which, if it does not careen from its flimsy moorings, commences to shed its tiles into the streets, and like spilled dishes they clatter down, often causing casualties that would never have happened had the roofs been of lighter construction and properly engaged to the side walls and foundations. Inquiry develops the fact that a large number of the casualties in earthquakes in Japan come from falling roofs and tiles.



Japanese workmen take to riveting when they are well instructed.

Modern structures of almost any type, built throughout Japan, prove that the native construction has been its own worst enemy, and that the earthquake disturbances, however undesirable, have been largely aided and abetted by the native construction methods, from which relief has been obtained by the adoption of things Occidental in building. This is not to say that the earthquakes are not a menace, nor that modern construction

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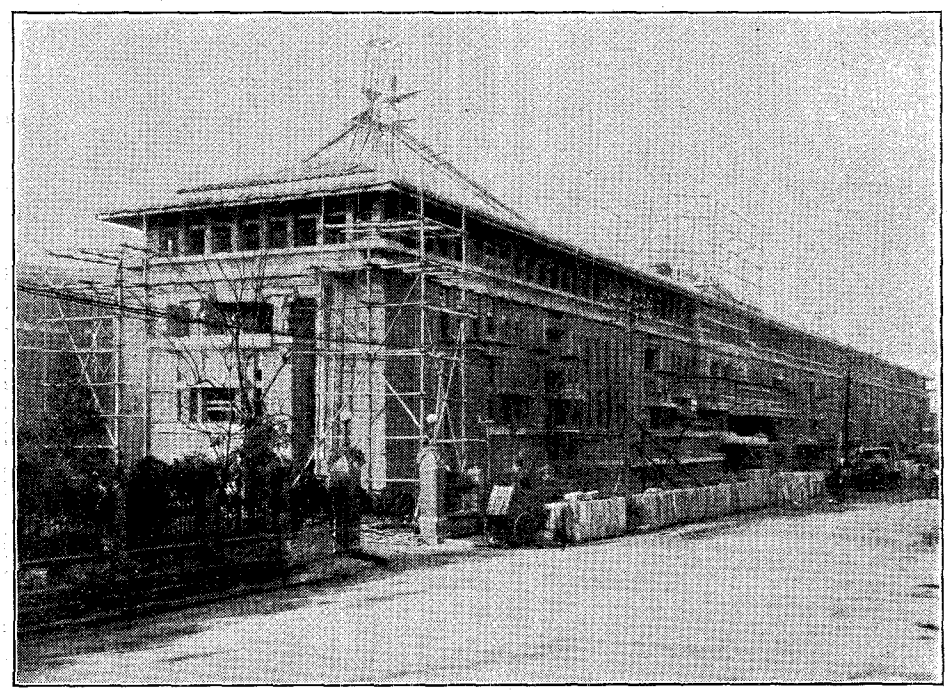
solves the problem, for in fact there is no solution. No matter how severe an earthquake they may prepare for, an even more severe one will surely upset calculations; and there is no controlling of earthquakes or determining what may be the most severe possible. But for a given problem, the light skeleton structure so familiar to Americans is undoubtedly far superior to



The Imperial Hotel in Tokio is a bizarre mixture of American and Japanese both in its design and its method of building.

anything heretofore attempted in Japan. Every element that an earthquake of moderate severity has been known to produce can be met through the standard formulæ of strains and wind-bracing, now the common knowledge of the American engineer. The menace of earthquakes of great severity will probably always hang over the heads of the Japanese people like the sword of Damocles; but in our skeleton steel and modern reinforced concrete, America has contributed to Japan a large measure of relief from this scourge. Perhaps the Japanese in their untiring ingenuity will develop it to even greater perfection.

It is the laudable ambition of the Japanese to acquire, as early as possible, full knowledge of the best in American construction methods, so that they may carry on their new-found industry without outside assistance. Eventually they will attain this, but how soon is a matter of speculation. Few people realize the interdependence of American constructors, architects, and engineers, and how mutually helpful are the vast building enterprises constantly going on in our country—how keen the competition for new ideas and conveniences among those who furnish the accessories. Separated from this current of progress, obsolescence is apt to set in, for it is only by sustained vigilance that American constructors keep abreast of the progress in their art. Japan, far removed and not attuned to the changing scene, may find herself, after the lapse of a few years, again in the rear-guard of construction progress. Construction and methods are ephemeral, and if we may claim leadership in construction in America, close contact with American progress must be maintained.

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An illustration of this may be found at our very door. The engineers who went to Panama to build the canal were probably the most enlightened and up-to-date of their time. Many of them returned after years of arduous service there, to find themselves veritable Rip Van Winkles of construction, so swiftly had the march of progress passed them.

While the Japanese may be alert to these conditions, they have in a marked degree the handicap of ancient conservatism, so continually harped upon by writers on Japan. "Saving face" is a bugbear in construction as in other things in old Japan, now particularly emphasized in Japanese architects' offices that a few years ago were still putting forward mid-Victorian architecture and are now called upon to produce scientific modern designs. The interminable hours that are spent by some of these Japanese architects in labored arguments in defense of open stairways, fire-trap interior courts, insufficient fire exits, and insanitary plumbing would try the patience of most busy Americans. The support that this nonsense receives at the hands of the owners is amazing, and the fantastic application sometimes given to the supposed ethics between owner and architect would delight the heart of the most pronounced American purist, however disastrous the consequences. We could be reminded of some of the reported deliberations of those old boards of directors of early American commercial history when we hear the ponderous opinion of a Japanese board deciding for an inferior and inadequate elevator service for a great structure to cost millions of dollars, on the ground that the Japanese people are not yet ready for the advantages of good service. And when a faulty and obsolete form of construction, gleaned from an American textbook twenty years out of print, is solemnly supported on the ground that the owner does not feel that he can offend his architect, we have a revelation of saving face, run to absurdity.

But these things are bound to occur. A few years more and they will have disappeared, and Japan will emerge among the leaders, to look back on some of the hybrid structures of to-day as curious but necessary freaks of the transition. For, while Japan is now launched upon an era of more modern construction, many of her works and structures, while twenty-five years ahead of anything done heretofore, are still fifteen years behind the accepted modern standards in America. In these the Japanese seem literally unable to bring themselves to modernizing all at once, and this in spite of their theoretical espousal of the last word in things modern. In these matters, as in many others, Japan finds herself a house divided against itself on the same lines that have so often been observed—the young school against the old. Young Japanese engineers and architects will generally be found to be arrayed against the old-school builders, and outspoken in their advocacy of complete and unquestioned acceptance of the whole modernized construction idea—tradition be hanged. It is these young men that are the most unsparing in their criticism—intolerant, one might say, in their sweeping condemnation. Reverence for ancestors and personages they studiously maintain, but with reactionary conservatism they have no patience.

And in their zeal these men are rendering their beloved homeland a service that carries with it lamentable irritation at that which is fine and old and picturesque. One cannot fail to have a sense of furtive regret that all this is necessary, but necessary it seems to be, for in the young generation of trained and intelligent leadership lies the hope of Japan—a hope that will be amply fulfilled as she takes her place in peace and amity with the great nations of the earth.

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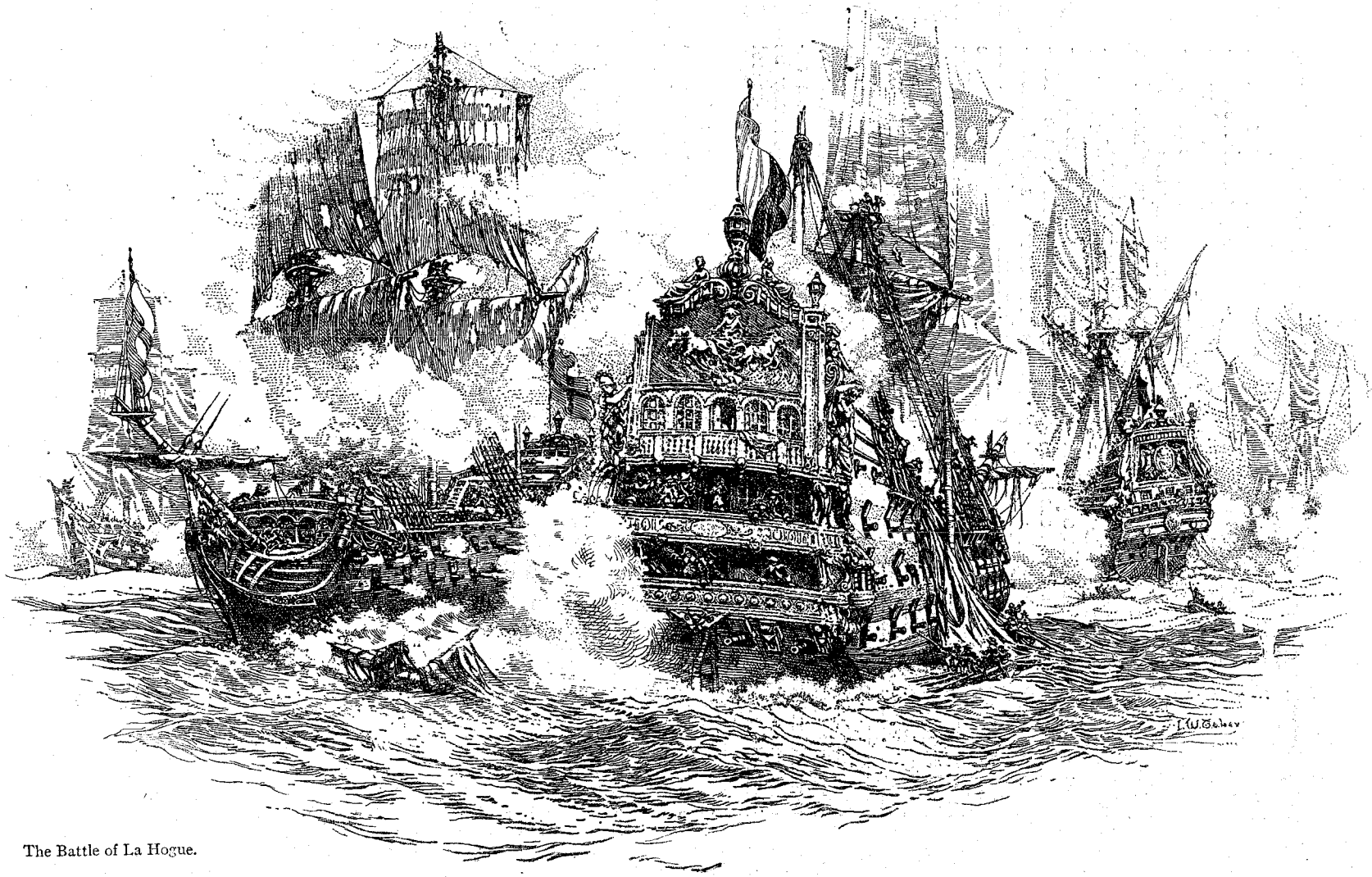

The Battle of La Hogue.

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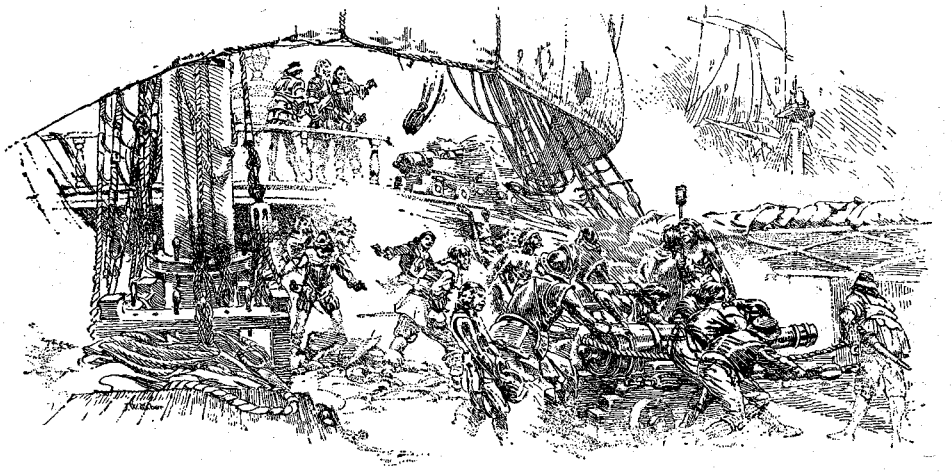
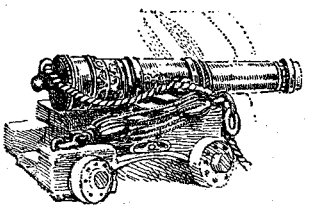


Brass Pounders and Wooden Walls at La Hogue

DRAWINGS AND NOTES BY I. W. TABER

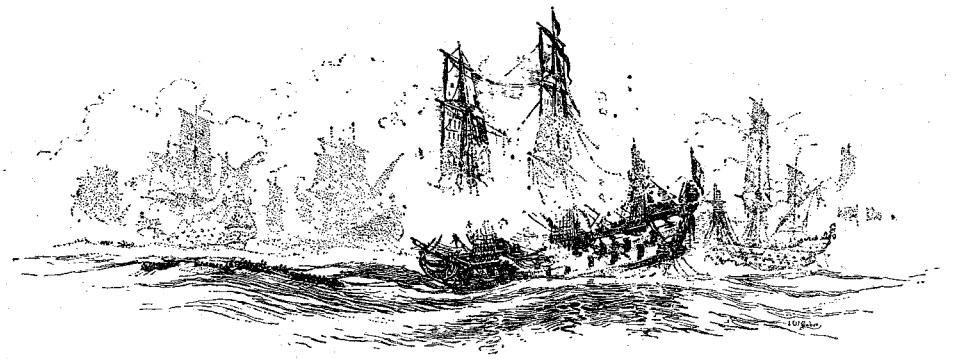


JAMES II of England, after the landing of the Prince of Orange, carried his grievances to France, and the part-healed wounds of war were reopened.

On May 19, 1692, Admiral Tourville with a part of his fleet was lying off Cape Barfleur, ready to escort French troops and Jacobite exiles across the Channel. Hearing of the proximity of the allied British and Dutch fleets, Tourville investigated, and as the morning haze lifted saw the enemy's gorgeous fleet. A council of war was held and the rashness of an attack acknowledged. Tourville produced orders from "the Great Monarch," Louis XIV, ". . . to engage the enemy, strong or weak, wherever he might find them."

The French advanced close to the British centre (forty-five ships against some ninety-odd), the wind died out, and six hours of furious fighting ensued. Admiral Russell of the British fleet writes: "About four in the evening there came so thick a fog that we could not see a ship of the enemy . . . then it cleared and we could see Monsieur Tourville towing away with his boats to the northward of us. I then made the signal for the chase."

The day's desperate venture ended much to the credit of the French, who did not lose a ship, while the Allies lost three or four. Though the after-results were disastrous to the French fleet, their enemies were magnanimous enough to recognize it as one of the most gallant actions on record.



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From a painting, copyright by Gerrit A. Beneker.

Steve Rigo—Galvanized American.

Art and the Industrial Problem

BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

DREAMS—if they are dreams which are to be of benefit to all mankind—sooner or later come true.

Some fourteen years have passed since I first visited the steel mills of Youngstown, Homestead, and, a little later, Gary, Indiana. I was so thrilled by the Bessemer converters spouting volcanic flame, the open hearths' glow, the huge ladles, ingots, bars, billets, and everything from the unloading machines plunging their iron fists into the holds of the lake freighters to the singing saws of the rail mill—that I vowed to myself then: "Some day I shall have a studio in a steel mill."

That *some day* came when least expected on February 1, 1919, in a steel mill in Cleveland.

Imagine what it meant to one who calls himself an artist to find a group of business men with lofty ideals who could see the practical side of art as a means of communication between employer and employee, between capital and labor.

During the war, in times of emergency, the obvious poster of a figure in action—telling a story in itself—was found to be of unmeasured value in selling Victory

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Bonds, promoting conservation of food and fuel, and in promoting general welfare and co-operation. If we did these things in war time—why not pursue the same principles in times of peace? For, while an armistice has been signed, the peoples of the earth are still at war with themselves in their own hearts, and the universal war raging throughout the whole world is the eternal strife between so-called labor and capital. The fault lies not so much with either side as it lies with management between the two.

Here was a group of managers who believed in men, who recognized that in spite of all the money invested in mechanical up-keep it remained as rusty junk if the human element, man, broke down—refused to operate it—gave thirty, fifty, seventy per cent efficiency if forced to work for a livelihood, or was out of a job. So why not sell men to men? Sell man to himself first, to his job, to his fellow men, to his employer. Why not sell labor to capital, and capital to labor, and management to both?

So for the first time in the history of either art or industry management built an artist's studio especially for him, close beside the tall factory chimney. Idealism and materialism, art and science, side by side, hand in hand, as they should be.

If that which is grasped quickly by the mind is as soon forgotten the reverse is also true that that kind of art which endures is the kind which invites inspection. So here was the opportunity to put over the kind of a picture which an art museum would accept and hang on its walls as art.

"Just a portrait of some fellow whom every one knows—who is he?" I asked. "Peggy Hirsch," was the prompt reply. "Where is he?" was my next question. I was advised to hunt up the traffic manager, who informed me that "Peggy" was worth any two truck-drivers in Cleveland, and that he couldn't spare him. But he took me over to the garage, where we found a pair of legs protruding from beneath a truck. Between blows of his hammer I caught epithets which do not look well in print—for "Peggy" swears as naturally as he breathes.

A little old man came in the door. In his hand he carried a tin can—he wanted it filled with grease. A swarthy grease-besmeared face wrenched itself from between the wheels of the truck, got the grease for the old man, and then leading him to the door by the nape of the neck, thrust him out into the cold, expediting his transportation by his good-natured propeller-like boot.

As "Peggy" turned from the door I was introduced to him. He didn't stop to wipe his greasy hands on his overalls but gave me a real shake—so real that my hand was as black and greasy as his own. I looked at my thin "artistic" hand and thought to myself: "Honored by good honest American labor." This is how an artist should get his inspiration, by direct contact with men, not in a four-walled studio in Greenwich Village.

"Peggy, I want to paint you," I exclaimed. "Not by a damn sight," said he; "I'm black enough." "Well, I want only to paint a picture of you," I tried to explain; at which he gave me one look, spat a brown streak from his lopsided jaw and went back beneath the truck—without a word. "I'll see you in the morning, Peggy," I called to him, but next morning there was no "Peggy" in sight; he had taken a truck and had driven away for the day.

But the second morning, by appointment, "Peggy" sat in the employment manager's office, his knees bobbing nervously up and down, twirling his old hat on his fingers and looking all over the ceiling—wondering what was going to happen to him this day.

"Peggy," said I, placing my hand on his shoulder, "did it ever occur to you that it is about as high an honor as a fellow could have to be selected by his buddies to be the first man to have his face reproduced in full colors on the cover of their magazine, which goes to five thousand men in our four plants?"

"What hev I gotta do?" he inquired.

"Just sit still while I paint your portrait," I returned.

"I can't sit still," he argued, and when I told him that he didn't have to, he condescended to "come up." For my first studio was on the fourth floor and right over a steam hammer which jarred so that every time I was about to hit the canvas with a brush full of paint I couldn't tell whether I was going to make an eyebrow or an ear.

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There sat "Peggy" on a low step-ladder—like a bump on a log, expressionless clay in the hands of the sculptor or potter. For half an hour I laid in the masses of color—establishing relative values of flesh to background, to shirt, to matted hair and cap—until he spat again from his lumpy jaw and burst out: "Say! how long is this thing gonna take?" I informed him that I had only just begun. "Well, I gotta git back an' fix that truck," he continued.

From a painting, copyright, 1918, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

Victory Loan Poster.

"No you don't," said I.

"Sure I do—they're waitin' fer it," he returned.

"Peggy," said I, "I have the right to haul any man off the job for as long as I want him."

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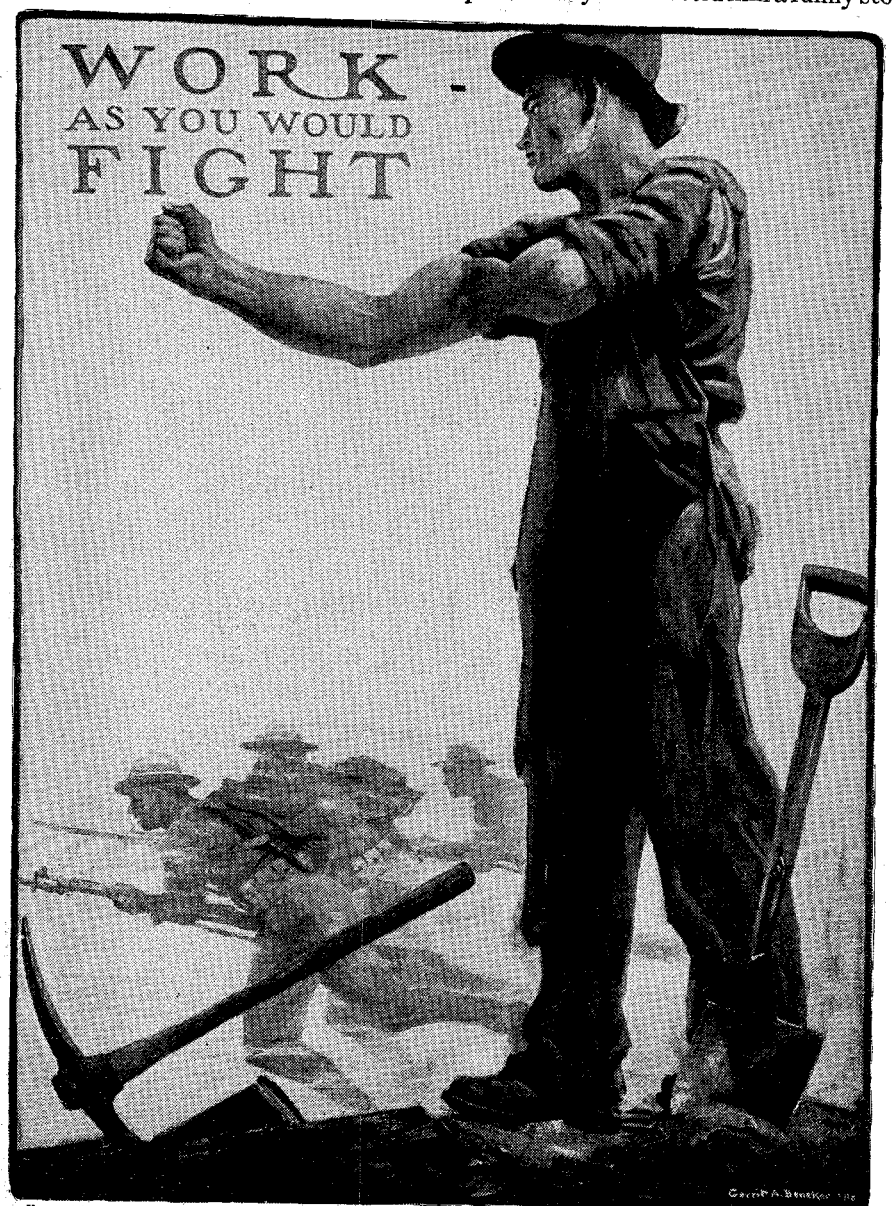
Again he spat: "Well, who in h——l give ya them orders?"

"Doc," said I.

Values established, I reached a point where I wanted some expression in that piece of clay—and I told him a funny story.



From a painting, copyright, 1918, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

A War Poster.

It so happened that "Doc," now our twenty-nine-year-old vice-president, was a few years previous the shipping clerk; a truck-driver and a shipping clerk are like two brothers.

"Well, what Doc says goes with me," and "Peggy" continued to sit—and spit.

He laughed—just a little.

I asked him if that hurt, and he laughed a little more. We became conversational, so much so that whenever I wanted that Franz Hals grin he just turned it on for me as easily as he would have turned on an electric light. I worked on—fast—in-

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spired—but production in a factory begins to fall off about 11.30 A. M., and, too, "Peggy" was no doubt getting ready inside to eat.

"Say," said he, "can I see what yer doin'?"

"Sure! come 'round," but, thought I, here is the test, what is the verdict?

Two weeks later every man of five thousand working in the four great plants received his magazine on the cover of which was a reproduction in full color of "Peggy," and the caption beneath it read: "My hands are black—but my heart is Hydraulic." On the reverse side of this portrait I wrote a short editorial

From a painting, copyright, 1919, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

"Peggy" Hirsch.

"My hands are black but my heart is Hydraulic."

In his own homely way he exclaimed: "Well, I'll be G—— damned if it don't look like me!" He rushed to the door: "Hey—Mike!" he jerked his head for Mike to come in.

At first I could not get him—now I could not drive him away. Every day, and several times a day as long as the portrait remained in my studio atop the factory, "Peggy" came bringing his fellow workers to see this "damn thing" that looked like him; and of all the remarks—"Why don't you paint a handsome guy like me?"

to the effect that: "Time was when the 'black hand' stood for destruction—to-day it stands for construction."

Was this put over on the men? No. Each of the four plants had its editor and a staff of reporters from the ranks. The editor in chief a few years ago was wiping grease from engines—to-day, having been admitted to the bar, he is looking after workmen's compensation.

True, that most of the fellows reported jokes and repartee about the shop—but the magazine being of the men, by the men, and for the men prompted some of

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them to contribute some very interesting articles.

The company believed in certain policies which were good for all mankind, such as the principle that, in so far as possible, "property rights and ownership should be commensurate with active responsibility and obligation"; to which

tunity to vent his feelings—either had to convince twenty-nine other buddies that he was right or they showed him very quickly where he was wrong.

The several plants had their own kind of mutual aid which the men had organized among themselves and into which each paid twenty-five cents a week. Yet

From a painting, copyright, 1919, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

Andrew Folta—Declarant.

end 70 per cent of the common-stock holders were employees; the idea was sold to them largely through this same magazine. This was backed up by workmen's representation wherein every fellow had at least the opportunity to say something about his job. For every thirty men, or thereabout—by trades—the men elected a representative. These representatives met again in conference, and anything which they wished to be carried higher up to management was carried directly by the chairman of this group. It was found that the most negative-thinking radical in the plant—having this opportunity to vent his feelings—either had to convince twenty-nine other buddies that he was right or they showed him very quickly where he was wrong.

The several plants had their own kind of mutual aid which the men had organized among themselves and into which each paid twenty-five cents a week. Yet with twenty different tongues and twenty different misunderstandings beneath a single factory roof—Hungarians, Poles, Slavs, Italians, were cliquey, and in fact a group of Hungarians would not permit a man of other nationality to work with them—a mutual benefit was organized which would cover all four plants. It was not put over on the men. I was present when "Doc" presented the idea to a foremen's meeting. They "bought" the idea—unanimously, the workmen "bought" it. It was explained in the magazine, and every month was printed a charted report showing amounts re-

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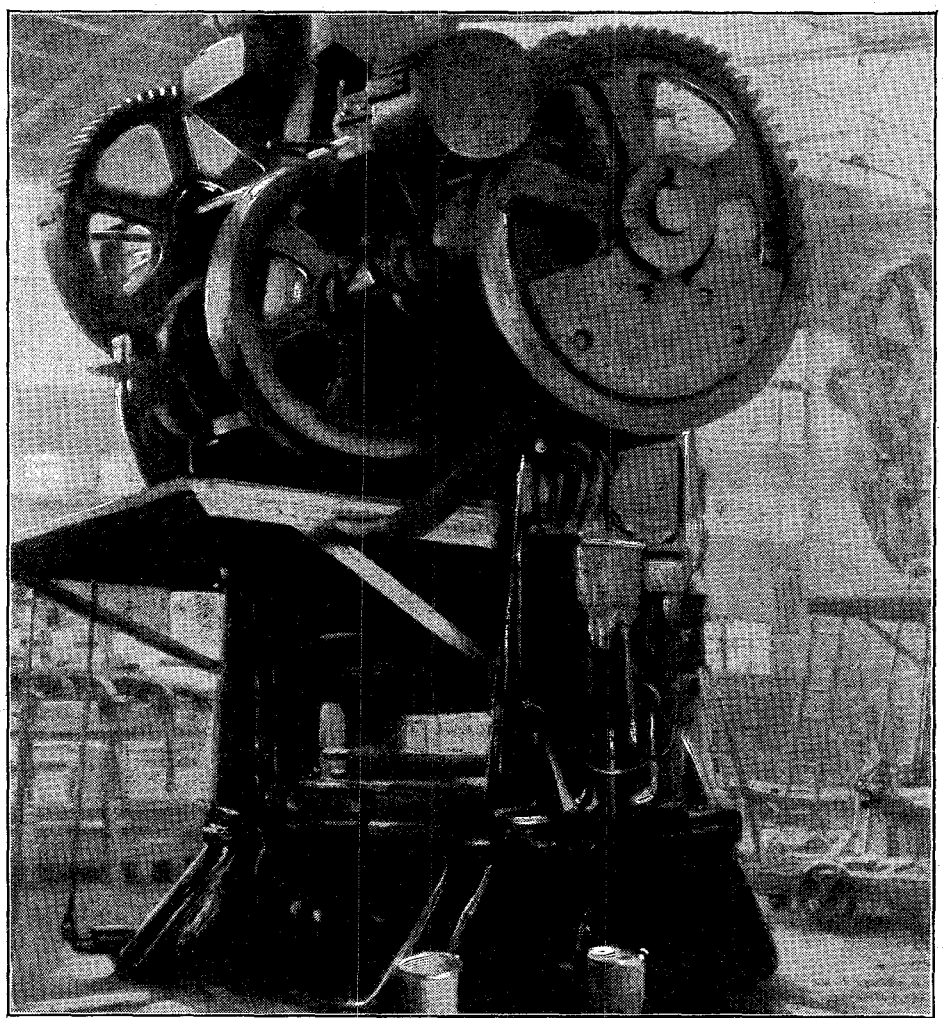
ceived, benefits paid, and amount on hand. A workman's home burned down, he did not own it—but he lost his furniture; the fellows got together—asked him how much it was worth and voted him a substantial amount of money. For every dollar a workman paid in, which was one dollar per month, the company put up an equal amount. For his twelve dollars a year each member of the Mutual Benefit received a life-insurance policy for one thousand dollars with one hundred dollars added for each year of service and another one hundred dollars for each child he had. To help sell this idea I painted the portrait of a widow who received two thousand three hundred dollars when her man passed out. Not a large sum, but she was not left destitute. She was further advised by officials of the company how to use that money. She paid off the mortgage on her home and still had nearly a thousand dollars left. A man can work better if he feels that his dear ones will not be left destitute, should he be taken away or become sick or injured—for Mutual Benefit also took care of sickness, accident, and old-age pensions.



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"Gray Matter" (The Iron Man).

To help sell workmen's representation I painted a portrait of "Rod Bender, Burt Reddington, representative." The

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old method of ruling with an iron rod was bent by Burt who was chosen by thirty rod benders to represent them.

To help sell Americanization I painted a portrait of Andy Folta, "*declarant*"; I never knew what I was going to say about a man until after I had painted his portrait—for by direct contact with men is the only way we may find out what is inside of men. Andy was an hour late when he came to my studio to pose—he begged my pardon and explained his tardiness by the fact that he had stopped in at the government building to get his first citizenship papers. So I called him "declarant," and in my editorial told his fellow workers what it meant to declare one's intention of becoming a citizen of these United States—what it meant to carry through that intention—the meaning of the fulfilment of citizenship.

I found Steve Rigo galvanizing rims for automobile wheels. His portrait finished, I called him "Steve Rigo—Galvanized American"—for just as he was protecting steel rims from rust and decay by a coat of galvanizing, so did his coat of American citizenship protect him. "Are you going back to Hungary, Steve?" I asked. Steve laughed: "Me go back? No—I no go back. I got six children all born in America, they go to school here. I no go back. America my country."

There were one hundred and fifty-five Hungarians working beneath the same roof with Steve and Andy. "But they

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The Widow.

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can't read English," you say?—Ah—but on the date of publication I've seen a line of overalled men a block long waiting to receive their copy of the magazine from a wheelbarrow piled high with copies at the gate. It was something men wanted and they took it home, where their children who go to our schools read it to them. How do I know they did? I've been in their homes to dinner, and time after time they have told me what that magazine meant in their home. They asked for more copies to send to the "old country." Steve sent eight. They had these cover portraits framed in their parlors and dining-rooms, and tacked up about the plant. In fact I could not walk through a single one of the buildings but what I'd hear, "Hey Ben, when you going to paint me?" or "Who's the next guy on the cover?" After a long absence from the plants the last time I passed through, fellows came running half-way across the shop, polishing their black hands on their shining overalls before they squeezed my long thin fingers.

Management soon found out that men would tell me more than they would tell any one else about the shop. So they put the artist on the industrial relations advisory board, and many a time I have helped both workman and management to understand each other better; and why not? When Velasquez was court painter to Philip the Fourth of Spain, England sent the great artist Rubens as a diplomat to conclude a peace with Spain. Rubens influenced Philip to send Velasquez to Italy for two years, and while there Velasquez painted "The Forge of Vulcan." Study that picture. It shows working men of that day forging armor-plate—but at the left is the youthful figure of Apollo, God of Beauty and of the fine arts—who comes suddenly into their midst and says, "Stop! Venus, the Goddess of Love, has been untrue to Mars, the God of War." Anything strange in that? Can love and war ever go on together?

The workmen in Velasquez's painting look up in surprise just as we all did on November 11, 1918, when the whole world was forging armor-plate. In the mills where I painted, my buddies forged nineteen million shells for the World War.

May not art and artists serve again as diplomats to bring about a better understanding in the world?

Wherever science installs the machine we must continue to expect war and misunderstanding. Art must go along, hand in hand with science. After all there was something in Gandhi's idea of getting back to the spinning-wheel, getting back to where man can completely express himself and "finish the job." To-day he turns a nut half-way in a factory in Detroit or Flint or Cleveland. I painted one of the machines, "The Iron Man of Industry," a huge hydraulic press—and as I painted the fellows would steal away from their jobs a moment to ask me if I drew "all them wheels without a compass."

When this picture appeared on the cover of the magazine it bore a title beneath it, "Gray Matter," and I wonder if the fellows ever thought of that machine in that way: "Gray Matter."

When the automatic machine hits China, we shall have the same thing all over again, unless through art we may show mankind that the machine must serve him as a means to lift himself up onto a higher plane of life.

Art must not be the tool in the hands of capital or in the hands of labor; a synthetic force in itself, established on the principles of relative values, art will pull together on both sides of the controversy and show mankind—whether employer or employee—the relative values of our work to the work of the world.

There is absolutely no panacea for any of our problems to-day except as we may create in each individual sound, clear thinking. Art must "stand in connection with the conscience if it is to put itself abreast with the most potent influences in the world"—if it is to mean anything at all to the people.

Fifty years or more ago Emerson wrote that, "proceeding from a religious (spiritual) heart, art will raise to a divine use the railroad, the insurance office, the *joint-stock company*."

If we have been holding the dark mirror up to life, then let us turn for a glance into Ruskin's chapter "The Dark Mirror" in his "Modern Painters," where he speaks of that flesh-bound volume, "Mankind."

"In *that* is the image of God painted, in *that* is the law of God written, in *that*

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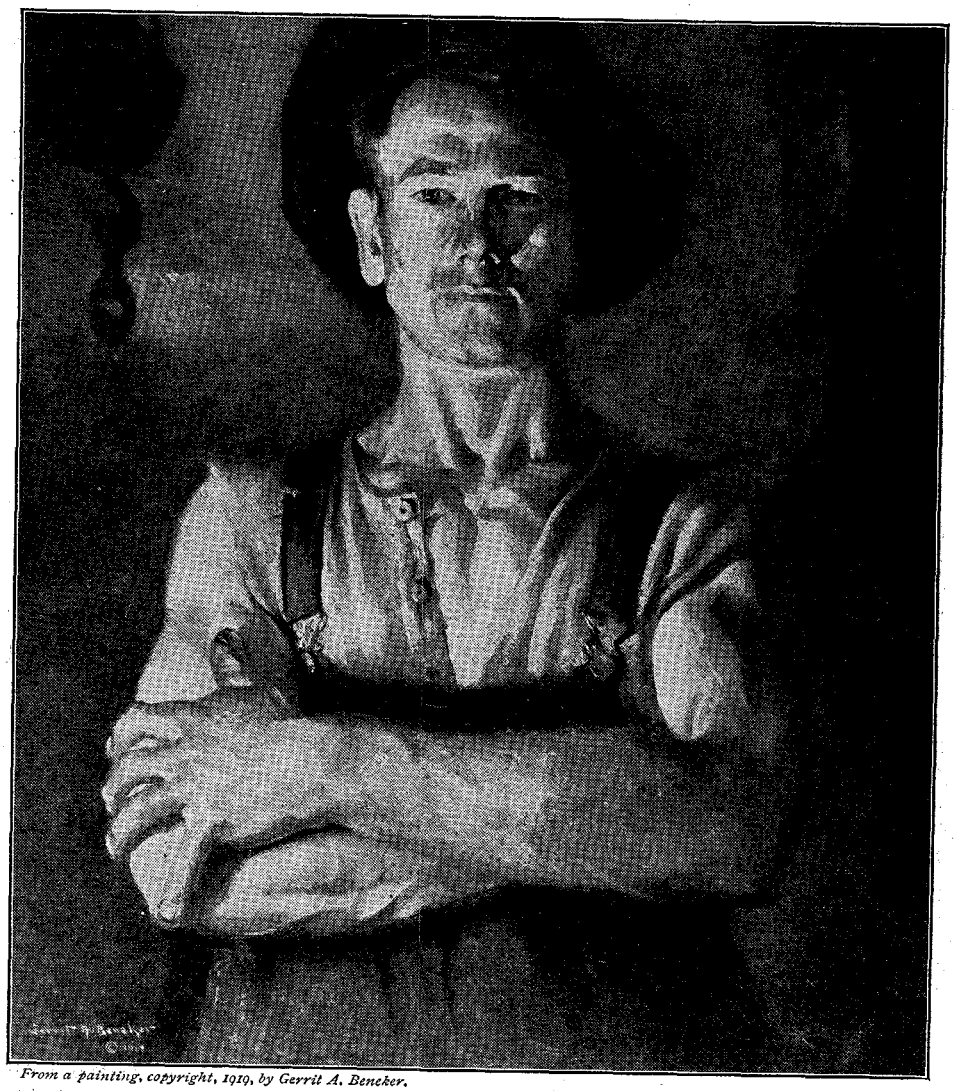

From a painting, copyright, 1919, by Gerrit A. Beneker.

Men Are Square.

Painted in the mills of the Hydraulic Steel Company as an expression of the mutual faith between employer and employee which makes Hydraulic "more than a place to work."

is the promise of God revealed, Know thyself—for through thyself only thou canst know God."

Consciousness of this—proof of it—is well illustrated by what Dave, a Croat foreman of the gas producer, said while a group of "Hunkies," "Guineas," "Poles," and "Wops" stood around behind me as I painted in the pit beneath the charging floor in the steel mill.

As I painted I heard this remark, "You know who is de smartest man in all de world?" I kept on painting.

"Dat artist over dere," he continued. I kept on painting, not daring to look around for fear he would not "spring it."

Then, "Dat feller is painting God mit-oudt seeing him," he remarked.

I stopped—I could paint no longer.

"Where did you get that?" I asked.

"Dat," said he, smiling through his mask of sweaty coal-dust, "dat, I know dat in de ol' country long before I come to America."

Continuing—he pointed through the

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great dark vaulted mill: "Look t'ru dat steel mill—man made all dat; but—he can't make a man—God makes men."

Oh, if that is in a single man like Dave, it is in every human being, dull, suppressed, dormant, all but dead in most of us, but may we not breathe upon that divine spark—with art?—through a picture, a statue, a play, a song, or a poem, and kindle it into a glowing ember, a flame, a consuming conflagration which will spell achievement?

Oh! where are the artists?—and where are the employers who will open their factory gates to us that we may go to work in *His Vineyard*—and show mankind the universality of God; that men may face each other as brothers?

The Alien's Childhood

BY H. ADYE PRICHARD

THE alien has no childhood. It is a fact which sociologists and welfare workers and Americanization experts forget. The alien is not a securely growing plant, its roots rejoicing in a familiar soil; he is rather a fragile bloom severed from stem and fibre. The sap of the stock that gave him birth no longer rises in him, and the water and the air are unkind, for they are not the water and the air that he used to know. Speak gently of the alien. He has lost something which you, with all the good intentions in the world, can never give him back—the echo of the dream voices of his innocency.

What did the morning mean to the lotus-eaters—the morning upon which the sun rose with a renewed promise, the morning which sent them forth fresh to the duties and pleasures of the day, the morning with its reborn associations that were destined, in normal times, to last the daily cycle through?

> "In the afternoon they came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon."

Something was incomplete. The afternoon—time of fruition, of ease, of languor—what did it weigh without the morning to give it substance? As afternoon wore on to afternoon where was the sense of new endeavor, of morning's enterprise? The purposelessness of afternoon closed down upon the lotus-eaters. They were content to renounce; but they were never content to forget.

> "Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
> Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
> To each, but whoso did receive of them,
> And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
> Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
> On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
> His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
> And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
> And music in his ears his beating heart did make.
>
> They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
> Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
> And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
> Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore
> Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
> Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
> Then some one said: 'We will return no more';
> And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
> Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam.'"

The modern lotus-eaters pour unnumbered from the catacombs of the great ships, and find that for them it is always afternoon in New York City. Some of them go out to look for the morning in the West, and their car-fare allowance runs out at Dobbs Ferry or Oneonta or Gary; and it is still afternoon. And so perforce they achieve a doubtful resignation, which is shorn of much of its spiritual excellence by the fact that it is a resignation induced by lack of any alternative, and settle down to work and marry and bring up children. Which eventually is the salve of their bereavement—for America's morning is the birthright of these little ones, and for them at any rate it need never be afternoon.

The plight of the immigrant has been voiced by many an advocate. But the representatives of the clan whose woes have regularly been exploited for the commiseration of countless philanthropists,

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and the investigation of still more countless societies and government commissions, have always belonged to that class which, arriving in this country through the homelike medium of the steerage, have adventitiously escaped the rigors of Ellis Island, and have immediately become, if not a public charge, at least a public problem. They are, for the most part, unintelligent people, stupendously destitute of that faculty of imagination which is prone to make comparisons, and the morning they have left has been so arid in its sunshine that a little light and shade afford rather a welcome relief. The immigrant of the lower class who comes to America from the shores of the Mediterranean has left his traditions behind him; but they were traditions of which he was never very consciously cognizant. And so he is reasonably adaptable to the new environment in which he finds himself. But it is a very open question as to whether the process of furthering that adaptability is generally carried out with the subtle and delicate skill which so important an operation demands. Don Marquis, an eloquent sociologist, feels very strongly about it. "At the risk," he says, "of being excommunicated by the Ku Klux Klan, ostracized by the Best People, lynched by the American Legion, and otherwise desiccated, decimated, and damaged by other patriotic citizens, permit us to remark that one thing wrong with America is the extraordinary amount of Americanization that is in progress all the time." (Here we rise to state that the trouble, in our judgment, is not so much the amount of Americanization as the method of Americanization.) "Polacks, Bohunks, and Wops, Yegs, Squareheads, Micks, and Spiggoties, come to us by the tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands, bringing with them prejudices and instincts and racial quirks and slants foreign to our Yank tradition, and we set ourselves at once to grind out of them all the richness of color and strangeness of thought and fervor of emotion." (We wish to underscore "grind." "Grind" is good.) "We destroy the eccentric and the exotic that dumps itself upon our shores, and then run abroad hunting the eccentric and the exotic. Our institutions and our art (literary, dramatic, and pictorial) need more spice and garlic and caviar. And we feel the need instinctively, though we refuse to recognize it candidly . . . we feel it because our young men and women go abroad to find the elements that the Yank tradition denies them at home, and we import the works of Viennese and Russian and Italian and Scandinavian and Celtic artists by the ship-load."

It is right that we should feel a stirring of genuine pity for these aliens as they squirm under the above-mentioned process of naturalization; but we should pity them not so much that they have been deprived for so long of the blessings of this land of freedom—our usual attitude—as that, late in life, they have been deprived of something else, not intrinsically so precious perhaps, but to them emotionally the pride of destiny—the bone and blood and sinew, the color and contour and smell, the spirit and intimacy and birth gift, of the land that brought them forth. It is right that we should offer them with lavish prodigality a share in this land of ours, its citizenship and education and protection, the reflection of its glories won by generations of pioneers; but it is not right that we should be supercilious when we make the offering. For we must remember that there can never be joy so great in the life of a man as the joy that came to him from the scanty store of his childhood. That joy the immigrant, whoever he is, can only taste once. And that once was when his youth was free in the land of his fathers.

Some alien once said: "I cannot be fully a man unless I have been a child—and my childhood has vanished." It is true that every man's childhood vanishes when he becomes a man. "When I was a child I spake as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man I put away childish things." Yes, the childish things were put away, the lead soldiers swept into the box, the books of adventure sent to the scout headquarters, the stamp collection relegated to the dust of the cupboard drawer, and the dreams and longings and golden panoramas of life rolled up in a transient film of memory; and the cord was loosed—but not forever. The native could not entirely lose those things because, as he passed from milestone to mile-stone in his life, he would always chance upon some wayfarer who had

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been with him in spirit while he played, who understood the same tongue of childhood, and had been moulded by the same delights. He carried his childhood with him though he acted as a man. And those he met had been children of his age and place and time, and their roots were deeply entwined together.

But the alien knows nothing of the childhood of his new home. The games he played, which did so much to foster his inheritance of adventure and romance, were utterly different from the games he sees around him now, which alone his present companions seem to understand. They call for different capacities, they breathe a different spirit. The flag which taught him in childhood the lifelong lesson of loyalty is not the flag he sees at every corner. The books, the coins, the food, the customs, the clothes, the cities, the trains, the toys, the holidays, the churches—influences which unconsciously moulded him to be the man he is and will ever be—have passed away in every visible semblance, and he suffers a torment of re-creation. That he cannot reconstitute himself in happiness is no fault of his. God arranged for the good of all the world that the child should be father of the man. To find it otherwise in one's own consciousness would be to face the fact that one was at best but half a man.

It is not any easier to find the soul of a country than it is to find the soul of a man. And the most sure way of courting failure in the quest is to be conscious of the adventure. If God is to give us realization, God will hide from us the stages of his revelation in all that has to do with his eternal verities. And the realization can never be perfected in us unless we have the gift of imagination, any more than the sun can give us light if our eyes are closed and blinded. Imagination is what the vast army of our aliens almost universally lacks. In the festive and promiscuous motley, with their knapsacks and bundles and green fibre suitcases (suitcase is an absurd euphemism for the appurtenances of him who never owned a suit), with their scarfs and patches and shawls, with their complexions of every possible hue of brown and ochre and terra-cotta, with their polyglot syllables of every conceivable mode of greeting and loving and cursing, there is display of most of the qualities that go to represent a man—but there is little imagination. They are not poets, these sun-dried citizens of alien climes. The ceiling of the Grand Central concourse does not remind them of the night sky of the Campagna, nor do the metropolitan ferries speak of the gondolas of Venice. The past is gone—irrevocably. They are starting with a new birth. May it lead on to a happy—if postponed—second childhood!

There are pilgrims more fortunate. One has given us a record of his discovery of the soul of America. "Twenty-five years ago I knew but dimly that the United States existed. My first dream of it came, as well as I remember, from the strange gay flag that blew above a circus tent on the Fair Green." Fate plunges the alien boy into the vortex of New York City. "There I learned the bewildering foreign tongue of earning a living and the art of eating at Childs." But it was in Chicago, not in New York, that he found the United States. And it was in Chicago, disguised under the mark of a "social settlement." "In all my first experience of employers I got not one glimpse of American civilization. Theirs was the language of smartness, alertness, brightness, success, efficiency, and I tried to learn it, but it was a difficult and alien tongue. . . . Here on the ash heap of Chicago was a blossom of something besides success. . . . In that strange haven of clear humanitarian faith I discovered what I suppose I had been seeking—the knowledge that America had a soul." One thing more was needed—the alchemy which would link this soul with the soul of beauties that had passed away, with the eternal remembrances of the spirit of divine childhood lived amid traditions that now had snapped and influences that had ceased to energize. And that alchemy, gloriously understood, was the possession of Lincoln. "The heroes of the peoples of Europe have not been the governors of Europe. They have been the spokesmen of the governed. But here among America's governors and statesmen was a simple authenticator of humane ideals. To inherit him becomes for the European not an abandonment of old loyalties, but a summary of them in a new. The salt of this American soil is Lincoln. When one finds that, one is naturalized."

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It is true that of all the patriots in the American Hall of Fame, there is none that speaks to the alien with so intelligible a message as Abraham Lincoln. He seems to be the only one who expressed any genius of temperamental cosmopolitanism. The others—excuse the expression—are provincial, and their appeal is essentially local. Abraham Lincoln can gather us all under his mighty shadow, because he was the best of us all. It is a gift he shares with Shakespeare and Livingstone and Jesus Christ. The emotions and experiences of perhaps half a dozen men in the annals of the world one cannot localize. And those men are the great fathers of all humanity, and the brothers and friends of every alien. The next generation, it may be, will be able to add to the list Theodore Roosevelt and possibly David Lloyd George.

The heart of America is kind toward her aliens—particularly toward her aliens of low degree. But it is a kindness not unmixed with patronage, and any elderly uncle or aunt will tell us that the easiest way to alienate the budding affections of nephew or niece is to be patronizing. Kindness is the most difficult quality to manifest because it demands the essence of sympathy. To be truly kind we must feel ourselves genuinely to be of the same kind. To assert at the outset that the alien has at last, to his eternal good fortune, set foot upon the soil of God's own country is not to be kind: for it implies by comparison that the countries from which the aliens originated were deserted of God in the times of men's wickedness, and unequivocally surrendered to the devil—an imputation which even the sorriest stranger feels tempted to resent. We are forgetting that that stranger sprang from a soil which, ill nourished and blood-stained as it may very well be, was his soil and went into his making, and that the childhood of his race and of his generation—those years in which his whole future was by origin to lie—was spent among its treasures and its promises. We cannot, in a word, expect to be loved or even to be believed when we protest that that soil was damned.

But there are others, besides those offspring of a humbly born caste, who need America's sympathetic understanding even more. They are men of breeding and education, bearers of names that have been associated with and prominent among the roster of famous names in business and war and politics, men of poise and position and heritage, who come to this great land in commerce or finance or the ministry or the faculty of teaching or one of the thousand pursuits of the gentleman. They come expecting the best. They bring with them something that is bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh—the tradition of family and country and race, fostered in them with loving care for generation after generation, and they do not expect to be asked to change that tradition; but rather to find in America the expression of it at its highest. They anticipate at least an affectionate understanding of all the sanctities and humanities and spiritualities that have meant life to the old country that gave them birth. Those influences are no transient accidents. They are the breathless realities that make a man what he is. The King, cricket, the Gordon Highlanders, Eton, the charge of the Light Brigade, Rudyard Kipling, Piccadilly Circus, Sir Walter Raleigh—moulded into a million shapes and marked with a million dies and poured out through a million words and glances and mannerisms; yes, and consecrated with a million deaths of sacrifice and heroism: can a man treat such immensities lightly? Must not a man expect that all the world will treat such immensities as sacred? A man may expect anything—that is his privilege: he will be disappointed—that is his second birth.

There is no more pathetic figure in our midst than that of the alien Englishman who has not arrived on our shores until his formative period is over. A casual observer will not know that there is anything pathetic about him—for the Englishman scorns to wear his heart on his sleeve. Very often he is not actually aware himself that he is pathetic, for as a race the English are not overburdened with imagination, as the novelist noted who made the comment that Adam and Eve, before the fall, were probably English. But look at him in any society of men—in the club, at the dinner-party, in the office—especially when he is surrounded by a crowd of American college men. He is a usurper, an outcast. He

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has no friends—for never in later life do we admit a fellow being of the same sex into that close intimacy of friendship in which lies the faith of youth; he has no common associations, no power of lasting intercourse. These others started life in America when they were conceived—or as long before that as the stretch of their American forefathers; the Englishman started it when he was eighteen or twenty or twenty-three. And he can never catch up. It is not only that he lacks the friends of youth, but also that all the recollections which partnership in a particular school or college inevitably produce—the most precious treasures of later life—have faded into nothingness. Of course he is frequently a failure, as much in business as in conversation. Where is the common denominator which will grant him a possible equality? These others have family connection, financial and industrial and social capital; people hear their names, and some one, at least, knows who they are. With him life is a career and an education rolled into one, crammed into a space of years hardly competent to contain the career alone. Is it any wonder that the Englishman feels that the pressure of circumstances is against him—and, as often as not, gives up the struggle?

Together with his birthright he has lost his childhood. Therefore we say that the alien has no childhood. For, whatever might have been his inalienable privilege to glory in the sun, that glory lives now only in the company of those he played with and those he loved in the golden days. And those he has lost. Nothing can bring again the hot tears, the divine melancholies, the hopes and fears and dreams of the years that made him what he is, save those with whom he kissed and cried and prayed. Walter Pater is speaking of the eternal glamour of childhood when he says: "The realities and passions, the rumors of the greater world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passageway, through the wall of custom about us, and never afterward quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities, the discovery of our powers, manifold experiences—our various experiences of the coming and going of bodily pain, for instance—belong to this or the other well-remembered place in the material habitation—that little white room with the windows across which the heavy blossoms could beat so peevishly in the wind, with just that particular catch or throb, such a sense of teasing in it, on gusty mornings; and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment; a system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions; and, irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents—the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow—become parts of the great chain wherewith we are bound." The nostalgia of death—the desire to go back and lie with one's fathers in the tomb—is not confined to Oriental races. Homer tells us how the soul of the lad Elpenor, killed by accident, entreats Ulysses to "fix my oar over my grave, the oar I rowed with when I lived, when I went with my companions." So it is with us. Our instinctive longing is to renew our childhood even in the shadows where we shall find the ones we played with and have lost.

We aliens who have learned to know and love America want you to understand us. For the good name of our country and for its happiness we want to join you in making this a land in which sympathy is the readiest and most welcoming virtue, that those who come to us may forget, as quickly as may be, the pain it was to part with half their lives. And this can never be unless you are willing to think and speak in the terms of childhood—to remember what it would mean to you if every face and form and tangible means of recollection and power of visualizing what life was like when you were young were suddenly taken from you, and the chart of life were laid before you bare and white and separate and unintelligible. The toys of childhood are sometimes expensive and elaborate and sometimes cheap and tawdry; but our young discrimination often loved the latter before the former. Our childhood was perhaps spent almost exclusively among more tawdry things than yours—but that does not mean that we loved them any the less. Your childhood is with you still—ours is gone. Try to be even more kind to us because it is gone.

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Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THE invitation to write something about Her Majesty, the Queen of the Netherlands, in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of her coronation, is one which I welcome as a personal admirer and friend. Yet it carries with it a certain embarrassment arising from the fact that I have been American Minister at The Hague.

Diplomacy, to be successful, must be open and frank. But it ought not to be inconsiderate. Even after a minister has retired from his post he has no right to publish confidential matters. The rule of "the mahogany-tree" and the rose which hangs above it, still should bind him. Otherwise his successor will not be received into that confidence which is necessary to a real understanding of human affairs. Yet within these limits of propriety there may be room for me to write what I honestly think and feel about the reigning sovereign of Holland, the country of my forefathers.

She is a true scion of the liberty-loving House of Orange, a lady of the finest Dutch type (which is both simple and highly accomplished), democratic in her principles and refined in her tastes. Moreover she is, in my opinion, the ablest and most intelligent crowned head in Europe. (This statement covers also the time before the crowns began to fall.)

Wilhelmina - Hélène - Pauline - Marie, Princess of Orange-Nassau, Duchess of Mecklenburg, was born on August 31, 1880, at The Hague. In 1890, on the death of her father, William III, she succeeded to the royal title, under the regency of her mother Emma, Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, a lady of pure gold,—simple, wise, and sweet as a Puritan mother,—beloved by all the people.

In 1898 the little Queen, being then eighteen years young, with a profile like a Ghirlandajo portrait, had her coronation in the *Groote Kerk* of Amsterdam. The royal girl took the crown in her own hands and put it on her fair head, vowing to render true service to God and to her people. That vow she has kept.

The coronation, with its double homage to an ancestral crown and to a pure and beautiful girl, was an occasion of immense enthusiasm in Holland, and general romantic sympathy throughout the civilized world. Everybody who believed in womanhood sat up and took an interest. I remember that the Holland Society of New York sent a long, historic-sentimental address, (in which I had a hand,) to congratulate the Queen on her accession to the throne.

Then began, for this young girl, the twofold task of a real queen: first, to hold the helm of the ship of state, and guide her country in peace and safety; second, to provide an heir of the House of Orange-Nassau, to which the people of the Netherlands were attached by such historic, patriotic, indissoluble bonds.

Married in 1901, to Henry, Duke of Mecklenburg, four years her senior, the young Queen was faithful to her double duty as ruler and as woman. Of the extraordinary series of accidents—an attack of typhoid fever, a runaway pair of horses, a fall on a steep stairway—which time and again frustrated her maternal hopes, there is no need to speak. Women understand the perils and the heroism of motherhood. If men forget, so much the worse for them.

During this period the Queen was necessarily somewhat withdrawn from public life. People said she was getting proud, exclusive, aristocratic. Shallow public judgment! In reality she was suffering for them.

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When the Princess Juliana was born on April 30, 1909, and began to grow as a healthy, normal, buxom child, the Queen was released from her ordeal. She could ride horseback and walk among her people as of old. Her popularity, temporarily obscured by the intimate causes which the populace will never take the time and trouble to understand, returned again, full-orbed, and made her distinctly the best-loved person in Holland.

It was thus that I first saw her, at her country home of Het Loo, in October, 1913—a handsome, happy mother; a naturally shy, but gracious and dignified Queen.

Interviews with royalty seem awful at a distance. In reality they have a singular, almost homely simplicity. After my letters of credence were presented, the Queen's first questions were, (in excellent English:) "Your name is Dutch; when did your ancestors go to America? Are you married, and how many children have you? Are you comfortable in your new house at The Hague?"

This was in the last autumn of a fallacious peace in Europe. Now let me write a few words of personal observation in regard to Holland and her Queen during the dreadful World War—peculiarly dreadful to Holland because its horrors were so close, so daily threatening.

Separated by only a hair's breadth from the chosen path of the devastating Potsdam war-lords through Belgium, the Queen, and her trusty counsellors, Premier Cort van den Linden and Foreign Minister John Loudon, were resolved by every honorable means to save the Netherlands from the ruin of war. This is the purport of the Declaration of Neutrality issued by the Queen and Parliament on *July 30, 1914*. "Within the jurisdiction of the State, comprising the territory of the Kingdom in Europe as well as the colonies and possessions in other continents, no act of war is permitted, nor may that territory be used as a base for warlike operations." (Article I.)

Many people have asked me whether Holland was not pro-German during the war. To this I have answered by asking: "Did you ever hear of a lamb being pro-wolf?" For a century the Dutch people have known that the Pan-Germans wanted the mouth of the Rhine. That means Rotterdam. Thyssen tried to get it by a trick before the war. But Zimmerman, the Mayor of Rotterdam, foiled him.

Five-sixths of the plain Dutch people during the war sympathized with France, —not so much with England, because England has been Holland's commercial rival for centuries. But the Queen herself, (I beg her pardon if I misinterpret her,) was absolutely and only pro-Dutch, entirely determined to defend her native land against invasion and devastation, resolved to use her mobilized army of four or five hundred thousand against any aggressor, at the drop of a hat, from whichever side of the border the hat might come. I heard her say this more than once. To me it seemed a sane attitude for a small country situated as Holland was.

The hardships and losses inflicted upon the Netherlands during the war were the same as those suffered by the other northern neutral states which were not invaded by the German army. These losses which the Dutch had to bear may be listed under the following main heads.

1. The steadily rising cost of keeping the Netherlands army on a war footing in order to protect the frontier both from hostile invasion, and from the transit of belligerent troops, which would have forfeited Dutch neutrality.

2. The sinking of many merchant ships and fishing-boats by German submarines and floating mines.

3. The interruption of foreign and colonial trade by the maritime blockade of the Allies and the consequent shortage of raw materials for the factories and of markets for the traders.

4. The disorganization of many industries and the consequent loss of employment among industrial laborers. (This caused great suffering among the poor, especially in cities and large towns. Once or twice food restrictions had to be imposed. I remember that once the sale of white bread was prohibited; but my wife gave our cook lessons, and she learned to make it very well.)

Upon the whole, my recollection is that there was little privation or distress in Holland during the war, among the well-to-do. There seldom is. That is one of

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the devils of war,—the poor have to bear the heaviest brunt of it.

Per contra Holland had some gains in war time which partially offset the losses.

1. Her farmers and fishermen got very high prices for their goods and found no difficulty in selling all they could raise and catch.

2. The Netherlands Bank accumulated a large stock of gold,—larger, I believe, than ever before in its history. Hence the Dutch money did not depreciate in exchange value, though of course, like all other currency, it lost in purchasing power. At one time, as I knew to my cost, the guilder was at a considerable premium above its normal rate in American paper money or drafts. After the war it declined, but now it stands very steady within a small fraction of the normal rate of exchange. As financiers the Hollanders have never been boobies.

3. The commandeering of a couple of score of Dutch merchant ships by the United States, in 1917, under "the right of angary," looked like a loss, but was really a gain. The rent paid by our Government for the use of the ships gave the Netherlands ship-owners their most prosperous year, without risk of loss. The protest of the Dutch Government was not ferocious: it was a correct diplomatic gesture, made to avert German wrath.

During all the dreadful war time Holland was kept inviolate and peaceful, and suffered only those griefs and calamities which all mankind must share when the devil of war for conquest breaks loose in this close-bound world. With the safety of the Netherlands and their comparative freedom from disaster, the loyal wisdom, firm spirit, and Christian mind of the Queen had much to do.

Many false and silly sensational reports about the conduct of the Prince-Consort were broadcasted in America by the yellow journals. He did *not* run away to Germany. He was *not* called back by a midnight meeting of the cabinet. He was *not* imprisoned in the "House in the Wood." So far as my observation went, (and my opportunities were excellent,) he devoted himself like a good sportsman to his duties as active president of the Netherlands Red Cross, and had no more to do with politics or war than a salt-cellar. To hear the gossip about him here has made me laugh in a way which I hope my all-wise informants will forgive.

As showing the personality of Queen Wilhelmina perhaps I may, without indiscretion, record two remarks.

At the state luncheon, given at the three-hundredth anniversary of the University of Groningen, where the Queen received the honorary degree of Litt. D., she turned to me and said: "One great regret of my life is that I could not go to college, to study Greek and Latin. But at eighteen,—well, you know what I had to do." I ventured to answer: "Madam, the work which you have done is worth more, by way of education, than any course that any college can offer." Jonkheer John Loudon told me that her chief joy was to attend a cabinet meeting and take part in the discussion.

On another occasion she said to me that she thought there had been a fault in her education. "I was educated too much alone. Now my child Juliana shall be brought up with other girls."

Thus spoke the motherly Queen of the most democratic country in Europe. If by any chance you think of her as a formal and artificial person, you should see her on horseback visiting the camps of her soldiers, or on the ice teaching her daughter to skate, or footing it through the Lange Voorhout in the early morning to visit her mother.

Queen Wilhelmina has been fortunate in having at her right hand loyal and intelligent ministers of various parties,—like the present Foreign Minister, van Karnebeek, son of the famous international jurist. She has been the unifying intelligence of their councils. She inherits from William the Silent, who was, like George Washington, reserved, calm, an aristocrat passionately devoted to the welfare of the people.

Many congratulations from all parts of the world will go to Her Majesty of the Netherlands, the fair girl-queen who has "made good," on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her coronation. I hope that one of the warmest of these greetings will come from the American Republic, which owes so much in its history to the luminous example, the constructive ideals of freedom, the practical help, and the steady friendship of the Netherlands.

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Lobster-Creels

BY ARTHUR MASON
Author of "The Flying Bo'sun" and "Ocean Echoes"

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY GORDON STEVENSON

IT was not by accident that Captain Jacobs invited Danny McCann to join him at O'Callahan's. It was the last crafty move of desperation. He was richly rewarded. By the fourth drink he had it all. The reason why the *Morning Star* had been mysteriously, day by day, sinking deeper into the water. Lobster-creels! Puget Sound lobster-creels to fill an immediate and pressing want of the fishermen down South, whose expected consignments had been delayed when lobsters were earlier than usual, and thick as hops. Quick money and lots of it. Kitty's idea, imparted to Danny, her husband, under seal of the deadliest secrecy!

The *Morning Star* was about loaded, and everything held for a fair and uneventful trip south from Seattle. Captain Jacob's ship, the *Whang*, was also ready to sail the same voyage, and showed unmistakable intentions of getting away first. This was much to the disgust of Captain Dan McCann, who, after his confidence in Jacobs, was unable to find out what cargo was aboard, or why he should have spent both night and day in loading and unloading. As he boarded the *Morning Star* Captain McCann questioned the mate on these matters, but Mr. McHenry, being newly shipped, had no information to give him.

About noon Captain Jacobs came aboard and inquired for Captain McCann.

"He is in the cabin," said the mate; "playing with the canary-bird. Won't you step down and find him?"

"Oh, no, indeed," and there was a sort of quivering burliness about Captain Jacobs at the very thought, "Mrs. McCann might happen along. She is a screech-owl. She is a man-tamer, I can tell you."

At this moment Captain Dan stuck his head out of the companionway.

"When do you sail, Jacobs?" he said, nodding.

"This evening, if all goes well. And when do you expect to get away?"

"If all goes well," snivelled Captain Dan, "to-morrow noon."

The two captains whispered something to each other which was not audible to the mate's all-too-ready ear. Then, descending the gangway, they shaped a course for the nearest saloon.

About two hours later the echoes were startled by a loud and masculine voice from the wharf: "Ahoy, the *Morning Star!*"

The size of the voice was no indication of the size of its container, for it proceeded from a small and inconspicuous woman neatly shawled and bonneted. But, as she approached, and the sunlight pierced the bonnet's gloom, a face was revealed whose gray eye brooked no contradiction, whose mouth was one accustomed to command. The right arm holding the ruffled skirt was sheer muscle, and the footwork as she bounded to the deck proclaimed that she could take a fall out of any man not specially trained to withstand her.

She was none other than Kitty McCann, master mariner in her own right, half-owner and sole boss of the coastwise schooner *Morning Star*.

"Where is McCann?" she asked, casting as she did so a gimlet gaze over deck, crew, and rigging.

"Gone," the mate answered, briefly.

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Gone wid that divil Jacobs, I suppose. Whin did they go?"

"About noon, arm in arm."

"That settles it. It'll be no less than

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thirty days for me poor Danny." "What did the auld clodhopper have to say, now?" she asked presently, after running her eye absent-mindedly over the paint-work, and commenting vividly on its condition.

"He had enough to say."

"Out wid it. I can shtand dinamite now. Was it me good name he'd be afther slurrin'?"

Now the mate was young, and no better than mates usually are. Not that he meant to make mischief. He remembered Captain Jacobs' expression as well.

"He said that neither you nor your husband were even capable of running a fishing-boat. That as for being seamen——"

She was pawing the deck like a horse in a shallow stream.

"No more," she cried, then to herself in an almost affectionate tone:

"I'll not kill him, I'll *murdher* him!"

There was a commotion forward. McHenry looked up, and saw that Kitty's gaze was riveted on a small tug that was bearing down upon them. Behind her lurched the schooner *Whang*, outward bound. Captain Jacobs, holding aloft and waving a large lobster-creel, shouted as he passed in a voice that could be heard as far as sound could travel:

"Starboard your helm and keep away from McCann's paper-box. McCann is in jail, where he belongs. We'll see who'll take his rotten old hooker out of Puget Sound. We'll see . . . get first . . . at the lobsters!"

Kitty was too far gone for speech. The mate walked forward, and stood with his back turned, pitying her helplessness. It was pity wasted.

"Tell the crew," she began; "no, tell thim nothing. We'll sail to-morrow before noon. I'll be aven wit that hide-bound bum yet."

Then and there McHenry resolved to take a chance on Davy Jones's locker if he must, in command of a woman, but to stick by the ship, if only to see what became of her.

At about eleven the next day an express-wagon drew up at the gangway of the *Morning Star*. There, seated alongside the driver, was Kitty McCann.

"Ahoy, the *Morning Star!*" she shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir," the mate answered, unconsciously.

"Bring your min here to carry me things on board, and hurry, we have no time to lose."

The crew rallied around the expressman silently, all but one man with a crooked leg, who ejaculated: "Good gracious, is *she* going with us? Well, we can expect bad weather, and lots of trouble!"

Another sailor, who stuttered, remarked: "It l-l-looks as if we hh-h-had b-bbeen s-sh-sh-shanghaied!"

Fortunately this escaped Kitty's lightning hearing. She was snowed under with rubber-boots, oilskins, boxes, and very masculine-looking luggage; but, as they gradually dug her out, it became clear that she purposed taking command dressed in a red flannel skirt of furious hue, offset above by a pea-green tam-o'-shanter with a long woollen tassel, and below by stockings of the same vernal color, ending in square-toed carpet slippers.

While she was in the cabin arranging her belongings a tugboat came alongside and demanded a head-line. This caused the crooked-legged sailor to say earnestly as he gazed ashore:

"In the name of Heaven, where is the captain?"

Sharp and clear from the stern of the *Morning Star* rang the command:

"Cast off your lines forward, and a couple of youse come aft and haul in the stern-lines, and some one shtand by with a cork-fender."

The crooked-legged sailor uttered his final protest:

"I have sailed around the world. I have been north to seventy-seven; I have been south to sixty-four. But, Lord, not with a woman captain, not with a woman."

About four bells the next day, in the middle watch, the northwest wind which had driven her along at seven knots for twenty-four hours died away, leaving the sails flapping in the bolt-ropes. Away to the southward and eastward clouds were making with a light scud overhead. One hour later a fresh breeze arose from the southeast. By four o'clock the breeze continued to freshen, and the choppy sea made the *Morning Star* dip and dive, squeak and groan.

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At ten o'clock, with the wind still fresh, and the sea quite lumpy, she was making dirty weather of it. Astern, and out of the horizon, a topsail schooner was fast gaining upon her. Kitty was particularly interested in watching her out of a pair of binoculars, impatiently switching her green tassel out of the way of her vision, the while the red petticoat made a grand showing streaming in the wind.

"I can't make out," she said, as she laid the glasses by, "whether she has two topmasts or three."

"Well," answered McHenry, "we shan't have long to wait, at the rate she is gaining on us."

There was a new expression on Kitty's face. The eye no longer had even a trace of kindliness, but was become cruel and daring. As the stranger came ploughing along close hauled and on the port tack, still gaining, and crowding a little to windward, Kitty snatched up the glasses and looked through them long and earnestly. Then she handed them to the mate, saying:

"What is she?"

"She is a two-topmast schooner," said he, momentously.

"Can you see her name?" she barked back.

"I can make out the first letter."

"In the name of Hivin, what is it?"

"*W*——," but as he continued to look at and spell the letters in the name of the fast-approaching schooner, Kitty in her excitement pulled the glasses away from him, and picking up the tail of her skirt wiped the lenses long and carefully, then focussed them to her glittering eye, and threw them full on the suspicious name astern the *Morning Star*.

While Kitty gazed as if life and death depended on the name of the schooner, the canary-bird sang, and the man at the wheel cleared his throat. Finally she set down the glasses with a bang.

"The durty auld shnake."

"Can you make out her name, Mrs. McCann?" the mate asked, tactlessly.

She turned on him like a she-bear.

"Niver mind what her name is. How much of the cintreboard is down?"

"It is all down."

"Pick half of it up, and get the staysail and flying-jib on." Then quietly to herself: "It is the howly Saint Anthony himself that guided him into this course, and becalmed him to meet up wid us. Be no other chanst could I have beat him down. It may be doubtful now that I can do it, but it'll be the last vyage of Katherine Viola McCann if I do not."

Kitty's superior knowledge of handling the schooner seemed to have an immediate effect on the crew. They were aware of the rivalry with the *Whang*, and when she passed close to windward, close enough for them to distinguish Jacob's derisive pose on the poop-deck, they one and all became interested in the race to San Pedro, which was on in earnest now.

McHenry, too, felt the new interest, but with it a shade of anxiety, for with the glasses he could not but notice that Captain Jacobs's face, for all its coarseness, was the face of a veteran of the sea, and that to judge by his behavior and grave expression, he saw danger for both ships, and that not so far ahead.

The schooner was making heavy weather as she dipped her jibboom under the water, bringing tons of the emerald green over the forecastle and down to the main deck, where it raced away to the lee scuppers and to freedom. Cracking, groaning, buckling, and pitching the salt foam from stem to stern, it was only with the greatest difficulty that one could stand upon her bronco decks.

"I am afraid," said McHenry, looking aloft, "that the *Morning Star* has too much spread of canvas for this wind and sea."

Kitty braced her foot against the mooring-bitt. The green tam-o'-shanter blew away unheeded, its tassel streaming to the last. The wind that knows no virtue had respect neither for her hair nor her red flannel petticoat. She looked savagely ahead at the *Whang*.

"No, me bye, if the *Morning Star* can't carry her topsails atop av the wather, be me sowl she'll have to carry thim under the wather."

The crooked-legged sailor came hurrying aft.

"Mrs. McCann," he said, nervously, "she has sprung a seam on the weather-bow, and the water is running into the forecastle."

"Is it up to the bunks yet?"

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"Well, no, but the Lord save us if it ever do get that high. I am afraid, Mrs. McCann, that you are crowding the little vessel too much. She can't stand it, ma'am, she can't."

He got no further. Kitty flew at him like a bantam rooster.

"It's a purty-looking sailor ye are. Go forward wit you, gowan now, before I lose me timper and tell you what I think of youse. Bail it out or drown, you lazy hound, and as far as the *Morning Star* is concerned, I'll sail her under, I'll make firewood of her, before I'll take in a yard of canvas! Now go forward and tell that to your fair-weather shipmates."

McHenry ran to the cabin for his oilskins, then forward to the forecastle to find out how the leak was. Old shoes, tin plates, and odds and ends of a sailor's belongings were awash on the narrow floor.

"Where is the leak?" he cried.

"Leak be damned," shouted a short sailor, delivering himself with one foot propped up on the bunk, the other resting on a floating bench; "the bottom has dropped out of her, that's what."

"Get your buckets, men, and bail it out."

"Well," said crooked-leg (who, by the way, claimed that he had once fallen from the mast in a fit), "not that I want to interfere with any plans for the safety of the *Morning Star*, but with all respect for Mrs. McCann, she might as well ask us to bail out the ocean." He was clearing his throat to enlarge upon his subject when a sudden corkscrew pitch threw them all into the rising water on the forecastle floor.

"What did I tell ye?" shouted the irrepressible one, as he washed around. "What about me dream now? The dream you laughed at?"

The mate scrambled for the stairs and went aft to report to Kitty. The petticoat of no surrender was inconspicuous now. It had given way to a long black oilskin coat. The carpet-slippers had been replaced by hip-boots, and the tam-o'-shanter by an equally distinctive old rubber hat, with a decided list to port.

As McHenry approached he said: "Mrs. McCann, I did not know you."

"Ah, shure an' I feel more comfortable now that I have me corsets off."

"There is two feet of water in the forecastle," he said, pathetically.

"Is the water gaining on thim?" as she took a bearing on the schooner ahead.

"Yes, very fast," he said.

"Well, have thim move aft to the lazaret. Shure an' it's dry enough there for anny wan. You had better sound her and see if there is air dhrop of wather in the hold."

While he was in the lazaret getting the sounding-rod the mate could hear Kitty screaming her orders. He knew that at any moment something might be carried away, and thinking that this had happened, stuck his head out of the lazaret hatch. He saw Kitty towering over three sailors from the forecastle. She seemed to grow as she grew angrier.

"We can't bail it out," said one, as he dodged a sheet of spray; "it's coming too fast."

"I can see daylight through her every time she rolls to leeward," interrupted the stout sailor.

"Move your dunnage aft here to the lazaret," said Kitty angrily; "it's afraid of a little water you are. Shure, and I believe it's flying-fish sailors you would be."

"Take the topsails off her," ventured crooked-leg, "before she goes to pieces."

"The divil a stitch will come off her as long as there is a plank left in her." Kitty was working up a dramatic scene for the benefit of those soaking sailors. She stepped to the weather rail and pointed ahead.

"Do you see that blackguard ahead? Well, it's me intintions to beat him to San Pedro if I have to drown ivery wan av yez. Wit the help av God," crossing herself, "and me faith in the *Morning Star*, I'll do it or drown wit yez."

The schooner was diving into the lumpy sea, throwing white combers from her arrow bow, forty or fifty feet to windward. When she rolled to leeward one would think that the drift-bolts were slowly receding from their fastenings. The groanings and squeakings were intensified as she rolled to windward. As she rose to the sea, showing her forefoot, the stern would go down into the trough. Down till the sea was even with the davits.

The crew, getting no satisfaction from

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the master, slunk forward obedient to Kitty's commands.

There were twenty inches of water in the schooner's hold. The situation was serious. With the constant driving against the wind and sea, there was danger that the frail vessel would open up and spill her crew into the water.

McHenry reported this to Kitty. Peering out from the rim of her storm hat with daring eyes, she answered him quite calmly.

"Oh, well, that little dhrop won't disturb us much."

"Mrs. McCann, do you realize that she may open up at any minute, and we'll all be drowned like rats in a trap? I don't trust even the knee-bolts, and if they spring the hold will be the box, and the deck the lid, and it'll be up to you what we ride on."

"I don't give a divil damn if the bottom dhrops out of her. I have sworn to me Maker to win this race, and I have yet to go back on Him!"

Stuttering John at the wheel began to look and act as if he were about to be overcome by a fit. His arms were flying over his head, he was kicking at the wheel-box. His mouth was open, his ears flung back like a braying ass, but not a sound could he utter.

"Speak, man, speak," shouted Kitty; "is it dying you are?"

He pointed astern, and with great difficulty sputtered: "Th-th-th——" Then he tried another tack with no better success. "C-c-c-c——"

"Out wit it," cried Kitty, "if it chokes you!"

"C-c-centreboard gone!"

"Ah, and don't let that bother you, me good man," patting him on the hand; "shure, we'll niver miss it. There's plenty of her left yit. You kape your eyes on the *Whang* ahead, and nose to windward of him all you can." She turned to the mate, not at all daunted by increasing misfortune.

"Put the crew to work and pump her out."

The *Whang*, about four cable-lengths ahead, was still holding on to her topsails, although she was making as dirty weather of it as was the *Morning Star*. Her hull was a mass of white foam, and at times all that was visible of her was her raking spars. Jacobs was as daring as Kitty was about carrying sail, a fact that spoke for the importance of the race to him, also.

Six o'clock and supper. The wind was increasing. After pumping four hours the water had gained four inches in the hold, making two feet.

Kitty seemed in suspense at leaving the deck. The strain of the race was beginning to tell upon her. The cook, waiting his chance for an even keel, served bean soup.

"Mrs. McCann," began the mate hesitatingly, "the water is gaining on us in the hold, and I am afraid that by morning we shall be water-logged and helpless, unless the *Whang* comes to our rescue."

The spoon dropped from Kitty's hand, spilling the soup over the dirty tablecloth. The pointed and freckled nose drooped, the cheeks were no longer flushed with the adventurous spirit of youth, and the fighting and flashing eyes faded into dreamless space. Kitty's hope was gone.

Tears streamed down her cheeks. Her trembling hand tried to push back her spray-soaked hair. The silence was miserable.

Heedless of the scene in the cabin, the *Morning Star* drove on. But the reverberations from the pump told that the crew were fighting for their lives. The sympathetic cook was snuffling in the pantry. Even McHenry, hardened as he was, hated the words he had been forced to speak.

Kitty rose slowly, steadying herself against the table.

"Take the topsails and flying-jib off her."

She started to go into her room, then, turning around suddenly she cried out: "It's the dishgrace of it, it's the dishgrace of it, dragging me good name and character through the streets. I could choke him, the durty hound! Ah, he must be happy now, whin he sees me take in sail, and the *Morning Star* opening up, with me husband in jail, and me cintreboard gone!"

She jumped in front of him, furiously.

"If I could pass him once, I would die happy. Yis, if I could just pass him, even if I niver set foot upon the land again, I

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Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

"I have niver kissed ary man outside of Danny McCann, . . . but, right or wrong, I am going to kiss you."—Page 314.

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would forgive me inimies, and close me eyes in peace at the bottom of the sea!"

Then tears of emotion and sorrow took possession of her again, and rubbing her tear-stained face pathetically she murmured:

"I am only a woman, after all."

Kitty's last words fastened onto McHenry like a vise. She was only a woman after all. She had no one to encourage her in the race against Jacobs. She knew that she was alone in the fight. It was not for her own life that she was willing to sacrifice her one cherished dream. It was not for the ship. It was for the sake of the crew. In the final word she was the real Master Mariner.

"Mrs. McCann," said the mate, touching her on the arm, "don't cry. Brace up. By jingo, we will beat the *Whang*, or sink the *Morning Star*."

Kitty ceased sobbing. The glow that lighted her face made her seem almost pretty. She threw her arms around his shoulders.

"God bliss ye," she said; "I have niver kissed ary man outside of Danny McCann, and of late years very little at that, but, right or wrong, I am going to kiss you."

Death held no terrors for McHenry now. He went to the companionway.

"Tell the men to lay aft here," he called to a sailor. "Splice the main brace!" It is the call to lay aft for grog. When the sailor hears this heavenly murmur, the misery of years fades from his hardened face.

They crowded around the companionway, and Kitty spoke with tears in her voice and on her cheeks.

"Men, do you see that schooner ahead of you?"

"We do, Mrs. McCann."

"Well, if she beats us to San Pedro I am a ruined and dishgraced woman. Are you willing to take the risk of your lives to get ahead of her?"

"We are," they shouted, and Stuttering John gave emphasis with head and hands.

"Here, give thim a ball, and the man at the wheel, too, God bliss thim, shure they are deservin' of it. I niver mind a drink to a sailor, or a sowl that is passing away."

"And," she continued, turning to McHenry, "ye may have seen a fisherman's staysail in the lazareet. Well, I'm thinkin' we'll be takin' the chanst of stringin' it up. Be the grace av God we be gaining on Jacobs now, and be the strenth av the staysail we should pass him althegither if we hold up."

Every man in the crew knew the risk they were taking now. The staysail had the same drawing-power as both topsails, and was as large. The added strain on the ship would be proportionate to the enormous increase in speed. But the main brace was spliced. What was a leaky schooner now, or a misplaced sea?

The muddled strains of a sailor's chantey floated aft from 'midships.

> "Then heave ho, away Rio,
> Fare you well, my pretty young girls,
> We are bound for Rio Grande."

The groaning, even the death-struggles, of the *Morning Star*, would rhyme now to some old familiar melody. "Let her blow, let her roll, shipmates, this is the life!"

Getting up the sail, carrying it forward, and bending it took about five minutes. But to hoist it up, and get it on was a problem that required tact, skill, and strength. There was no time to lose, for the setting sun was making another day in the antipodes.

Regardless of the schooner's misery Kitty was at the wheel, relieving the helmsman to help the others. She was blazing with excitement.

"I could steer her through hell without a pilot," she said aloud, "just to have the pleasure of passing that auld divil himself." Then, "Are you ready, me byes?"

"All ready to hoist away, Mrs. McCann."

Down went the wheel, and up came the brave little vessel, heedless of the strain upon her emaciated hull, daring the wind and the whitecap combers, ever obedient to the whims of man, answering her master, and bowing before the elements that know no law. The whistling of the wind and the groaning of the schooner were lost in the noise of flapping sails.

"Hand over hand, men, lively, lively, up with it, belay, aft to the sheet, another pull—make fast!" roared the mate.

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"All fast, sir."

The mate signalled to Kitty that the sail was set. She answered by putting her wheel up, and filling away on the shuddering canvas. As the schooner listed over to the force of the wind and sea, her voice could be heard above the tumult.

"Ivery man for himself, and God be wit yez!"

The crew ran to the weather-main-rigging, and McHenry aft to the wheel and Kitty. He got to the break of the poop, unable to go farther. The *Morning Star* was trembling over fathomless depths. The weather side, from the beam aft, pitched high out of water, assuming a horizontal position.

The fore and main booms were trailing in the sea, the hempen lanyards that supported the windward shrouds groaned and stretched in the deadeyes. The masts buckled, the sea-washed hull warped and twisted like a dying eel. No, she could not survive.

She had lost her headway when she came up in the wind, and was now being crushed by wind and sea and sail, unable to regain the momentum which was her only alternative to a watery grave.

The cinnabar sky to the westward was fading into the blue—to the eastward the faint and murky rays of a new September moon hung over the horizon, mocking those men in their despair. Alas, the work of an eccentric woman!

Suddenly a voice rang out loud and clear. Kitty's voice.

"Now, now, for me revinge!"

McHenry struggled to his hands and knees, and crept aft. The *Morning Star* was under way, no longer in a death-vise. The last rays of a dying day shone upon her, as she split the sea like a dolphin leaping toward the vessel ahead.

Kitty had kicked herself clear of her hip boots, and in so doing had parted the fastening which supported the pea-green stockings. In her acrobatic manœuvrings with the wheel they were forced from their mooring, and lay in emerald folds about her feet.

She stood perched to windward of the wheel, a heelhold around the corner of the wheel-box. Her left knee was braced against the spindles, and her nimble hands commanded the spokes. She looked like a windtorn half-uprooted cedar on a hillside against the rising moon.

"Unconquering, but unconquered, still!"

She was talking to the *Morning Star* as a mother would talk to her child.

"Take it aisy, me girl, take it aisy. Shure, I niver doubted you for a second. It's not shtrangling you I am, it's giving you your head. Now show that baste on the *Whang* your purty, fair stern."

The *Morning Star*, defiant as her master, refused to acknowledge the autocratic sea. She dove through it like a silver salmon on his way to softer ripples and shallower waters.

The crew in the rigging were twisted around the swifters and the ratlines, high above the surging foam that enveloped the hull and deck. They were fast gaining on the *Whang*, which was about two hundred yards ahead, and a little to windward.

"I pass to leeward," shouted Kitty, waving off the mate's offer to take the wheel. "I'll take no chances with the crooked auld divil by passing on the weather side."

The *Whang* was three ship's lengths ahead.

"Look at him, the haythen, look at him, he is trying to cross me bows!"

The *Morning Star* was abaft the beam of the *Whang*, and a cat-jump to leeward of her. The unexpected would have to happen if collision were to be avoided. The men still clung in the rigging, motionless, in the face of this new danger.

"Keep her off," they cried to Kitty; "you're running into him, you'll drown us all!" For it is one thing to die because you have to, and quite another to perish through mistake.

Kitty puckered her mouth, and the wind seemed to make a gap for her voice, so loud it sounded.

"Haul in the mainsail!" she roared.

The crew slid down from the rigging, and ran for the sheet, with the strength that comes only in danger. They pulled till their eyes stuck out and their muscles stretched in pain. They flattened the mainsail in about ten feet. That was enough for Kitty.

"Belay," she shouted, "and look out for yourselves."

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She put the wheel down, and the *Morning Star* nosed her head less than half a point to windward of the *Whang*.

Barely missing the weather quarter she was abreast of her now and less than twenty feet away. Slowly she took the wind out of the sails of the *Whang*, which dropped astern, and Captain Jacobs's language, fit to melt pig-iron, could be plainly heard.

Kitty took her eyes off the *Morning Star* just for a moment.

"Ha, ha! you auld blackguard who call yourself a sailor——"

She did not finish, for her voice broke into hysterical laughter that chimed the notes of conquest of the sea.

The crew, sure now of their captain and defiant through and through, clutched with one hand the briny shrouds, and with the other pulled off their caps and waved them high, cheering and cheering again.

When the force of the wind caught the loose, floppy sails of the *Whang*, a deafening and tearing roar spread out, and drowned laughter and cheers alike. Jacobs's sails were blown to ribbons.

The Great Bear was slowly circling the Polar Star, a horn of crescent moon was perpendicular to the horizon, as the *Morning Star*, dressed for comfort, sped on to harbor lights.

For five dismal days and nights the pumps sang their funeral dirge, but the *Morning Star* didn't carry her name for nothing, and safely she crept into port.

Kitty lost no time in disposing of her cargo. She unloaded her wares on the wharf, and sent an urgent call to the fishermen. They came in droves, and outbid each other for the lobster-creels.

"Now, min," she would say, as she held up a creel, "what's the use to go to Alaska wit the gold plentiful at your door? Here you are, me byes, take thim away as long as they last. Shure an' I'm giving thim away at two dollars for the large ones and a dollar fifty cints for the shmall ones."

On the morning of the fourth day after, the *Whang* loafed into port and berthed just ahead of the *Morning Star*. Kitty saw Jacobs taking the hatches off his cargo, getting ready to unload. She still had some creels left, but not enough to fill the demand. How should she spoil his market?

"Come on, me hearties," she shouted; "come on, me fine-looking buckoes, you can have what is left for a dollar for the big ones and fifty cints for the small ones."

In vain Jacobs bid for custom. Kitty had the crowd. The market was swamped at last. "Come on and buy," she called hoarsely, "all you have to do is to put in a morsel of dog-salmon, thin drop it into twinty-foive feet of wather, and you have as foine a bit of lobsther as iver you sunk your teeth into."

As she sold the last of her cargo she noticed a man running toward her. Before she had time to pocket her sale he stood breathless before her. He spoke as if his very life depended upon her answer.

"Kitty, for the love of hivin, give me tin dollars."

"And phwat would you be wantin' wit tin dollars, ye auld jailbird?" she asked with no more show of emotion than if she had seen Danny McCann at this very spot yesterday.

"It will cost me that for me fine to bate up Jacobs," he answered, simply.

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Strange Memories

BY EDGAR JAMES SWIFT
Author of "Psychology and the Day's Work"

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON once said, speaking of Grotius and Pascal: "They forgot nothing that they had ever read." Of course this was an exaggeration. These men had read and forgotten much that was not revealed in their vast learning. An efficient memory does not retain everything. It is selective.

Forgetting is as important as remembering, but we must forget the right things—that is, the facts which are useless for our purposes. That which impressed Hamilton in Grotius and Pascal was their marvellous erudition within the circle in which they were working and writing. And this circle seemed distressingly large even to so scholarly a man as Hamilton. But this only shows that these men were doing an immense business in ideas. When one is immersed in work in which one is profoundly interested one has little difficulty in remembering the facts related to one's problems. Such a person remembers them because he uses them. This, then, is the secret of an efficient memory.

Whenever a man has a remarkable memory in any line there is a reason for it. And this reason is personal inclination or force of circumstances which has made him practise the sort of memory in which later he is found to excel. Facts for which we have no use are forgotten. Personal motives, of course, play the leading part in promoting a good memory. An excellent illustration is mentioned by Frank Harris in his "Contemporary Portraits." He is quoting Upton Sinclair, who was speaking of his own memory and the change that occurred when writing gave him a compelling motive for remembering.

"I studied Latin five years and Greek three," Mr. Sinclair said. And "I looked up some words in the dictionary ten thousand times and forgot them ten thousand times." But in writing, he continues a little later in Mr. Harris' sketch, "I developed a really extraordinary memory for words; I never put pen to paper till I had whole pages off by heart in my mind. I would walk up and down thinking it over and over, and it would stay in my mind—whole scenes.

"In the stock-yards I came on a wedding and sat and watched it all the afternoon and evening, and the whole opening scene of 'The Jungle' took shape in my memory. I never jotted down a note, nor a word, but two months later, when I settled at home to write, I wrote out that scene, and I doubt if three sentences varied. I can still do that."

It would be well, perhaps, before going farther, to make one point clear. There is no such thing as memory. Instead of this there are memories. Some excel in remembering faces, while others recall names or dates with ease. Doubtless this is due, in part, to heredity, but in large measure, it is the result of practice. Native ability of a particular sort, however, probably explains some of the memory feats which seem to us almost miraculous.

Selection is always operative in work that demands a high degree of specialized memory. The checkless checkers of hats in large hotels are illustrations. Doubtless many young men were employed and discharged before one was found who could learn to take three hundred hats from men entering the dining-room and distribute them as the diners left, without checks and without an error. In a city luncheon club with nearly four hundred members, for example, the usual method of paging a man who is wanted has been changed to asking the colored man in the hat-room whether this man has arrived. And a glance over the hats gives accurate information.

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Conversation with those who display this wonderful and peculiar memory has always brought essentially the same reply. They have no system. They talk vaguely about something which, in psychological language, is association between the appearance of the hat and the face of its owner. One of the colored men whose ability to distribute unchecked hats seemed limitless, said that he looked at the inside of the hat and then at the face of the man who gave it to him. One cannot help wondering whether this is an illustration of association by similarity.

Pressing need for a certain kind of memory and the practice that this need promotes usually give striking results. This is the explanation of the amazing memory of public men for names and faces. It is a large part of their stock in trade. For them this ability constitutes much of that intangible asset known as good-will.

Then there are those marvellous story-tellers who can entertain by the hour with fascinating anecdotes—fascinating, that is, if we are not too frequently in the company of those who tell them. But if chance brings us often their way, the fatal truth reveals itself even to the unpsychological. The desire to entertain has become pathological, and these men repeat the same stories without remembering that they have told them to us many times before. The disease of wishing to be entertaining, and the repetition that accompanies the story habit, enable these repeaters to remember the anecdotes, but no general faculty of memory saves their friends from the social affliction that requires frequent laughter over the same story.

One's friends are excellent subjects for psychological observation. They illustrate all the deviations and eccentricities of the human mind, and a few besides. Consequently, if one will but note one's friends, one will see the strange ways in which memory works, at least in others.

And now, in passing, if we may mention a rather common memory eccentricity of our friends, they often lose the point of the conversation in an outburst of memories unrelated, except as a chronological series of events. The thought in mind, the incident which we wish to relate, or the statement that we want to drive home with argument, should be the guiding influence in this associative recall. Yet many begin their remarks with a preamble which has no observable connection with the point under discussion. And the only way by which these friends of ours can advance is by relating everything in chronological order, regardless of its irrelevance to the subject. One of Jane Austin's characters, Miss Bates, in "Emily," is an excellent illustration.

"But where could *you* hear it?" cried Miss Bates. "Where could you possibly hear it, Mr. Knightly? For it is not five minutes since I received Mrs. Cole's note —no, it cannot be more than five—or at least ten—for I had got my bonnet and spencer on just ready to come out—I was only gone down to speak to Patty about the pork—Jane was standing in the passage—were you not, Jane? For my mother was so afraid that we had not any salting-pan large enough. So I said I would go down and see, and Jane said: 'Shall I go down instead? For I think you have a little cold, and Patty has been washing the kitchen.'"

Every one wishes to have a good memory. Aside from its advantages in business and professional life, it has social value. We all envy the success of entertainers in a congenial group. But we do not wish to become bores. And if we observe social gatherings we must admit that the line between entertainment and boredom is a very narrow one. Closer observation will also convince us that our entertaining companions are rather frequently on the wrong side of the line. This is an advantage to a psychologist who would venture a friendly criticism of human nature. He can always write with the calm assurance that his readers, conscious of their own self-righteousness, will apply the criticism to a friend.

We have said that there are different kinds of memories instead of one general faculty. And this is of great importance. The common-sense view is that training the memory in one line trains it throughout, just as muscles developed in athletics may be used in physical work of any sort. But investigations in the psychological laboratories have proved this view untrue.

Professor Woodworth, of Columbia University, tested this common-sense

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view upon himself. He committed to memory a stanza of Spenser's "Faerie Queene" and found that it required eleven minutes. After three weeks of practice he reduced the time needed for learning a stanza to four minutes. His memory for this poem had, therefore, increased threefold. But further investigation showed that there was no noticeable improvement in his ability to memorize names, or numbers, or paragraphs from scientific journals. This is merely a sample of what investigations in the psychological laboratories have revealed. And in the field of practical life the writer is acquainted with a police inspector who knows the faces of over twenty thousand police characters, but whose wife says that he never remembers any errands that she rashly intrusts to him.

Horace Walpole has given an excellent illustration of this specific nature of memory. Speaking of himself, he once said: "In figures I am the dullest dunce alive. I have often said of myself, and it is true, that nothing that has not a proper name of a man or woman attached to it fixes any idea upon my mind. I could remember who was King Ethelbald's great-aunt, and not be sure whether she lived in the year 500 or 1500."

It may be well to say, however, as an aid to understanding the human mind, that memory is not the only mental process that is specific. All abilities are of this sort. Just as there is no such thing as a faculty of memory, so there is no faculty of observation, or of judgment, or of reasoning. Sir Oliver Lodge's training in scientific experimentation in physics has not given him a keen, critical judgment in psychical research. Nor has Sir Conan Doyle's study of methods of detecting criminals improved his ability in exposing the tricks of spiritualistic performers.

To be sure, methods of work, habits of thoroughness and perseverance acquired in one line of work may be carried over to another. These aids to efficiency may be gained in any work or study, and no one would deny their value. But they are not the distinguishing mark of ability. Many men are painfully industrious, yet they accomplish little.

No single cause explains the inefficiency of some industrious men. Putting it somewhat roughly, the explanation is lack of discrimination between what is essential to the success of the matter in hand and what is not essential. In other words, it is failure to select the important facts, to remember them, and to use them constructively. This makes the difference between achievement and failure. "Constructive imagination," says Albert Bigelow Paine, "and a gift for collecting and presenting conclusive facts that has rarely been equalled," enabled Theodore Vail to accomplish the impossible in the railway mail service of the government and in the early struggles of the Bell Telephone Company. If we know what should be done, and do it, we attain the desired results. But knowing what should be done is understanding a situation.

So far as an efficient memory is concerned, the difficulty is to recall the right thing. All West Point graduates, for example, have been trained in the strategy and tactics of the great military commanders. But not all of them, in the presence of an emergency, can recall the military movement that will defeat the enemy. It is a matter of selection as well as recall—of judgment as well as of memory. It is seeing things and events in their right relation. At its lowest level this ability distinguishes the "sane" from the capricious, and, at its highest, the man of genius from the mediocre.

Edward Bok, for instance, as he says in his autobiography, observed "that the average popular magazine of 1889 failed of large success because it wrote down to the public—a grievous mistake that so many editors have made, and still make. No one wants to be told, either directly or indirectly, that he knows less than he does, or even that he knows as little as he does . . . and the public will always follow the leader who comprehends this bit of psychology." Other editors also had these facts, but Mr. Bok recalled them in connection with one another. And this ability made him one of the influential editors of the country.

As recently as the beginning of Stefansson's Arctic explorations, to cite another example of failure to use facts which one knows, many explorers assumed that salt-

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water ice could not become fresh with the natural variations of the Arctic seasons. Now those who held this view were scientific men who had all of the information needed to show them that sea ice becomes fresh by the end of the first summer after its formation. They simply did not recall the essential facts and use them in their thinking.

Stefansson, in his recent book, "The Friendly Arctic," tells a story which shows the difference between merely remembering, on the one hand, and, on the other, recalling the facts essential to a given question and using them in its solution. The story is the more significant because it refers to Sir John Murray, perhaps the greatest authority, at that time, on all ocean problems. Sir John, as Stefansson relates the incident, while cruising in northern waters ran short of fresh water, and all on board were seriously apprehensive. In the distance they saw indications of ice, and Sir John, from his knowledge of ocean currents, thought it probable that these floes came from one of the large Siberian rivers and, consequently, would be fresh. Under his advice, therefore, the captain steered to the floes, and when they reached them they "were gratified to find that it was river ice from which they could get fresh water."

"At this point," continues Stefansson, "I asked Sir John how he knew that it was river ice, and was dumbfounded by his reply: 'It was obvious,' he said, 'for the water on top was nearly fresh and the ice itself, except on the edges where the spray had been dashing on it, also tasted fresh.' In spite of being the greatest living oceanographer, Sir John was unaware of the fact, which I then supposed to be well known to all polar explorers, that sea ice becomes fresh" by the action of the sun. Sir John, however, had all the facts needed for this knowledge, since it is a matter of elementary physics, but he had not used the data. He had not recalled the facts, brought them together, and applied them to the problem. His memory, in this instance, at least, was not selective.

Again, the horrible suffering and death of all the members of Sir John Franklin's expedition for the exploration of the Northwest Passage were quite unnecessary had they recalled the facts which they knew—and used them. They starved and died in a land of plenty. The leaders of that expedition were not unaware that seals, and polar bears, and caribou abounded on the land or in the seas of the Eskimo. But they did not recall these facts and bring them into connection with their needs. Frantic haste to reach the outlying posts of the Hudson Bay Company inhibited the recall of ideas which would have enabled these explorers to pass a year in the North as comfortably as in the bonny South.

Facts may be classified, somewhat freely, into two groups—those which should be remembered and those which may be looked up in reference books. Engineers, for instance, have their handbooks to which they turn for certain data. All of these figures and formulæ could be committed to memory, just as could the numbers of the telephone book, but it would be a foolish waste of time. It would not improve the memory for other things, and, besides, the accumulation would clog the mind. The important thing is to remember their use and know where they may be found.

Selection, then, should be the rule in memory—selection of the facts we want to use, and, above all, frequent employment of them in thinking and acting. They thus become a part of our mental equipment, and we train ourselves in applying them to the problems that engage us in our business, professional, and social life. It is thus that we learn to think.

Practice in learning poetry, as we have seen, will improve the memory for poetry, and unremitting exercise in remembering names or faces will give amazing facility in recognizing people. But retention and recall, which are the essentials of memory, are not improved by a general training in mental gymnastics.

To be sure, those who are forced to rely exclusively upon memory sometimes show astonishing retentiveness in many directions. But this is because their practice is as varied as their life. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, for example, says in one of his letters that a sergeant in his company in the Civil War called the roll from memory. But this sergeant could not read, and, consequently, he had been

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compelled to train his memory in many ways.

When we turn to the possibilities of recall we observe a curious contradiction. We often forget what we should expect to remember and remember what we might think we would forget. A great polar expedition, for instance, as Peary says in his "Secrets of Polar Travel," fitted out under the supervision of scientists and polar experts, discovered, when it reached its winter quarters, that there was no salt on board except that in the salt pork and beef.

Jacob Riis, to give another instance of forgetting what we should expect would be remembered, was regarded as a foreigner when, after many years in this country, he visited his native Denmark. He spoke his mother tongue with an accent that marked him as a stranger to the language.

An even more striking illustration of the loss of one's language after its use had been well established, is given by John Wilson Murray in his "Memoirs of a Great Detective." Maud Gillespie, a bright, pretty, thirteen-year-old girl, was stolen and carried away by Indians, and, though detectives were employed, no trace of her could be found. "Fifteen years passed, when in May, 1903, a surveying party, exploring in New Ontario north of Lake Superior and over four hundred miles from the Gillespie home, came upon a white woman living with the Indians in the wilderness. She was the wife of a big chief and had the rare beauty of the wilds, yet she was not wholly like her associates. She lived as an Indian, and exposure had tanned her skin a deep, dark brown. At first she was unable to talk with the white men, then gradually her power of speech in English returned until she remembered a few English words and could talk brokenly. Finally, she recalled her name, Maud Gillespie, and her mother." The significance of this story is that only fifteen years had passed since she spoke her native language with the facility of a child of thirteen, and also the slowness with which words and the facts of her girlhood returned. The language and facts seemed to be drawn from the depths of the subconscious.

It is strange—the things that we forget—and especially are we surprised to lose our mother tongue after we have spoken it through the later years of childhood. Yet stranger still, perhaps, are the things that we remember. This, however, should be qualified, since we are not surprised at remembering facts to which we attach great importance. But the recall of unessentials—things that cling to the fringe of memory and which can be rescued from oblivion only by devices that psychologists sometimes use—is perplexingly curious.

Under hypnosis, as Doctor Morton Prince has shown, one can recall quite incidental details of the personal appearance and peculiarities of dress of those in whose company one has passed only a short time. The force of this becomes evident when we observe the weakness of our memory for the personal details of even members of our own family. The writer, for instance, has frequently found that his students could not name the color of the eyes of their brothers or sisters.

Failure to recall the color of eyes, however, is not strange, if attention has not previously been directed to them. We observe and remember for a definite purpose, else we do not note details. But when need arises or predilection prompts, the resulting practice may produce very remarkable effects. A few historical cases will illustrate the possibilities of memory under the motor power of a strong incentive. If some of the illustrations seem incredible the reader may, at any rate, be assured that they have as much authority in their support as other historical statements.

While John Leyden was in Calcutta a legal case occurred which could only be settled by the exact wording of an Act of Parliament. Leyden, who, before leaving England had read this Act carefully for another purpose, undertook to reproduce it from memory; and later when his copy was compared with the original it was found to be accurate in all respects.

Justus Lipsius, again, committed to memory the whole of Tacitus. So confident, indeed, was he of his ability, as the story runs, that he agreed to repeat any passage asked for, and to have a prompter at his side to thrust a dagger through his heart if he erred even by a single word.

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And Macaulay, though he did not offer such heroic proof, learned all of "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost," according to one of his biographers, "without undue exertion."

Antonio Magliabechi, librarian to Cosmo the Third, Grand Duke of Florence, is said to have reproduced without an error a mislaid manuscript written by a friend and loaned to him to read.

Lord Granville could repeat all of the New Testament in the original Greek, Euler could repeat the entire "Æneid," and Wallis, a mathematician, was able to think of a number of fifty-three places and find its square root to twenty-seven places without writing down a figure; and Daguesseau, having heard Martial incorrectly quoted, recited the whole of it, though he had not read Martial since he was twelve years old. Niebuhr, too, the historian, when employed as an accountant in his youth, restored from memory one of the account-books which had been accidentally destroyed.

Each of these men seems to have developed a prodigious memory of a special sort because of devotion to his work. There are, however, others for which no explanation can be given. Those who display this inexplicable memory are psychological freaks. But they are not without interest since the unusual assists us in understanding the usual; and thus memory monstrosities do their share in revealing the physiological basis and nature of retention and recall. A few instances are worth including in our list of strange memories.

Jedediah Buxton, an ordinary English day laborer, quite ignorant of Greek and Latin, could repeat eight or ten pages of Homer or Virgil which he had heard read but once. Whether William Lyon, an itinerant Edinburgh actor, should be called a freak, or whether he gained his ability through practice as an actor, is uncertain. At any rate, he repeated for a wager the whole of the *Daily Advertiser*, advertisements and all, "without the the least hesitation or mistake."

A strange case which came under the personal observation of William T. Harris is reported in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. This man could remember the day of the week of any given date since he was nine years and four months old, a period of somewhat over forty-two years. He also described the weather and remembered where he was on each of these 15,000 or more days. The ability of this man to recall all of these facts accurately was demonstrated to the satisfaction of Doctor Harris.

Achievements seem marvellous when we have nothing in experience with which they can be matched. So it is well worth while, at times, to turn to an earlier day and note the simple things that astounded people before psychology had illuminated some of the obscure recesses of the human mind and revealed to a degree at least its possibilities.

It seems incredible to-day that three simultaneous games of blindfolded chess should dumfound the world of sport. And yet, when Philidor accomplished this marvellous feat, as it was then regarded, a contemporary writer wrote: "It is a phenomenon in the history of man, and so should be hoarded among the best samples of human memory—till memory shall be no more."

Harry Pillsbury, however, aroused by Blackburne's achievement of ten simultaneous blindfolded games, with only two losses, and Paulsen's ten games, decided to see what vigorous practice would do. And the resulting twenty simultaneous blindfolded games—with five drawn and one lost—is familiar to every one interested in chess.

Pillsbury himself has described this accomplishment, which he does not regard as especially remarkable. "To play, simultaneously, a number of games of chess blindfolded," he says, "is not so hard as at first it might appear. A man begins by playing one game in that manner. Of course, before he comes to that he has already mastered the game. After much practice with the single blindfolded game he essays to play two at once, and gradually extends his operations. . . . His memory gains strength by exercise. There is nothing so very wonderful in this blindfolded play, but it is useful because it gives a striking illustration of what the mind may become with training.

"The truth of the matter is," he continues, "that such feats seem very wonderful because most men are what you might

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call mental day-laborers. Only one out of ten really thinks."

Pillsbury was right. The memory of any person is what he makes it. Most of the historical cases that we have cited were of men for whom study and reading had an irresistible fascination. They did not set out to train their memory. Their work was for them a game worth playing hard, and memory was developed through training in the sport.

There is, however, another side to memory—the reverse side it may, perhaps, be called. We have been speaking only of conscious memory, where the effect is known and consciously utilized. But memory has also an unconscious aspect. What we read or hear produces results of which we are not aware. Examples could be drawn from abnormal cases, from those who disclose marvellous memory for details of events which they have never consciously known. Hypnotized subjects, and those who write automatically with the ouija-board or pencil, are illustrations. But stories of memories reproduced by these special devices would have little meaning for daily life could they not be matched by similar instances from "normal" men and women whose hidden experiences at times betray their presence in ways less unusual and obscure. Such cases—those in which events but vaguely noticed produce their effect—are not uncommon, but few have thought them worth recording. Fortunately, however, Miss Helen Keller, in "The Story of My Life," has related an incident of her childhood which shows how completely memories may be lost from view yet play their unseen part in moulding the machinery that produces the mental life. Her narrative indicates the indelible record sometimes made by passing experiences, and shows how difficult it may be for one in whose mind impressions are recorded to decipher and recall them. Yet the unconscious influence is always working.

When about twelve years of age, Miss Keller wrote a story which she called "The Frost King." "I thought then," she says in her autobiography, "that I was 'making up a story,' as children say, and I eagerly sat down to write it before the ideas should slip from me. My thoughts flowed easily; I felt a sense of joy in the composition. Words and images came tripping to my finger ends, and as I thought out sentence after sentence I wrote them on my Braille slate. . . ."

When the story was finished she read it to her teacher, and at dinner it was repeated to the family. The story was so good that she was asked whether she had read it in a book. "The question surprised me very much," Miss Keller continues, "for I had not the faintest recollection of having had it read to me. I spoke up and said, 'Oh, no, it is my story, and I have written it for Mr. Anagnos,'" the principal of the Perkins Institution for the Blind. Mr. Anagnos was so delighted with the production of his former pupil that he published it in the reports of the Institution. And then it was discovered that a similar story had been published in a book for children, entitled "Birdie and His Friends," written by Miss Margaret Canby.

Little Helen Keller was heart-broken, and she racked her brain, as she says, to recall the story from which her own was quite clearly taken. But she was not able then, nor since, to remember having read it. It was, however, evident that her story was a reproduction of the other, since the two stories were similar in thought and even in language. Doctor Alexander Graham Bell and Miss Keller's teacher were so much interested that they investigated and found that the story from which Helen's had clearly been taken had been read to the child by a friend at whose house she passed a summer.

Miss Keller, as she tells us, has since reread the story from which hers was taken, and also a letter which she wrote at the time when the story must have been read to her, and she found that this story was the basis of much that she wrote during that period. "At the time I was writing 'The Frost King' and this letter," she says, "[my story] and the letter, like many others, contain phrases which show that my mind was saturated with the story."

Clearly, one's mind absorbs vastly more of what one hears and reads than has been thought possible. The acquisition of literary style, training children in thought and action, and implanting ideas which

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shall later become forces that make the will, all of these as well as other mental traits get new meaning from these experiences of memory. We are often unable to trace the source of our opinions. We grow into them as the result of what we casually read and hear. Ideas need not be recalled to exert their influence. They are always acting. To a large extent they make our intelligence, our intuitions, and our character.

An interesting case which shows that a permanent impression may be left by newspaper head-lines and other statements at which we only glance, or which we see "out of the corner of the eye," has been reported by Mr. C. Lowes Dickinson. A hypnotized young woman gave many genealogical and other details about historical characters in the period of Richard the Second. The details were of such a nature as would have required considerable historical research. But the woman had not studied the period and did not recall having read any book which would give the information. It seemed to be a real case of "spirit communication." Finally, however, when writing on an ouija-board, she referred to a book which she had read when eleven years of age. Upon examination this book was found to contain all the details that she had given under hypnotism. Now, however, a further amazing fact was disclosed. Many of the details which she had given were contained in an appendix of the book. And, since the appendix was dull, it is improbable that a child of eleven would have read these pages. "It would seem, therefore," Mr. Dickinson concludes, in his report of this case in *The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, "that a good deal of information must have been left in her mind while she was simply turning over the pages in the process, which she now recalls, of coloring some of the illustrations."

These exceptional cases of memories disclosed by hypnotism and the ouija-board, because of their sensational interest, have been widely used by charlatans to promote psychological quackery. Until comparatively recently our information about the permanence, and influence upon the personality, of thoughts which cannot be recalled has been wholly based upon hypnotized subjects. Now, however, we know that hypnotism, crystal-gazing, and automatic writing, so far at least as recall is concerned, are only devices for starting the cerebral machinery and awakening associations. And the value of Miss Keller's little story lies in the fact that it is the story of a mentally normal child.

Ideas and thoughts below the level of consciousness are always at work. This inframarginal field, as James said in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," "contains such things as our momentarily inactive memories, and it harbors the springs of our obscurely motived passions, impulses, likes, dislikes, and prejudices. Our intuitions, hypotheses, fancies, superstitions, persuasions, convictions, and, in general, all our non-rational operations come from it." Evidently the sensational cases of hypnotism, and parlor ouija-board exhibitions, when they are not frauds, have the same significance for mind that the spectacular atmospheric manifestations of color and storms have for the universe beyond our world. They show that something is continually going on which occasionally discloses itself in these curious ways.

The method of recall is the association of ideas, and if we can once pull the right string all sorts of forgotten memories will come into consciousness. Sometimes recall is prevented by what psychologists call inhibitions. Then, if the restraint, or interference, can be released, recall follows. This sometimes happens in dreams when associations move freely and uncontrolled. And thus we occasionally dream where we put an object for which we have long and vainly hunted. Many so-called dream prophecies which come true may be explained in the same way. "Prophecies" which are realized are always preceded by indications. A member of the family, for example, who lives at a distance, has not written for some weeks and, while this may not be very unusual, the omission causes submerged anxiety. We are not conscious of it, but in our sleep, when restraints are lifted, we dream that he is dying, and when a telegram arrives the following day notifying us of his death we remember the dream and call it a prophecy.

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Again, to give another illustration of the free movement of ideas and, in this case, recovery of memories in sleep: A man who lived in Spain during his childhood later moved to Canada, the country of his parents. Though as a boy he had spoken Spanish fluently, he lost the language so completely, as time went on, that he could recall only a few words. Yet in his dreams he frequently talked rapidly, intelligently, and extensively in the language of his childhood.

Memory, however, is not alone active in this inframarginal field of mind when inhibitions are released. Rational operations also occur at times. Ideas "stored" in memory sometimes acquire such a tension that they burst through into consciousness. This explains the discovery of the theory of natural selection by Darwin and Wallace. "The idea came to me," says Alfred Russel Wallace in one of his letters, "as it had come to Darwin, in a sudden flash of insight; it was thought out in a few hours—was written down with such a sketch of its various applications and developments as occurred to me at the moment—then copied and sent off to Darwin—all within a week." And the stimulating force, the incentive that started the associations, was Malthus's "Essay on Population," which both of these men had read many years before.

An illustrative experience of this activity below the level of consciousness has recently happened to the writer. It was a simple occurrence not uncommon to others. But that makes it the more significant because it helps to link the common to the unusual.

An important telegram had been written. The need of being strictly accurate caused the writer to read it several times. Then, before handing it to the operator he looked it through once more to be sure that nothing was omitted. Now the significant fact is that the writer left the telegraph office fully assured that no mistake of any sort had been made. He bought a newspaper, boarded a street-car, and settled down to read. Suddenly, in the midst of an interesting news item, he recalled that he had failed to sign the telegram.

A sales manager has related an even more striking incident. He had been called upon for a price on a large quantity of one of the products of his firm. He used a short method in his reckoning and telegraphed the price. Now it should be observed that the important fact in this story, as in the preceding, is that the sales manager was satisfied with the result of his figuring. Since the firm had just begun to manufacture the article no previous price was in his mind to check his result. He went home, passed a pleasant evening with friends, and went to bed. Meanwhile not a thought of the article, the price, or any possible error had entered his mind. Suddenly, in the night, he awoke with the error in his mind. The price which he had given was several thousand dollars too low.

A friend of the writer, to give another illustration, spent an entire evening trying to solve a puzzle for his small daughter. Finally, irritated at his failure, he threw the puzzle aside and went to bed, and during the night he dreamed the correct solution.

Evidently in all of these instances, impressions made upon the mind had been retained and were used. And they were used in a logical manner. The neural machinery worked out problems.

This suggests the meaning of an efficient memory. If it is not always problems which must be solved it is, at any rate, questions and perplexities that trouble us. And an efficient memory is one which supplies the information needed for their solution. But the information must be first obtained, and this is a conscious process. Something of this sort may have been in Venizelos's mind when he told Herbert Adams Gibbons that "one's own memory yields little concerning years when everything went well."

The worst charge, one might say, that can be brought against the memory is its treachery. It does not play the game fairly. It tells me for example, after a spiritualistic séance, that I washed the slate carefully and that it did not leave my hands until I discovered the "spirit writing" on it. Yet those who were watching the performance assure me that I am mistaken.

An excellent illustration of this deception of memory has been given by Hodgson in the *Proceedings of the Society for*

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Psychical Research. A Hindu juggler was making coins and other small articles dance around upon the ground. A military officer, who was present, drew one of his own coins from his pocket and the juggler made it perform quite as sportively as his own. At the dinner-table in the evening the officer described the performance and insisted that he himself had placed his coin upon the ground. His wife, however, maintained that the juggler had deftly received the coin from his hand and placed it where he wanted it. Hodgson was then appealed to as the arbiter of the dispute. "I had watched the transaction with special curiosity," says Hodgson, "as I knew what was necessary for the performance of the trick. The officer had apparently intended to place the coin upon the ground himself, but as he was doing so the juggler, leaning forward, dexterously, and in a most unobtrusive manner, received the coin from the fingers of the officer as the latter was stooping down, and laid it close to the others." The intention to lay the coin upon the ground at a place selected by himself had settled in the memory as the performance of the act.

Memory pretends to reproduce experience impartially—to represent all sides fairly. And its plausibleness is the more deceptive because it always errs as we would wish. We like to make a good story, and if we participated in the events we do not wish to underestimate our part. Then, too, in matters of opinion, facts that support our beliefs make a lasting impression, while opposing arguments touch us lightly and pass on. Charles Darwin, observing himself, noticed this tendency to forget facts that conflicted with his beliefs, and anxious to avoid the loss of such knowledge, adopted the practice, as he says in his autobiography, of writing down at once whatever published fact or observation he came across that was opposed to his theory of evolution. "I had found by experience," he says, "that such facts and thoughts were more apt to escape from the memory than favorable ones."

Memory is always a special pleader. People believe what they want to believe. The memories which would refute their opinions, were they allowed a hearing, do not intrude because they are not wanted. Beliefs are obtuse to facts. And cherished opinions offer the greater resistance to assault when once they have been publicly expressed, because pride then joins in their defense: "'I have done that,' says my memory," as Nietzsche puts it. "'I cannot have done that,' says my pride, and remains inexorable. Finally, my memory yields."

Memory, like other mental processes, is a curious mixture of strength and weakness. Many times we remember what we would be glad to forget, and forget that which we wish to retain. The reason for this is clear when we recall that memory is not a separate, isolated faculty, made to order. Being one of the products of evolution, it is intimately interwoven with all the other processes of the human mind—activities which now promote, and again inhibit, the recall of past experiences. Evidently, to utilize the strength of memory we must understand its points of weakness.

The popular view seems to be that memory is a sort of perpetual-motion machine that supplies its own power and runs itself—when it works—and is in a hopelessly run-down condition when its product deteriorates, unless some patented remedy in the form of a memory-cure system can restore its lost energy. The enormous sales of these memory systems show that remembering is fast becoming a lost accomplishment. Many of these are systems of mental quackery which detract from the quality of the mind and subtract from the contents of the pocketbook.

All mental processes are subject to the law of causation, and memory is no exception to this principle. Facts are remembered because they are related to one another. This relation may be merely that of succession, and then we have the garrulous old ladies of both sexes. But, again, the relation may be one of causation, which constitutes thinking, or of obscure similarity amid conspicuous differences, recognition of which is the distinguishing mark of genius. It was similarity that led Benjamin Franklin to guess that lightning is "the same as electricity."

A survey of the achievements and failures of memory brings into view certain important facts. Memory is capable of

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much more than is usually supposed. The way in which we now use stenographers, handbooks, libraries, and private secretaries who serve as vicarious memory machines, is causing us to lose our grip on memory, just as automobiles are rapidly depriving men of the ability to use their legs. The function of stenographers and private secretaries is to set our memory free for the larger problems, and for the details that are essential to their solution.

We cannot develop a general faculty of memory for everything, and should carefully avoid trying to do so, but we can train ourselves to remember what we practise and frequently recall. Since the amount of knowledge needed in any line of work is to-day enormous, it is of the utmost importance that we consciously and thoughtfully decide what things are worth remembering and what should be left to our animate and inanimate "ticklers."

A powerful memory, as we have seen, is no indication of intelligent judgment. The lusty, promiscuous memory, possession of which Mr. Edison has made the basis of choice of assistants in his departments, is, therefore, little better than selection of ability by the way in which an applicant for employment makes the letter "W," which settles the question for one business manager with whom the writer is acquainted.

And, finally, we should never forget that habits of thought, personal preference, and prejudice are always suppressing memories which urge acceptance of novel ideas or new ways of doing our day's work.

Now that we are able to gauge the intelligence of man, the next most desirable invention is a measure of mental antiquity. The unit of measurement will, naturally, be different. Instead of detecting the intelligence of a boy of twelve in a man of fifty, the new invention will find that another man of thirty-five, with fair intelligence, has the mental plasticity of an octogenarian. New ideas attack him in vain. The old, conventional thoughts which hold the citadel of his memory successfully repel their assaults. This determined resistance is encouraged by the disagreeable appearance of the unusual in contrast with the familiar. The mind of this man, together with his brain, has become inflexible. Intimation that he change his views as conditions alter seems to him preposterous, because his world of thought and action is immobile. Change does not occur. Progress, advancement, are myths of clouded minds with dangerous radical tendencies. This man is only a sample of the type. And consequently, the invention which we have suggested, aside from its general usefulness, would serve a very practical purpose in social economy. Just as the intelligence tests are being substituted for college-entrance examinations to determine whether boys and girls are worth the cost of education, so the antiquity test might well replace the present system of primaries to sift the senatorial and congressional candidates. Men grow old mentally long before they reach the chronological years of senescence. Habits of thought and mental inertia lead rapidly to that antiquated state of peaceful complacency known as old-fogyism.

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Thief

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD
Author of "Miss Fingal," "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. L. SAVORY

THE Percy Binsteads were not badly off, but after the war, like many others, they had to retrench. So in September they let their London house for some months, took a small villa at Penzance—in Cornwall—and settled down for the winter: a dull place, but there are excellent excursions to be taken from it, and St. Michael's Mount is a picturesque hump in the sea. Percy did not like missing his club, but he joined a local one, bought a telescope to look at the horizon, became interested in ships, went long walks with sandwiches in a side-pocket, and as a matter of fact enjoyed his exile. Especially he enjoyed having his wife more to himself than was possible in London, where there were relations and women friends who came to tea, tiresome committees that worried him to join them, and public dinners that extracted his guinea and gave him more food than was good for him. He was fifty-one, a good fellow, growing stout, and rather stodgy. His wife was thirty-four and a Frenchwoman, but she had lived in England since she was seventeen, and spoke English with only the ghost of an accent and that a pretty one. Charming, quick, impulsive, easily excited, she gave one the impression of a bird with wings that had been clipped but was content with captivity. She had little white teeth, black eyes, softened with thick, rather long lashes, a lingering dimple in her cheek, and dark hair that curled or half curled on the top of her head, encroached on her forehead, and was done up into a loose coil at the back; she was a trifle plump, looked as if she had a good temper, passionate, perhaps, but never sulky, and that she liked the good things of the place in which she found herself.

For the first three months the weather was delightful; so mild that, even in November, two or three times they had tea in the garden. Percy often sat there to smoke a pipe and read the paper, or to look through his telescope at the horizon while he wondered how people could live all the year round in London—the country was much better. Claire agreed with him till after Christmas, then her spirits flagged. There was not much to do at Penzance and very few people to know; Mr. Gibbs, the vicar, had a good-looking son, an invalid who buried his nose in books, and a wife who knitted all day; there was a doctor who wore horn-rimmed spectacles and an old gentleman with asthma: no companions for her. She had no piano and hated a gramophone; she was a good housewife, but the two maids they had brought from London did all the work of the small house; she let off a little steam now and then by giving them what Percy called "a good wigging" if they didn't please her, and made them presents, bought at the Penzance shops, when they did. She had a black kitten called Shagpat, who rather liked being hoisted in the air with one hand and then cuddled up with its head under her chin till it could hardly breathe; but even that did not amuse her all day. In early January she became very restless. She told Percy that she really did long to see her English aunt who lived in Kensington, and wished they could run up for a week or two. He, being an astute man who had read his Sherlock Holmes, noticed that she always turned to the advertisements of the big drapers and lingered over the pictures of strange garments in the daily papers, so that he was not surprised when she said with a little sigh: "Do you know, darling, the sales appear to be perfectly wonderful this year; things *are* so cheap."

"Horrid crowds, probably—never saw

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so many big women and plain ones in my life as when I went with you last year—and the way they pushed and pommelled—good thing you are out of it, my dear."

"My dear" answered nothing; but three mornings later a long letter came that evidently interested her, and with a certain amount of gravity that gave importance to it she told him that Aunt Dora was not at all well.

even to pass by our house. I have been wondering if they keep the knocker clean." The knocker was a beautiful brass one; they had picked it up in Italy; and her anxiety held a tender remembrance of a bygone holiday.

"Dare say they do." He fumbled for his pipe. "Gives a good impression if a brass knocker is well polished—they are up to that, I dare say."

Percy bought a telescope and became interested in ships.—Page 328.

"It would please her ve-ry much if we went up to see her—just a short visit." A pause, and then: "I might find a hat if we went before the sales were over—I have not one to my head for the spring."

Percy pretended not to hear her; he knew that when she put on the least bit of an accent there was danger.

"You do like me to look nice," with her head a little on one side, "don't you?"

"You always look nice, my dear."

Silence for a few minutes. Then, as if she had thought the matter over, she began in an impartial, inquiring voice: "Percy dear, do you think we could manage the inside of a week? I should so like

"We were so happy in our home, were we not, darling?"

"We are happy anywhere—at least, I am."

"Just the inside of a week," she repeated with a little sigh.

Another pause; he turned possibilities over in his mind; then he said wickedly, knowing quite well what a cruel suggestion he was making:

"We'll go up for a week-end if you like. Friday night, arrive on Saturday morning, in time for breakfast, come back on Monday by the day express—I don't want to stick in London."

"But on Saturday the shops close at

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one o'clock, Percy dear; I should be too tired to do anything in the morning after the long journey all night, and on Sunday they don't open at all. On Monday morning there would not be time—not one single little hour, to buy a thing," with the accent again.

"Oh, that's what you're after, is it?" with a rumbling laugh that was not hopeless.

"Yes, that is what I'm after," she confessed meekly; "and that is why I want a whole inside of a week, but I would not spend much—only ve-ry little."

Then he had a brain wave:

"Why shouldn't you go up alone? It's a long way, and I hate a railway journey. You rather like one."

"I love it," she answered quickly.

"But I shouldn't like to think of you travelling all night; it would be better to go in the daytime. There's a fast morning train, you know—nine forty-five, luncheon-car—very decent food—gets you into Paddington at five forty-five."

"It would be too lovely, and you are a perfect lamb." She always talked like that when she wanted her own way, or had just been given it.

"Very well—you don't have to dress much here, but you shall have twenty pounds to play with, will that do?"

"It will be heaps and heaps," she said with a content that pleased him, for he thought it rather a small sum to propose.

"Shall I go on Monday?"

"If you like; you won't be happy till you have done it," he answered benevolently.

Thus far all was well.

II

On Monday morning at breakfast, in her best tailor-made and a close-fitting hat, she looked so nice that he could have made love to her easily; but he came down rather late and he liked his coffee hot.

"Luggage ready?" he asked.

"Quite. I'm only taking one little cabin trunk, for I don't suppose I shall have much to bring back, and of course my lovely new suitcase." This was a tactful remark—for it was his last gift to her before they left London; almost small enough to be called an attaché case, lined with watered blue silk, pockets down one side, but only two or three of them fitted for fear of making it heavy. Two clasps with locks.

"Good girl," he answered, enjoying the sweetbread and bacon she had thoughtfully provided—though she was too excited to eat anything herself. When he had finished he was a generous man. "I feel as if I ought to give you a little more money," he said.

"Oh, no, darling, it will be heaps. But I don't suppose I shall bring back much of the dear twenty pounds."

"Mind you don't get your pocket picked."

"I never have a pocket, my Percy."

"Well, your hand-bag picked, then. I wonder women are not afraid of having those little bags snatched, or of forgetting them—and I say, old thing"—he always tried to use slang if he remembered it in time, to prove that he was not slow or anything of that sort—"we ought to start—not too much time left. Todd went with your trunk ten minutes ago." He picked up her suitcase and looked at it with pride, highly pleased at having come upon it when he was dawdling round the stores.

"Sure you have everything you want?" He opened it and looked in. "Pretty full and very neatly packed; and I say, dear, I shall give you some more cash in case you fancy an extra blouse or a new frock."

She was putting on her hat, but stopped with pleasant excitement to look at him.

"Another twenty." He pulled two ten-pound notes from his waistcoat pocket; he had been conscious of them all through breakfast.

"Oh, no, Percy," she exclaimed, and nearly ran the hatpin into her head. "It is too much."

"Where do you carry your money?" with a lordly gesture.

"In my hand-bag, with my cigarettes and keys."

"It doesn't do to keep it all in one place; then if you lose one lot you have another to fall back on; we'll put them here—behind your powder-book." He pushed the notes into the little silk pocket opposite the handle in the suitcase. "Then they won't be too obvious—see?"

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She did see, with great satisfaction; just the edge of them showed round the little bound book of papier poudré leaves.

He shut the case and was about to exact the reward of his beneficence when steps and a voice were heard outside.

"Oh, damn," he exclaimed. Walter Gibbs hurriedly walked in; a good fellow,

"Doesn't matter—excellent snaps." He clicked them.

"You will have to run. You have not quite five minutes," Walter Gibbs urged. They made for the door.

"Oh, Percy, we must wait a moment," Claire exclaimed; "I haven't kissed Shagpat yet. Emma"—this to the maid at the

Mr. Gibbs, the vicar.—Page 328.

brother of the parson—he had arrived for Christmas holidays and stayed on—but not wanted at that precise moment.

"'Morning," he said; "I met your man going leisurely down to the station with Mrs. Binstead's box. He didn't know—said you didn't—that the train starts a quarter of an hour earlier since the beginning of the month; if you don't look out you will lose it."

"Good chap." Percy took up the suitcase. "Where is your key, darling?" Claire, flurried, felt in her hand-bag. It was not there, nor in her coat-pocket.

"I shall find it presently," she said.

door—"do bring him quickly." Emma disappeared like a flash.

"Damn Shagpat—I'll go on and take your ticket." Percy fled. When the cat had been kissed, Claire and Walter Gibbs hurried after him. The station was only three minutes off—they could see his legs ahead of them running—they ran, too—the train was in and snorting—they could hear it. "We shall lose it," she cried.

Percy had taken her ticket, picked up a sensational novel from the book-stall, run up to the train—the doors were being banged—and breathlessly held on to the handle of an empty carriage. Claire

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jumped in, he put her suitcase beside her in the corner, with the warm coat that Walter Gibbs had been carrying. The guard was about to blow his whistle when, suddenly, a pretty woman appeared, followed by an excited porter carrying a beautiful fur coat and a red suitcase with dark corners. She sprang into the carriage.

The guard was about to blow his whistle.

Excellent companion for Claire, Percy thought quickly, for the stranger looked agreeable. There was an air of opulence about her that held up the train for half a minute—opulence can do anything. Her tailor-made coat and skirt were properly cut; a string of pearls round her neck just showed in front; some valuable rings were on her ungloved left hand; on her wrist there was a silver-chain hand-bag; a gleam of silver coins and of something gold showed through it. The red case and the fur coat were put down beside her, an umbrella in the rack, the porter evidently given a big tip; and the guard beckoned; she asked him in a clear voice that was full of decision and obviously American:

"This train does stop at Bath?"

"Yes, madam."

"You won't fill up the carriage with too many people." She leaned forward; another coin changed hands.

He touched his hat, closed the door sharply, pulled a ticket from his pocket with "Reserved" on it, licked each end of it, gummed it on the window, put his whistle to his mouth again, and the train started.

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"Good-by, darling." Percy kept pace with it for a couple of yards. Walter Gibbs's absurdly blue eyes sought the stranger's. The two men watched the train slither out of the station. The two nice women felt that the journey would be agreeable. The stranger put her head out of the window for a moment to take in the view. "I should have liked to stay longer at Penzance," she said as she sat down; "it looks like a nice place."

"Yes," doubtfully; "but one gets tired of it. Were you there ve-ry long?" The slight accent provoked a smile.

"No, I motored this morning from the Land's End—I wish I had not been so hurried; I have just whisked through the places."

"Did you see St. Ives?"

"St. Ives? Now let me see." She opened the case beside her with a little gold key that, attached to a thin chain round her neck, dangled in front of her, and took out a note-book, a dainty thing with gold corners, and a pencil that had an ivory top with a diamond to it.

"I expect she has some valuable things in there," Claire thought and noticed that she did not lock the case again. She remembered that she had not found her own key, but it didn't matter.

"St. Ives?" turning over the leaves of the note-book; "why, yes, I went there—it was like an opal; but it rained, so I went on. To-night I start for Paris, and next week I sail for New York."

"I thought you were going to Bath?"

"I shall stay there just two hours—I want to see the old Assembly Rooms and the Roman Bath, to get an impression. I expect there will be time for that. England is packed full of beautiful places, mellow with age and traditions; we have not got much of that in America." She stood up and dived into the pockets of the wonderful fur coat, pulled out a couple of

Suddenly a woman appeared, followed by an excited porter.—Page 332.

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papers that had evidently been sent by post, tore off the direction, screwed it up in a ball and threw it out of the window.

"I suppose we shall get some morning papers at Plymouth," Claire said, wishing she had seen the direction on the others.

"Would you like to look at an American one?" It seemed like a hint that too much conversation was not desired, and for the next hour the travellers read in their separate corners, facing each other, but Claire, not being as much interested in the Boston *Transcript* as her companion, took up the novel Percy had bought her—she never forgot that it was called "A Wicked Woman"—but she put it down again; she didn't want to read anything just yet; it seemed a pity to let the Cornish land slip by unnoticed. Once or twice the stranger looked outward too, or made a trivial remark about the time, or the window, or the weather. Presently she said inquiringly:

"I expect it was your husband saw you off just now?"

"Yes, it was—my husband. He bought me this book at the last minute," she added, with a little laugh, and showed the title, at which the stranger seemed amused. Claire thought: "She is rather nice. These Americans are so responsive—and I feel convinced that she rolls in money; they always do. Why, her fur coat is worth a fortune."

"And the other? He had such beautiful eyes, and was so well grown; just as we imagine an Englishman. Was he your brother, or a friend?"

"A friend." The praise of Walter Gibbs seemed a little superfluous; Percy was quite as tall, and typically English.

"It's always nice to be seen off on a journey; makes you feel they are sorry to lose you. I thought that when I came over to England last fall."

"Are you travelling alone?"

"Why, yes; it's a rest. There's nothing like being alone when you are tired, to be free of your people for a time—you like them again so much; but I meet two friends in Paris, and we shall go on together—I sail from Italy for home next week." She took off her hat and showed a small head with a quantity of light-brown hair twisted round it and little soft masses pulled down over her ears. Her face was thin, the cheek-bones rather high, but her complexion was creamy white, and the large gray eyes were full of grave content. When she was amused a smile came to her lips—a faint, inquiring smile that curled about her mouth, as if seeking her eyes, and was curiously attractive. Claire, susceptible and impulsive, was taken by surprise. "I like her," she thought, "and I wish I knew who she is, though American names don't tell you much, because they never have titles."

"I should like to stay longer in Paris this time," the stranger added, as if it were a postscript to her last remark, "but it is impossible." She took up the paper again, as if to hint that she did not want to talk.

III

A WAITER from the restaurant-car appeared an hour later.

"Will you lunch, ladies?" he asked; "first service directly we have passed Plymouth, second service as soon as we leave Exeter."

"Don't think I want to lunch very early, I ate a great deal this morning," the stranger said.

"Then I'll go first," Claire said, thinking it would be as well not to leave all their things in an empty carriage, "for I had no breakfast."

The man gave them tickets for the luncheon-car and disappeared.

Presently the stranger looked up.

"Do you always live in Penzance?"

"Oh, no, we are there only for the winter. We live in London."

"London is a fine city; I wish I were going to stay there now; but I've got pretty well to the end of the money I set out to spend, and I guess I mustn't buy any more things, even in Paris, or I'll be ruined in duty when I get to New York. I believe our custom-house wants to support the rest of the country with the duties it makes us pay when we go back from Europe. I've tried many times to outwit it, but it can't be done."

"How have you tried?"

"Well, I've bought silk stockings and worn three on each leg when I was landing, and said it was to keep me warm,

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but they wouldn't have it. Last time"—she touched the string—"I told them these pearls belonged to my grandmother in Texas, but they wouldn't have that either. They collect people who won't believe anything at all, and it isn't any good thinking you know better than they do. Luckily, clothes are not much dearer in New York than they are in England, so it's just as well to get them there. Besides, I couldn't buy any this time, for I played poker coming over, and lost—did you ever play it?"

"No, I can't."

"Well, if you take my advice, you will never try; I had to cable for more money; I expect I'll find it in Paris. Say, do you mind if I smoke a cigarette?"

"I should like one, too." Claire had been longing for one. She felt for a couple she had hurriedly put into her coat-pocket at the last minute.

The stranger took out a gold cigarette-case from the silver-chain bag—Claire had seen it glistening—a beauty, chased all over except in one corner where there was a monogram.

"Will you try one of these?" she asked. "I always smoke Virginian."

For twenty minutes there was much content, and between them there seemed to grow up a sense of intimacy.

The train rushed into the crowded station of Plymouth, but no one entered the labelled compartment, and as the train crawled slowly out, the waiter passed, calling:

"First luncheon is served."

Claire got up quickly. "I am dreadfully hungry." She slipped her novel into the suitcase, clicking the snaps again with an affectionate thought of Percy, and suddenly she remembered that she had left the key in a little silver tray on her toilet table. "I won't be very long," she said.

"I wouldn't hurry; it doesn't do to eat too quickly."

"Perhaps she will like being alone—she motored a long way this morning and is tired," Claire thought.

The luncheon was quite good, and a full hour was allowed to have it in. Luckily, she had a seat by a window, so that she could look out between the courses.

IV

SHE found her companion curled up in the corner turning over the English paper bought at Plymouth.

"Think I have read this from end to end," she said with a little laugh; "I wished I had had your 'Wicked Woman' novel."

"How stupid of me not to leave it for you."

"Oh, no, I have been looking at the landscape; I never saw anything like these cunning little fields and side hedges. England is a lovely place; you ought to be very glad you live in it."

"I am, but it is my husband's country, not mine; I am French."

"I knew that, for every now and then a bit of accent peeps out and gives you away, as I expect my American one does."

"You don't like France as much as you do England?" It was obvious begging for a compliment.

"France! Why, I worship it—think how magnificent it was in the war—you must be proud of being a Frenchwoman."

"I am, but my husband is English, so I belong to both countries."

"I call that very clever—but we manage it nearly as well, for we say that good Americans when they die go to Paris, but they crowd over to England while they live; so you see they are just this life and the next to us." The little smile that wandered round her mouth lit up the whole face.

Claire beamed. "France was magnificent, wasn't it?" she said. "I saw Foch when he came over; I was standing by the side of the road, his carriage stopped a moment for the crowd—I wanted to run across and kiss him."

"I wonder you didn't."

The waiter hurried down the corridor again:

"Second luncheon ready."

"Now you must go," said Claire impulsively; "I hope you will have a very good feast—because you love France."

The stranger was amused. "I will leave you my cigarette-case," she answered; "you must enjoy a quiet smoke." She hesitated for a moment at the door of the carriage, went to her fur coat, which had been lying in a heap on the seat,

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folded it, as if to put it in the rack overhead, but, changing her mind, dropped it on the seat again. Then, with a glance at her suitcase and another quick look round, she disappeared.

Claire was puzzled. "Perhaps she thought I should try on her coat," she said to herself with a little laugh; "but I won't—though I should like to. It is such a beauty; she must have heaps of money; perhaps she is a millionairess." She looked at the cigarette-case in her hand and tried to make out the monogram; but the letters were so intertwined it was impossible. . . .

V

She was a long time gone. Claire looked out of the window, and felt bored. Then she remembered her nose; by this time it must want powdering. She opened her suitcase wide to get out the papier poudré, moved the novel, and with a start realized that the two ten-pound notes had gone. She had seen Percy put them in, and the little white edge round the cover of the powder-book, as he called it. She stood up in astonishment.

"They are gone!" She could not believe her eyes. "They are gone!" She examined everything—no good—it was impossible that they could have slipped out. "They have been taken. . . . She is a thief! I can't believe it—but they are often disguised—she doesn't look it, but she is a thief!"

She sat down, flushed and breathless, staring at the empty silk pocket. Everything the stranger had said flashed through her mind. "She lost money at poker; she talked about the custom-house; and her silk stockings; perhaps they are mock pearls, or she stole them; she is artful and a thief."

She got up again and stood rocking with excitement.

"But what can I do?" she cried; "if I accuse her she will deny it; she couldn't be searched in the train; it would be a scene and get into the papers, and ten-pound notes are all alike; she would say they were hers . . . what did she do with them?" Then a sudden idea: "Why did she stop in the doorway and come back and shake her fur coat? Perhaps she hid them in it." She shook it, felt in its pockets, looked for secret ones in the lining—no good; she dropped it back on the seat, picked up the gold cigarette-case and threw it on to the soft fur heap. "I won't touch her dreadful cigarettes any more; perhaps they are drugged, so that I might sleep till she got out at Bath." The French blood in her was roused, she would not have been surprised to find that poison pains were darting through her—or that she was a corpse already. "But where are the notes? I will find them if it is possible; she had a bag with her; they are not in that, for I could see there was only the cigarette-case and loose silver in it—it showed through the chain work—they must be here—" She knelt down in front of the red case and hesitated; then, remembering its owner's parting glance at it, she cried: "Probably she has locked it—if not I *shall* look; she is a thief and I have a right to recover my own property if I can." With indignation surging through her she undid the snaps; it was not locked. She opened it quickly. It was beautifully fitted with gold-topped bottles. A delicious perfume she could not identify pervaded it; she sniffed up. There were soft substances filling the main space. On the top of them was the note-book and then a handkerchief sachet worked with forget-me-nots; beside it, between it and a gold-topped bottle, she saw a corner of unmistakable white paper sticking up. Her heart stood still as she pulled out the two ten-pound notes.

"She did take them! She *is* a thief; they are mine, and I will have them back!" Without a moment's pause she put them into her hand-bag, closed the suitcase, snapped it, and sat down in her corner again.

Her excitement simmered down, she began to consider the situation; she had done a desperate thing; but she had only taken her own notes; she had a right to them—and even to go to a thief's closed case . . . she was glad she had done it, but a horrible fright was coming over her. The American, of course, was a thief; she was one of a gang, perhaps, and might do anything to her—she didn't know precisely what; but she was beginning to dread her return. . . . Perhaps she would not go to her case again before she

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got out of the train. "If she does, she can't deny that they are mine or that she took them; she daren't make a fuss . . . but it is dreadful. . . ."

She looked out into the corridor and saw with consternation that the travellers were beginning to return from the restaurant. She retreated to her corner, and made up her mind that she would do nothing, and say nothing; she would be stiff and cold and not speak if she could help it; the thief's guilty conscience would give her a hint and tell her why. She looked at the watch on her arm; in less than an hour they would be at Bristol, and half an hour afterward at Bath. . . . Many people were passing now along the corridor. She picked up the novel; it was the right title, she thought; Percy was so clever; he must have guessed she would travel with a wicked woman. She turned over the pages and appeared to be reading.

The stranger entered looking pleased and satisfied; she took up her cloak, evidently seeing that it had been touched, for she had left it folded and found it in a heap with the cigarette-case on the top.

She knelt down in front of the red case.—Page 336.

"I hope you had a quiet whiff," she said.

"I did not require one," Claire answered coldly. Her lips were stiff; they would hardly speak.

"Won't you have one now?" The gold case was handed.

"I do not require any more," without removing her eyes from the book. The stranger looked at her doubtfully, lighted one herself, and soon appeared to be lost in thought.

A whole hour—an hour of silence and

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tension that Claire could hardly bear; at last it was impossible not to raise her head. Her companion looked at her with a smile.

"That book seems to be very interesting."

"Yes, it is very interesting." Again there was silence. It was extremely awkward, but there was nothing to be done. "If I could only be as calm as she is," Claire thought; "but I can't, my heart is thumping so hard."

VI

THERE were a good many people at Bristol station. Claire wished that some one would enter the carriage, but the label still held good, and in a few minutes they went on again. Suddenly the stranger rose and went along the corridor; she returned in a few minutes and, as if to change the atmosphere of the last hour, said pleasantly:

"In a quarter of an hour we shall get to Bath; then I shall leave you for the rest of your journey alone."

There was a frigid "yes" from the corner.

The umbrella in the rack was lifted down and put with the fur coat; the stranger hesitated a minute, then suddenly opened her suitcase, put in her cigarettes, and took out a handkerchief from the sachet; she was about to close it again, to the infinite relief of the woman in the corner, when suddenly she seemed to remember something, opened it again, and was evidently startled.

"She sees they are gone," Claire thought. Her heart left off thumping and stood still. The American lifted the handkerchief sachet right out, and hunted in all the corners of the case, then looked at her companion, as if unwilling to be suspicious, and again made a search.

"Did any one enter the carriage while I was away?" she asked.

The color rushed to Claire's face, her eyes had sparks in them. "No, no one."

"Did you leave it at all?"

"No, I did not."

"It is an extraordinary thing, but two bank-notes that were in my case are gone."

"Yes, they are gone," firmly. "*I* took them."

"Took them?" The stranger looked astounded—bewildered.

"Yes, I did," with angry triumph.

"Well, but how did you come to do that?"

"I took them back." Claire's temper was rising. "They were mine—mine—and you stole them from my case." She was conscious with sickening relief that the train was slackening to get into Bath.

The other woman stood calm and cool, staring at her.

"Well"—she drew her words out slowly—"this is the very strangest thing that ever happened to me—you think I am a thief!"

"You were here alone; no one else could have taken them; I believe you belong to a gang——"

"A gang?"

"Yes, a gang. You wore silk stockings to cheat the customs—you played poker on board ship. I will not prosecute you, but you are a thief." The dark eyes blazed; their owner had lost all self-control; but the American did not turn a hair.

"I wish you would prosecute me, only I haven't time to stay for it. But this is the most amusing thing I know—that a woman like you should open my luggage, take out some bank-notes, and then pretend they are hers! Why, it's you who are the thief."

"Oh!" Claire had become inarticulate.

The train was almost stopping; the stranger evidently hesitated what to do next, then locked the red suitcase. "I ought to have done that before," she said.

The guard appeared; he had evidently been spoken to.

"These are the things," she told him, "and I shall want a taxi."

He evidently had reasons for being attentive; the train stopped, a porter came to the door. She hesitated before she got out, and turned to Claire, who, intense but almost stupefied, stood leaning against the window-frame at the other end of the carriage.

"Well," she said, with a mocking, maddening smile, as it seemed now, "a hundred dollars isn't much to give oneself away like that for, or to lose—I don't mind a bit, and you may keep the notes—I shan't miss them. If you had gone deeper you would have found some more.

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I put those two at the top ready for Bath. But if you take my advice, you will leave other people's luggage alone in future." She jumped down lightly from the carriage; in a moment she had disappeared.

VII

It was a relief to find that some cousins, Jack Dawson and his wife, were staying with the aunt. Claire poured out her story, and passed on some of her excitement to them.

"By Jove!" said Jack; "it was neat of her. You never know what they will get up to; I've been rooked two or three times myself. It's a warning never to leave your things about unlocked with people you don't know; you can't tell what they will be up to, especially in these days when every one is hard up."

"She looked frightfully rich."

"Part of her game, probably."

"You should have seen her fur coat, it was such a beauty."

"Perhaps she had pinched it from some one else—anyhow, you had a good time, for I expect you went for her." Claire's family knew her sweetness—and laughed at what they called her fireworks.

"She was so cool, it maddened me. I could have killed her."

"A pity you didn't; it would have made a sensation. Well, you have got your notes back; that's something. But I should have thought such a small sum was hardly worth her while—she must have been disappointed at not getting more!"

Mrs. Binstead came down punctually to breakfast next morning; she felt that if she were going to the sales it would be better to start early; but she was tired and had had no sleep. A letter from Percy was on her plate.

"He is such a dear," she said as she opened it; "he always writes the moment we are apart."

Two ten-pound notes dropped from the envelope.

"*I hope you were not worried if you missed these, darling; as I ran to the station I remembered your case was not locked, so I took them out, meaning to tell you to put them in your hand-bag, and in the fuss of getting you off, clean forgot about them.*"

It was more than she could bear.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she cried. "She started for Paris last night and sails from Italy next week for New York. I shall never see her again."

"Pretty mess, isn't it?" Jack laughed. "You have done it rather completely, but you can have an extra good time at the sales."

It was like a sting. "I couldn't go near them now. I shall go home, and advertise for her in American papers."

"She'll never see it."

She poured it all out to Percy, sitting on the rug by the fire with her head against his knees. He agreed to the advertisements, though they would be no good, he told her.

"Then they must go to the devastations," she said; "it would please her, for she loved France—but always I shall say to myself: 'I stole. I ought to be put in prison'; and, oh, Percy, always, somewhere in America, there will be a woman who thinks I am a thief."

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The Poets and Nature

BY RAYMOND WEEKS

FROM ancient times until the present it has been a title of glory for one to say that what interests him is man. We have so long repeated the device of Terence, "Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto," that we forget the lengths to which man's pride has gone. He has called himself the lord of the universe, and has taught that all other animate beings were created for his use and pleasure.

As if to fortify him in this opinion, he possessed until the sixteenth century a system of astronomy which fitted like a glove his extravagant esteem of himself: the earth was believed to be the centre of the universe, the immutable point about which the sun and the planets revolved for the glory of mankind. Then came, in 1543, the Copernican astronomy, which, despite the opposition of the Church and the universities, replaced the Ptolemaic. The earth was discovered to be a mere atom, whirled about in a universe immensely superior to it.

Those of us who are interested in literature have a right to inquire how the poets met this astonishing discovery. Did they, true to their traditional rôle as seers, prophesy the discovery, or at least run to meet it with swift sandals? Or did they, like the clergy and most of the universities, wait until there was no danger in joining the revolution—until not to do so would cover them with ridicule?

The poets, unfortunately for their glory, followed the latter course. Not only was there no one among them who showed the prophetic gift, but—except for Giordano Bruno, known rather as a writer of prose—there was no one among them for many generations who dared to lisp a word of the great discovery. As early as 1576 Bruno taught in both prose and verse the wonderful new astronomy, and he received his reward at the hands of the Inquisition, in February, 1600, when his ardent life went out in the flames.

His tragic death and the persecution of Galileo deterred the poets of all countries from allowing their imaginations to roam audibly through the vast concourse of the new universe, but writers of prose showed more courage. More than two centuries after the death of Copernicus, however, we find the French philosophical poets glad to assume the falsity of the Biblical astronomy, in order to toss chaff at the Church. Voltaire, from the fastness of his kingdom at Ferney, dared to say anything, and Saint-Lambert accepted the new cosmogony as early as 1769. Ten years later, the intrepid Roucher, who was to perish on the scaffold with André Chénier in 1794, followed suit. As for Chénier, his favorite dream was his poem "Hermes," which was to reproduce for his age the "De Rerum Natura" of Lucretius. To his ardent young spirit, science, being truth, was the handmaid of poetry.

In England, we find Cowley, Milton, Dryden, of course, Prior, and the others adhering to the Ptolemaic astronomy in their verse. The courageous if erratic Chatterton, however, accepted the new astronomy; and, shortly before his suicide in 1770, wrote a poem on the Copernican system. This was two hundred and twenty-seven years after the death of the Polish astronomer. Toward the close of the eighteenth century, Erasmus Darwin, scientist as well as poet, espoused the "new" astronomy, as did Wordsworth in 1799.

The nineteenth century witnessed the final emancipation of the Copernican theories from theological opposition. They at last crept into the Spanish universities even. The book of Copernicus was dropped from the Index of 1835, but it was still possible for Newman, preaching at Oxford in 1843, to speak as if it were a debatable question whether the earth moved or not. This was exactly three hundred years after the death of

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Copernicus. It is evidently not easy to see in the typical poet of these three centuries the inspired bard, who, in the phrase of Horace, is the *sacer interpresque deorum*.

But rough waters lay ahead of poetry in the nineteenth century. Those absurd scientists precipitated a revolution in geology, paleontology, and biology, which paralleled the earlier one in celestial mechanics. The horrible theory of evolution, which had been forming for more than two thousand years, came to a head in 1859, with the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." Just as the earlier revolution had shown that the earth was not the pivot of the universe, so the new revolution attempted to show that man shared the slimy origin of the fishes, the serpents, and the grasshoppers, instead of being a conspicuous angel temporarily engaged in moulting. Of these two revolutions, the second touches us much more profoundly, as W. H. Hudson has said in "Far Away and Long Ago."

It is to be noted in passing that this second revolution, like the first, was brought to a culmination by men outside the universities.

The new theory moved to victory much faster than the former one, in which lies a measure of hope for the future of the race. The churches, and for a while most of the universities, opposed its acceptance. We know how bitterly the struggle raged, until to-day a smug clergy, beaten in the breach, has turned squarely about, and looks with shruggings upon a few shaggy preachers and bald-headed statesmen, who alone defend the beliefs universally held less than seventy-five years ago.

If theology was the first to suffer in the new revolution, poetry did not escape. The poets faced a world turned topsy-turvy. A multitude of their ingenious, sentimental explanations of life appeared as absurd as any speculations of mediæval scholasticism. To judge properly the way in which the poets reacted to the new ideas, one should bear in mind that evolution did not come to them as an entire surprise in the works of Wallace and Darwin. The close of the eighteenth century had seen a quickening of scientific thought on these lines, especially in France, England, and Germany; and the whole first half of the nineteenth century was filled with the research of a half-dozen "evolutionists," mostly British and French. With the exception of Huxley, the British scientists enjoyed two great advantages: most of them possessed private fortune, and they were not professors. They were thus independent of the attacks of the clergy and society. As for Huxley, young and courageous, he occupied a well-intrenched chair in the Royal College of Surgeons. In the forties a school of liberal science came into being at Oxford, and by the fifties several professors in England were expounding theories which their opponents might call "certainly not orthodox, and probably immoral." In France, the situation was less favorable, mainly because the Restoration crippled scientific study.

As for the French poets, the sombre Vigny, revered for his confidence in the future of science, withdrew from the world too soon to give poetic form to the new conception of organic life. As early as 1848, however, a young poet addicted to science, Louis Bouilhet, became a convert to what he called the identity of species. He, like Chénier, projected a modern "De Rerum Natura," and published in 1853 "Les Fossiles," a poem in which he skilfully used the recent studies in geology and paleontology. In the late sixties, Madame Ackermann incorporated evolutionary notions in her philosophic verse. She was followed by others, expecially by Sully Prudhomme, who became the great exponent of evolution among French poets.

In England, Tennyson is lauded as the friend of science, and such he was; but those who praise him as an advance prophet of evolution are mistaken. During his college years and those immediately following, young men of education in Great Britain were everywhere discussing the theories of Lamarck, Saint-Hilaire, Lyell, Doctor Wells, Dean Herbert, and Patrick Matthews, as to natural selection, fixed species, the age of life on the earth, etc. The often-quoted passages in "In Memoriam," which seem to have been written in 1844, and which treat of what may be called evolution, show in Tennyson the friend of science, but not

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the prophet. In one of these passages, where he speaks of the processes of nature, occur two lines which may be said to indicate in him a prevision of the modern lady-typist:

> "So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life."

When Tennyson bids us

> "Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die,"

the supposed anthropological allusion in the second line is fortuitous, whatever family accent it may appear to bring us.

Browning possessed greater intellect than Tennyson, and was more of a liberal, but we find in him no prophetic vision of the new nature, no warm defense of the theories of Darwin, Wallace, Huxley, and Spencer.

Matthew Arnold is known as the unfailing friend of the scientific awakening of his century, a reputation due rather to his prose than to his verse, of which he wrote little after 1857, when he became professor of poetry at Oxford. "Empedocles on Etna," published in 1852, and several other of his poems, are informed with the scientific spirit, yet nowhere show the fabled prophetic gift of the traditional bard.

Despite the bitter resistance of the clergy and of conservative society on both sides of the Atlantic, the new ideas spread rapidly. The mid-Victorian poets and their American disciples hardly knew what to sing about. After some gloomy moments, they came forward and commenced to sing of the beauty of law, order, and harmony in nature (as if Lucretius had never sung of these things), passed on to tell of the long ascent through which predestined man had mounted, and ended by taking this as proof of a long and glorious future. Across this future they projected for humanity an immense viaduct, whose use they denied to the other animals. As we see, they were trying to "save the pieces." They were not content, like the scientists, to see some glint of light along the ragged edge of things. They were not deterred at seeing so much broken harness trailing among the stars.

The new theory of the world meant a return to the Lucretian view of nature as a whole—of man occupying a certain place and no more. The submission of poetry to this view was only partial and cannot have been sincere. Poets became more anthropocentric than ever: they *would* sing of man, that is, of themselves. Instead of deriving from evolution its great principle of the fraternity of animate creatures, they derived the lonely grandeur and exceptional divinity of man, and left the impression that science proved this!

Thus, as will appear more fully, the other animals "lost out." But this, alas! was not the first time in their unending calvary. When the religions of Greece and Rome fell into dust, and Christianity arose upon their ruins, it seemed that an altruistic belief was about to lead to a proper view of man as a part, but only a part, of animate nature. A natural extension of the principle that all men are brothers would make all the races of animals brothers. But the new religion failed to complete the generous gesture of its founder.

All poetry of the last sixty years, which, as Dryden says, closes with "diapason full in man," is beautiful in a restricted sense only; and Whitman's boast, "I avowedly chant the great pride of man in himself," and its many variations are commendable for their impudence and nothing else. We have had, it is true, in the last sixty years some "pretty poems" about animals and some nice prattle about nature; but how many of these attempts equal the passion of Wordsworth's early work? As for poems which express pity for our brother animals, do any of them surpass the accents of Cowper or Burns? Thanks to the twist which the poets and the clergy have given to evolution, the other animals have sustained a relative loss in the scale of existence. We have played with them "heads we win, tails you lose."

Two evolutionary catchwords, "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest," seem to have sufficed to ease the sordid conscience of men, who thus justified red-handed brutality toward other creatures. The poets have in the main merely reflected this attitude, although they are by profession supposed to be gentle and kind.

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The sinister thing is that the spread of a belief in evolution coincided with a spread of fury in our destruction of animal life. And let us not delude ourselves as to another point: it was not the yellow race or the black race that accelerated the massacre of the earth's most beautiful, most innocent creatures, but it was the so-called Christian and civilized races! It has been in the main men of English speech and of Neo-Latin speech who have been the most pitiless. This has been partly a result of our great prosperity. We have been submerged under the impedimenta of success. Our materials have outrun our intellect, and our intellect has outrun our emotions.

It will be worth while for us as students of literature, and therefore to a limited extent students of life, to listen for a few minutes to some of the cruelties inflicted by men on helpless nature in this era of material gluttony, mechanical inventiveness, and perverted moral instruction. As you read this horrible recital, ask yourself how many poets of the last sixty years you can name who have protested against these crimes.

First, take the chapter of plumage and furs. With our gold, we have enlisted the other races in the extermination of birds and mammals which is going on in all the islands of the globe, throughout Africa and Europe, in the Americas, in China, in India even. London is the centre of this trade. The furs sold by one British firm, totalled in one year shortly before the Great War 11,650,000. During the same year, the sale of bird corpses by four London firms ran into untold millions. For the rarer species, there were such items as 80,000 humming-birds, 40,000 birds of paradise, 250,000 egrets. No one can tell the total sales for London, or for the other great markets, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, New York, St. Louis. This plumage goes for the most part to embellish heads that have never suffered from rain or snow or wind or sun; and as for the furs, they go mainly to cover shoulders that have never shivered. In general, the wish of the wearer is to add to charms already triumphant, or to arrest the decline of beauty which has already done enough harm. Why should wealth and beauty fail to profit by the working out of the great, newly discovered laws of evolution?

One who doubts the hardening of the Occidental heart in recent times has but to read of the increased "hunting" and "shooting" of parked beasts and birds in Europe, or to read several of the hundreds of books on hunting, such as Sir Henry Seton-Karr's "My Sporting Holidays." Let him read the proud record of Henry Bailey, who boasts of bringing down seven elephants in five minutes, or that where Newman, the ivory-hunter, tells of slaughtering twenty-three elephants in one day!

We of the United States have shed more innocent blood than any other "civilized" nation. In a brief time, we have extinguished 95 per cent of the wild animal life, and this mainly for our pleasure. A million and a half of us take out annually a license to hunt, and a million others hunt on their own land without licenses. In Louisiana alone there were slaughtered for market in the year 1909–1910, 5,700,000 birds and 2,600,000 mammals. Some of us remember the time when immense flocks of passenger-pigeons darkened the sky in their flight. The last survivor of this species recently died in captivity in the Zoological Garden at Cincinnati. And some of us remember when the Great Plains were black under the herds of buffaloes. We know how they were shot for sport, and left lying where they fell. Colonel Henry Inman says that in some regions one could walk all day, stepping on the dead bodies without touching the earth. It was found later that the skeletons of the buffaloes could be converted into fertilizer. According to an estimate, there were gathered and shipped from Kansas alone, in thirteen years, the bones of 31,000,000 buffaloes.

Yet the poets sang of God's loving universe! In the presence of this death-struggle of nature with cruel man, they wrote on such subjects as "To My Soul," "Walking by Moonlight," "To My Lady's Fan." Of pity for the world of hunted, dying creatures, little or none. If they have admitted kinship with the other animals, they have generally added: "But I am different; I am not as they; I have in me an indwelling God; I am divine." A few poets have in modern times written lines of protest against this bru-

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tality, or, at least, lines of real tenderness for the other animals. Most of them, however, have not progressed beyond Pope's shameful lines:

"Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods;"

or the shocking falsity of Wordsworth's

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her;"

or Browning's cruel blast:

"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Mr. W. H. Davies says in a pretty poem, called "Nature's Friend," that all things love him. It will be harder than he thinks for us to recover our lost position in creation. There are too many dead bodies piled against the door between nature and man for us, short of long ages, to arrive at the sanctity ascribed to St. Francis, of whom it was said that "not a bird upon the tree but half forgave his being human."

The poets, then, in the years that followed the acceptance of evolution, continued to show docility by going along with the mob. They were of their generation, not apart from it, and not above it. Their voices sounded hollower and hollower, and their estate sank lower and lower. But as a Daughter of the American Revolution has said, the longest worm has a turning. The worm turned shortly after the close of the last century. At that time retribution descended upon poetry. Her devotees separated into two hostile camps.

One of these camps—the Old Guard—has taken refuge in a fortress on a hill. Around the walls press the opposing forces, carrying banners of violent colors—green, yellow, purple, saffron, indigo, red, with twenty kinds of musical instruments, adjuncts of valor, all blaring, shrilling, beating or bleating at once. Upon banners of the attacking host are to be seen such words as impressionists, vers libristes, imagists, vorticists, cubists, satanists, futurists, polyphonists, paroxysmists, diabolists, staccatoists, contortionists, energumenists, dadaists.

If you converse with one of the beleaguering heroes when he is off duty, you may learn some of the rules of his camp, such as: Be "different," be peculiar. . . . Scrap the past. . . . Beat the big bass drum. . . . All you require to succeed is a disordered imagination, lungs of brass, and unlimited impudence. . . . Splash crude colors over everything, especially green and yellow. . . . As a guiding principle, remember that, if you can prove anything, everything else becomes automatically true. . . . Use whenever you can, and even when you can't, certain words which are sacred amongst us, such as: blood, red-blooded, bleeding, stabbing, hissing, far-flung, sobbing, thrills, threnody, psaltery, chrysoprase, mauve, gargoyles, pericarps, mandarins, turquoise, jade (the stone not the girl), yellow, green. . . . Never say "Preface," say "Foreword." . . . Talk about yourself as much as possible. Remember that the more trivial the subject, the better the poem. . . . When you have nothing to say, say it with italics. . . . Treat all persons and things with the utmost familiarity. Punch nature in the ribs. Slap God on the back. For Lincoln, say Abe; for Washington, George; for Whitman, Old Walt; for Alexander the Great, Ellic.

Among these rules for success, several may not meet our approval; but here are others, and this way lies hope: Be brief. . . . Read your verses aloud as you compose them. . . . Suppress four-fifths of your adjectives. . . . Employ only le mot juste. . . . Avoid ready-made locutions. . . . Treat all of life.

"Treat all of life!" Yet what do they mean by "all of life," these reforming poets? We open one of their books, and we find:

"Life!
Startling, vigorous life,
That squirms under my touch,
And baffles me when I try to examine it,
Or hurls me back without apology,
Leaving my ego ruffled and preening itself."

Although somewhat ruffled ourselves, we are not daunted. We read many of these poets, and we discover that they actually treat nearly everything, from a cabbage to a constellation, from a shirt to a freight-train. As we read, we note that they like noisy things, and that they talk much of themselves. They make us think of steam-riveters.

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We soon see that they are pantheists. They believe that they are a part of all things, that all things are a part of them, and that everything is a part of everything else. Their pantheistic system is one of standardized parts, such as constitutes the prosperity of the city of Detroit.

Their pantheism is also remarkable in that it affirms what may be called delayed metempsychosis or dormant identity. You meet one of these poets. You converse with him. He converses with you. You come to think that you know him. It is an error! One of these days he will casually inform you that he is—or was—the last of the Pharaohs. Or a none-too seductive and only normally unsettling poetess confesses to you that she was Cleopatra. Thus you move on from agreeable surprise to agreeable surprise, and come to know life as it is. From delayed metempsychosis has developed what may be called the "Cycle of Babylon," since it found its first great example in Henley's famous lines:

> "I was a king in Babylon,
> And you were a Christian slave."

We are disquieted to see among our poets so many descendants of the ancient royalties of Babylon, Syria, Egypt, Greece, and Rome. The slopes of Parnassus have gone purple.

In yet another way the new poets, and their short-haired rivals as well, have shown a passion for real life. They have cultivated a geographic acquaintance with the earth's remote provinces, such as the planets, comets, suns, moons, asteroids, heaven, and hell. Some of them could, with their eyes closed, draw a fairly accurate map of several of these provinces, especially of the last two. Instead of wasting their time writing about the death-agony of nature at the hands of man, they choose subjects like these: "The Smithy of God," "A Masque of the Gods," "Riders of the Stars," "Christ in Hades," "The Runner in the Sky," "The Falconer of God," "The Hounds of Hell," "Around the Sun," "The Testimony of the Suns," "The Bells of Heaven," "The Celestial Circus," "The Path of the Stars," "The Daughter of the Stars," "Unborn Stars," "The Huntress of the Stars," "The Rider of the Sun-Fire," "Beyond the Stars," "How I Walked in the Jungle of Heaven," "Sky High." It is true that many of these poems, despite their alluring titles, treat of things mundane. None the less, the titles remain significant of the sustained interest felt by scores of our poets in life as it is—all of life.

Life! Such is at least their programme. But there is a part of life—and we know what it is—that they have not often treated. They have hardly gone farther than their predecessors in recognizing properly the fraternity of animate creatures, and when they approach nature it is generally with a chipper, jactant, familiar tone which amounts to a profanation.

We reflect on their programme, "all of life," as we read their poems, and at last it occurs to us that prose has the same programme! We end by realizing that nearly all these new poets—all of the radical ones—are not poets; that, at most, they have but run a trolley-line through poetry. We may even come to believe that much the larger part of their production is to real poetry as the staple manufactured article of Connecticut is to nutmegs. When we first find that it is almost impossible to learn by heart one of their poems, we are distinctly shocked. We would remind some of them that wilful extravagance does not suit either poetry or prose; that, although noise means much in modern life, it is not everything, and that there are times when a poet is known by the silences he keeps; that cataleptic seizures and intoxicated half-visions can have nothing to do with art; and that because a piece of writing has neither rhyme nor reason does not mean, necessarily, that it is poetry.

Mr. Lowes has said in his excellent book, "Convention and Revolt in Poetry," that "verse is *not* prose." One may reverse this as a warning to those who write the new poetry: "prose is *not* verse." In fact, most of our vers libre is merely prose adapted to the needs of skilful elocutionists. It was written to be recited. Unlike children in former generations, it should be heard, not seen. Vers libre impresses one as being an eccentric prose translation of an eccentric poetic original in an eccentric foreign language. One feels this most clearly, if,

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after reading some imagist verse, one opens a volume of translations from Chinese poetry. The two are extraordinarily similar, except that the Chinese translations are superior. No vers-libre poem can survive, unless as a curiosity, or as part of the repertory of an elocutionist.

Yet all these criticisms would be mere detail if the young poets knew how false to science, to justice, and to honor their predecessors have been in turning the unity of nature into the disparity of nature, for the advantage of men and the ruin of the other animals—if they knew and would act on their knowledge. Furthermore, it would be mere detail, if the poets knew what was good for them. How can there be sincerity in their voices when they speak of nature, if they are the assassins of nature? Is sincerity of no importance in literature?

May we, as spectators and auditors of Parnassus, indulge even a remote hope that the new poets will end by rallying somewhat to the defense of the solidarity of nature? Yes, there is hope, because, for one thing, they are eager to reform the past. Despite their uncouth antics, they have really accomplished much. They have already forced a taking of stock. In a few brief years they have broken the mould of the conventionalized, sentimental poetry of the last seventy years of the nineteenth century. We had become unendurably weary of the singsong of that poetry, weary of verses with a sickly moral appended, weary of all the pretty gestures which were nothing but convention, weary of seeing poets forever starting for Arcady and arriving in Arkansas. The new poets have changed much of this by their violent attack. They possess, then, the courage without which great things cannot be done. They possess, further, a resentment like that of the minstrel of Lacedæmon who was driven from his town for adding a string to the traditional lyre, and may easily be led to aid a good cause.

There is hope, finally, because most of these poets are not poets at all, but prose-writers—janizaries serving the Crescent, but born under the Cross. Nor is it an affront to call them prose-writers! We are under a misapprehension as to prose and poetry. It is prose which serves for most of the sacred things in life. Suppose that your brother is travelling in a distant country, and that you write to tell him that his mother and yours has passed into the great silence, and to express your grief for her, your love and sympathy for him. Suppose, too, that you are an excellent, an admirable poet. Will you write in verse, or in prose?

Let those who would be poets realize that there are still immense mysteries in life, and that it is our injustices which prevent us from having the right and the power to see them; that there are vast zones, as yet unexplored, where only those may penetrate who are intelligent, generous, tender, courageous, and . . . innocent.

The Poet

BY CHARLES W. KENNEDY

His soul was free of space and time,
Of every age, of every clime.

With absent heart and puzzled hands,
He dwelt in vague, familiar lands,

Reluctantly, with startled eyes,
Recalled from shores beyond surmise;

Mistaking trim New England trees
For gardens of Hesperides,

Or summoned from Gethsemane
To answer how he'd take his tea.

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"The Hound of Heaven"

BY JOSEPH LAWRENCE PATTON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. FLETCHER WHITE

DOCTOR FRANCIS RANIER, professor of psychology at Doran University, sat meditating in his study. His study was located in the west wing of Commercy Court—the wing which was designated in the current slang of the institution as the "home for the poverty profs."

Commercy Court was divided into two wings, the east wing serving as a dormitory for the senior men students of the college, and the west wing serving as a residence, furnished gratis by the university, for the bachelor members of the faculty.

At Doran, one of the oldest and proudest of New England's institutions of learning, there was a saying that the teachers taught for love and married for money. Doctor Francis Ranier had never married—hence Commercy Court.

Yet Doctor Ranier had a national reputation as one of the greatest criminologists of the country, and had he wished to commercialize his reputation he could have amassed a fortune with ease. He, however, engaged in the detection of crime simply because it offered an interesting field for psychological experimentation. He refused all fees. He took cases only when they offered a psychological problem. And he had attained to an enviable reputation as a great man of science, an idealist in his way, and a most sincere devotee of his one and only mistress—the science of psychology.

In his study, cosy and comfortable enough on this bitter, cold night of a New England December, he sat meditating over the baffling problems presented by the death of his boyhood chum and lifelong friend, Bob Caulfield.

Professor Robert Caulfield, besides being a lifelong friend, had also been a most able colleague and fellow member of the faculty of Doran University. He had, until his mysterious death, held the chair of anthropology and evolution at Doran. The night before, he had been found dead in his home at the opposite end of the campus. Professor Caulfield had been a man of independent income and had been able to live in more luxurious style than the so-called "poverty profs." His death had been surrounded by suspicious circumstances and had attracted the attention of the police, with the result that Perry Doyle, one of the shrewdest and most successful detectives of the local force, had been assigned to the case.

Doctor Ranier was waiting for Perry Doyle, whom he had asked to call upon him for a conference. He walked to the window and stood looking out across the court to the east wing. Lights shone in most of the windows and the students could be seen moving about. Some were reading under their desk-lights. In one of the rooms a crowd was gathered, probably chatting over the prospects of the hockey team or discussing the latest musical hit on Broadway. But the doctor's eyes were focussed upon the windows directly opposite his own. The windows were dark. He knew that to be the room of James Reams, one of the most promising and brilliant seniors at Doran—class poet of the senior class.

"Jimmy boy," mused the doctor, "you're in for a terrible mess in this thing, and I wonder if you could be guilty. I'd say you were if it were not for the fact that a lot of the things won't fit in with such a theory. And I've found that you told me the truth about some of the worst evidence against you. But why didn't you tell me the whole truth? Are you subtle enough to think that by telling part of the truth you can prevent further inquiry?"

Doctor Ranier went back to his desk.

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He sat upon the edge of his big chair, leaning forward with his head in his hands. For a long moment he sat thus. Then he settled back in his chair and picked up a sheet of paper from the surface of the desk. He gazed long and thoughtfully at that paper. On its surface was scrawled in shaky, wavering handwriting:

"Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears."
?

The paper had been found on the desk of Robert Caulfield, crumpled under his lifeless body. Apparently the dead man had expended his last atom of strength in writing it. At the end the pen had trailed off the paper, leaving an inky train which might have been the question-mark as indicated above or might simply have been the trail of a pen in hands too weak to lift it from the paper.

"Poor Bob!" Doctor Ranier soliloquized. "What a travesty it is that Bob Caulfield, the man of science who loved to dabble in the supernatural and who stoutly maintained that after death communication with the earth would some day be possible, is now unable to communicate from behind the great unknown and guide me in the solution of this mystery.

"'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.'" Doctor Ranier pronounced it solemnly. "I wonder if Bob is trying to communicate with me now. I wonder if, from beyond the veil of death, he is trying to tell me the name of his murderer. And I wonder still more, Bob, if in this slip of paper which you left as your last act on earth you didn't try to leave me a message as to the manner of your death. 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears'— Are you trying to tell me that you took your own life in the interest of science, in an attempt to solve the mystery of death? It is just like you to have done so. I have often heard you say that what comes after death is the only question left for science to answer. But are you telling me that you took your own life because it is true, or because you want to shield some one else? Did you leave this paper, which you knew would point toward suicide, in order that the crime might not be fastened on some one you love? Your daughter Dorothy, perhaps? Or is your meaning something still more subtle? 'Adown titanic glooms—' I wonder. I may be on a wild-goose chase. It is a flimsy theory, but to-night will test it out."

His meditation was interrupted by the ringing of his door-bell. He arose and admitted Perry Doyle. Perry Doyle was a quietly dressed, unobtrusive little man, chiefly notable on account of the absolute negation of his appearance. He was a man so inconspicuous that the ordinary observer would not give him a second look.

Doctor Ranier greeted him cordially, took his hat and coat and pushed forward a comfortable chair.

"Make yourself comfortable, Mr. Doyle. I can't tell you how glad I am that you have been assigned to the Caulfield case. And I appreciate immensely your giving me an evening of your time."

"It is a pleasure to be associated with you, doctor," replied the detective. "I am sure my time is always at your command."

"Thank you. I shouldn't ask you to spend this evening in my study unless I felt sure some evidence would be revealed that will be of value to you in the case. I have arranged a little seance here to-night at which I think some startling things will be brought to light; in fact, I must confess that I have purposely concealed from you some of the evidence in my possession."

"You certainly had no cause to fear my discretion, doctor?"

"No, no," the doctor hastened to assure him. "I have implicit confidence both in your discretion and in your ability, Mr. Doyle. Right here let me say that I appreciate your having kept secret the fact that you found Professor Caulfield's will in his desk, and the unusual contents of that will."

Perry Doyle bowed an acknowledgment to the compliment.

"I confess, doctor, that I cannot see your exact reason for asking such secrecy, but I assure you that no one except the two of us knows that Doctor Caulfield wrote a will on the night of his death, or the provisions contained in it. I say no

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one; I mean, of course, except the two witnesses to the will."

"Exactly. Have you received the report of the autopsy?"

"Yes. Professor Caulfield came to his death as the result of curare poisoning. Curare, a poison much used by the South American Indians in poisoning their arrows, was injected into his blood stream through one of the veins of the lower arm. He probably lived only a few minutes after the injection. Perhaps you noticed at the time you discovered the body that there was a wound in his arm, as if a hypodermic needle had been inserted with force, and probably during a struggle. The wound was torn slightly and jagged."

"I noticed that at the time; but your conclusion that there had been a struggle doesn't necessarily follow. Doctor Caulfield might have been clumsy or nervous in inserting the needle and have made such a wound himself. Curare is just the sort of poison that a student of anthropology, such as Caulfield, would be familiar with. To my mind the nature of the poison tends to strengthen the theory of suicide."

Perry Doyle leaned forward earnestly and exploded his question.

"In which case, what became of the needle?"

"Reasoning from the suicide theory as a premise, I would say that there was probably plenty of time for him to have tossed it into the grate or otherwise to have disposed of it. However, I think to-night will disclose to you just what did become of the needle."

"You have a theory, then. I should like to hear it, Doctor Ranier."

"My theory must wait, Mr. Doyle." The doctor looked at his watch. "It is a bit absurd on the face of it, and I prefer to let the investigations I am about to conduct present it to your mind as the evidence develops. I have asked five people to come here to-night, all of whom have some knowledge of this crime—if crime it was. I have asked them to come at different times, so that I may question them in the order I desire. The first one is due at eight o'clock. We have twenty minutes to wait."

The doctor rose and, taking a box of cigars from a stand, offered one to Doyle.

"Will you have a cigar?"

"Thank you, but I never use them."

"A wise man, Mr. Doyle. I seldom indulge, myself. I am using this one to-night for a purpose. There will be certain questions that I shall ask to-night and certain statements that I shall make which will have a particular significance. As I ask those questions I shall strike a match to light this cigar. I, myself, shall be otherwise engaged at these times—making certain private observations of my own. I shall need your assistance and want to get the benefit of your trained powers of observation. I want you, whenever I start to light the cigar, to observe closely the facial expression and the reaction of the person being questioned. Then I want you to scribble on a scratch pad, which you can hold in your hand, one or two words telling the effect upon the witness. Please slip those notes to me under the corner of the desk. That all sounds melodramatic, perhaps, but I assure you I have a reason."

"Certainly, Doctor Ranier. It is not at all—er, unreasonable. I will follow your instructions."

"And now while we are waiting"—the doctor seated himself again—"have *you* formed any theory about Professor Caulfield's death?"

"I have." Perry Doyle looked closely at the inscrutable countenance of the gray-haired sage before him. "But before I outline *my* theory, I must ask *you* some questions." He was watching the doctor's face closely. "Doctor Ranier, it was you who supposedly first discovered the body. You stated at the coroner's inquest that you chanced to go to Professor Caulfield's house and found him dead. Was that simple statement the absolute truth?"

The doctor's answer came slowly, deliberately. "No."

"Then what was it that caused you to go there?"

"From your question, you probably know already that it was a 'phone call. At five minutes to eleven last night I received a call. The party on the other end of the wire excitedly urged me to go at once to Caulfield's. I did so, and found my old friend dead."

"Did you recognize the voice of the party who called you?"

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Doctor Ranier hesitated and then answered: "Yes."

"Whose was it?"

"I would rather not answer that question at present. You will know before this evening is over, Mr. Doyle."

"Doctor Ranier, I know now. James Reams was seen by three students leaving Professor Caulfield's home last night at ten minutes to eleven. He was running and apparently greatly excited. They watched him cross the campus and run into Commercy Court. The university telephone exchange has a record of a telephone call at five minutes to eleven from Commercy 25 to Commercy 35. Commercy 25 is James Reams's number, Commercy 35 is yours. Your call was from Reams and James Reams is at present under arrest at police headquarters, charged with the murder of Professor Robert Caulfield."

Doctor Ranier surprised the detective by smiling.

"You are right, Doyle. My congratulations on your shrewdness. Jimmy Reams was the man who called me. But I do not agree with you that he committed the crime—at least I cannot agree to that as yet. If you had investigated the telephone records a little further, you would have found a call at seventeen minutes to eleven from Campus 7 to Commercy 25. Campus 7 is Professor Caulfield's desk 'phone. At seventeen minutes to eleven Jimmy Reams was called to Professor Caulfield's house. He has told me about that call. He states that while he was reading in his room, his 'phone rang and Professor Caulfield's voice called over the wire: 'It's Bob. For God's sake come quick!' At first I didn't believe him, for Professor Caulfield would never have called Jimmy Reams in an emergency, and would never have said to Jimmy Reams 'It's Bob.' But the records at the telephone station show that there was such a call, and I think I can explain the rest of it. I believe that Jimmy Reams told me the truth and that when he reached Professor Caulfield's he found the professor dead. I think we can fix the time of the crime by that call—at eighteen or seventeen minutes to eleven. But then, Jimmy Reams did not tell me the whole truth. On another point he lied—or, at least, I am convinced he lied. He stated that he rushed out of the house and 'phoned me, but became embarrassed when I asked him why he went back to his own room before he 'phoned. At first he stated that he saw nothing of the hypodermic needle and syringe with which the crime—or suicide—was committed. He absolutely refused to talk on that point—says he knows nothing at all. To-night I hope to be able to force him to talk."

"You have asked him here as one of the five?"

"I have. And since you have had him locked up, would you mind calling police headquarters and having an officer bring him here at—say nine o'clock."

Perry Doyle stepped to the 'phone and sent the message as Doctor Ranier had requested. As he hung up the receiver the door-bell rang.

Doctor Ranier opened the door and admitted a tall, slender man, dressed in a well-tailored black suit and wearing prominent tortoise-shell glasses. A man of intellectual aspect—in age about thirty-five or maybe older.

"Lawrence, let me introduce Detective Doyle from headquarters. Mr. Doyle, this is Professor Thompson, formerly Doctor Caulfield's assistant. He has succeeded Professor Caulfield in the chair of anthropology."

The two men shook hands.

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Doyle." Lawrence Thompson took the chair which Doctor Ranier placed for him in front of the desk.

Doctor Ranier took his accustomed seat behind the desk, with Perry Doyle seated slightly to his right. The doctor picked up the cigar which was lying before him and fumbled with a box of matches. Doyle remained impassive. Professor Thompson was expectant.

"Lawrence," Doctor Ranier began, "I asked you in to this conference to-night because I think there may be disclosed some evidence bearing on the death of Professor Caulfield. I knew that you, his protégé, whom he had brought up from infancy and educated to continue his own work, would want to be here. I am expecting some others, but they are a little

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late in arriving, so I trust that you are in no hurry."

"No, indeed, doctor," Thompson replied. "I am very glad to be present. But I can hardly think there was any foul play connected with Professor Caulfield's death."

"You think, then, that it was suicide?" Ranier asked. "I would be glad to hear your theory. You knew Doctor Caulfield, probably better than any of us. I wish you would tell Mr. Doyle about Professor Caulfield's lecture in Anthropology IV yesterday. To my mind that seems the strongest evidence pointing toward suicide."

"That is the only reasonable theory that I can see," Professor Thompson began. "You see, Mr. Doyle, I have been very close to Professor Caulfield. He has been like a father to me since I was a baby. In fact, he is the only parent I have ever known. He never formally adopted me, but I lived in his home until very recent years. It was he who guided my education and trained me to fill the position his untimely death left vacant.

"Professor Caulfield was a man of science, a devoted student and follower of Darwin and Spencer, and yet he was not satisfied to rest within the limits of scientific fact. Yesterday he delivered a wonderful lecture in his senior anthropology class. He touched briefly on the great debt that science owes to Darwin for his work in proving the evolution of all forms of animal life, including man, from the beginning of things, through the unthinkable geological ages, to the forms of animal life which we find in the world today. He touched on Spencer's contribution to science in carrying on the work of Darwin and applying the principles of evolution to the customs of society, sociological factors, such as religion, marriage, and government.

"He ended his lecture most dramatically by saying that there was only one field of inquiry left open for scientific exploration, and that was death. Darwin and his followers had proved where we all came from and how we reached our present state. It remained for some even greater scientist to reveal where we went after death. He stated that, of course, all speculation as to the life hereafter was valueless and that the doctrines of religion were pure speculation. He closed by promising that, if it were in any way possible for him to communicate with any of us after his death, he would do so. And he ended with his favorite quotation: 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.'

"I understand that he left that quotation scribbled on a piece of paper when he was dying. To my mind that was his way of saying that he had taken his own life and had gone to fulfil his last mission as a scientist—an exploration of the life after death."

Perry Doyle was listening attentively and started to speak. A motion from Ranier silenced him.

"It is known that Professor Caulfield died as the result of a poison injected into his arm with a hypodermic needle." Doctor Ranier stated it quietly. "If it was suicide, how would you account for the disappearance of the needle?"

Professor Thompson answered without hesitation: "He was probably able to destroy it before he died."

"Perhaps. But there is another thing, Lawrence." Doctor Ranier fumbled with a match and unsuccessfully essayed to light the cigar with which he was playing. "When I found the body of Professor Caulfield, he was lying face downward on his desk. His desk 'phone was knocked over, the receiver off the hook. It looks as though he might have tried to call for help—hardly a logical action for a man who was deliberately taking his own life."

Lawrence Thompson appeared to be considering this suggestion. While waiting for his answer, Ranier read the scribbled note which Doyle slipped into his hand beneath the desk. It read: "No surprise—no disturbance—perfectly natural."

The professor was speaking.

"I am inclined to believe, as the coroner did, that the telephone may have been knocked over when Professor Caulfield lurched forward in death."

"When did you first learn of Professor Caulfield's death?" Doctor Ranier switched suddenly to another line of inquiry.

"Why, when you called me up to tell

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me about it. I think it was about eleven-thirty."

"I was fortunate to catch you at home."

"I had been in my room all evening. Had been reading a treatise by Professor Caulfield tracing the analogy between the stages of development which the human fœtus goes through in the womb and the stages of development through which the human race has progressed in the course of its evolution."

"Lawrence, Doctor Caulfield left a will which he wrote last night."

"Indeed!"

"In this will he revoked his former will and cut off his adopted daughter Dorothy with a thousand dollars. In his previous will he had left his very sizable fortune entirely to her. Can you suggest any reason why he should have taken such an action?"

A moment's silence while Professor Thompson seemed to be thinking. He answered hesitantly.

"Well, it seems like a slender cause, but knowing Professor Caulfield as I do, it is not beyond the range of probability. He was a man who insisted upon having his own way. That trait of his character probably ranked second only to his devotion to science. And Dorothy would not abide by her father's wishes in some respects. They had a violent quarrel yesterday afternoon."

"And the reason for that quarrel?"

"It is a rather delicate matter and I hesitate to speak of it. It was over her infatuation for James Reams. Professor Caulfield had no patience with Reams; he considered him a waster and a dreamer. Professor Caulfield was a great admirer of the fine arts and a careful student of poetry, but he considered Reams one of these modern youths who mock the settled principles of the old masters, not because of a sincere belief that free verse and impressionistic, futuristic poetry represent a higher medium of expression, but simply for the notoriety connected with the espousal of a new field of thought."

"How did you know this?"

"Professor Caulfield related the circumstances to me. He said that he would not see his money left to the support of a whippersnapper of a loafer who posed as a poet. He threatened to disown Dorothy unless she married a man of his selection."

"And you were the man of his choice." Doctor Ranier stated it as a fact, but Thompson went on to answer.

"I had asked Dorothy to marry me, and her father regarded my suit favorably."

"Do you think the prospect of a marriage between you and his adopted daughter was the reason that Professor Caulfield had never adopted you as his son?"

"I hardly know. I have never considered the question."

Doctor Ranier took up his neglected cigar and struck a match. He seemed to forget his purpose, and absent-mindedly let it burn without lighting the cigar.

"Professor Thompson, do you know who your parents were?"

"Why, no." Thompson was evidently startled. "But that question seems hardly relevant to our discussion, doctor."

"I beg your pardon; of course not. You must pardon my erratic mind. It follows peculiar channels." Doctor Ranier looked down at Doyle's note as he spoke. Perry Doyle had scribbled: "Startled—but I don't blame him—a flash of fear showed, too."

Doctor Ranier threw back his head and contemplated the ceiling.

"What were we on? Oh, yes, the will. It is a peculiar twist of fate that the will my dear friend Caulfield wrote on his last night on earth can never be carried out—it was improperly witnessed."

"But two witnesses are all that the law requires!" For once Thompson spoke spontaneously.

"Is that the law?" Doctor Ranier was still regarding the ceiling and speaking casually. "In that case you are fortunate, Lawrence, for I believe there are two witnesses to this will, and under it you are left Professor Caulfield's entire fortune, amounting to something over a hundred thousand dollars."

"Why, sir, you startle me!"

"Ah, yes, but to return to the problem. I am surprised that Caulfield didn't remember his old boyhood sweetheart, Alice Berceau."

"Probably because Alice Berceau died

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in New York a little over a month ago." It was Thompson who made the answer.

"You knew Alice Berceau?" A match flashed as Ranier shot the question.

"No, that is, I——"

"Perhaps Professor Caulfield told you of his romance with her?"

"No, he didn't, but oh—er—well, I had heard of her, of course."

Perry Doyle's note read: "Struck a reaction that time, but what the h——?"

"Well, well," went on Ranier. "So Alice Berceau, the famous actress and still more famous adventuress, died in New York, the scene of her former glory. But I am wandering again. Doyle here thinks that Professor Caulfield was murdered, Lawrence."

"Of course," Professor Thompson conceded, "there is ground for such a theory, but I can hardly believe it myself. If he were murdered, why should he have written the note he did?"

"There are two explanations for the note." Ranier looked at his watch. "One, that he left it to shield some one he dearly loved, preferring people to think it was suicide rather than have the crime fastened on the guilty party; the other——"

Professor Thompson interrupted.

"In that case your theory of his having 'phoned for help is exploded."

"Yes, in a way. But the other explanation was suggested by Mr. Doyle, and is that the murderer may have forced him to write the note—perhaps guided his hand after he had 'phoned for help."

Perry Doyle had made no such suggestion, but he remained silent.

"In which case the murderer—" began Lawrence Thompson.

"Ah, yes," Doctor Ranier interposed; "in that case the murderer must have known that 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears' would mean to Professor Caulfield's friends that he had committed suicide."

The door-bell rang.

"Will you answer the door, please, Lawrence? I imagine that is Dorothy."

Professor Thompson admitted a slender girl, dressed in deep mourning, which could not entirely conceal her beauty. Doctor Ranier formally introduced her to Perry Doyle and helped her to a chair in front of the desk. He then resumed his own seat.

Lawrence Thompson protested.

"My dear doctor, there can be no excuse for dragging Miss Caulfield into this discussion. I must protest."

Dorothy Caulfield answered for herself.

"It was at my own request that I came to this conference to-night. Doctor Ranier seems to think that father was killed—that it was not suicide—and promised that evidence as to the guilty party would probably be disclosed here to-night. Naturally, I asked him to allow me to attend."

"Thank you, Dorothy." Doctor Ranier spoke courteously. "I am very glad that you were willing to come. It was important that you be here—so important that I should have felt it necessary to ask you to come, even if you had not so desired. And while we are waiting for the others, will you permit me to ask you a few questions?"

"I've already told you what I know, doctor. Is it necessary to go over the ground again? I met you on the campus as you were going to father's house. I accompanied you, and after you—after you came back down-stairs and told me—I swooned. That's all I know."

"Dorothy, did you have a quarrel with your father yesterday?"

"Yes." Her answer was scarcely audible.

"Over the question of your marriage?"

She nodded assent.

"And you left the house intending to marry the man of your choice in spite of your father's wishes to the contrary? You probably told him that when you left?"

"Yes, I did. We had a quarrel and I told him I would not obey him in a matter which I considered my personal affair."

"When you left the house, where did you go?"

"To Madge King's."

"I happen to know that you left Miss King's at twenty-three minutes to eleven. It is about three minutes' walk from Miss King's home to the campus. I met you on the campus at five minutes to eleven or very shortly thereafter. Will you please tell me frankly where you were be-

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tween twenty minutes to eleven and the time I met you on the campus?"

"I—I must have walked back slowly."

"Really, doctor, I can't stand for this, you know," Lawrence Thompson again interceded.

"Be still, please." Doctor Ranier again turned to the girl before him.

"You were almost running when I met you, and, besides, you were greatly excited—almost frantic with terror. I do not wish to be hard or cruel, Dorothy, but I must know where you were. Won't you explain frankly what happened?"

"I have told you all I can."

"And suppose I tell you that I know where you were and what happened?"

"Then why ask?" She straightened in her chair. "I did not come here to submit to an examination. I refuse to answer."

Doctor Ranier settled back in his chair and carelessly lighted a match.

"And suppose I tell you that the hypodermic needle with which the poison was administered to your father has been found?"

"My God!" And Dorothy Caulfield fainted in her chair. There was no need of a note from Perry Doyle. Doctor Ranier's eyes were on Lawrence Thompson.

Thompson sprang from his seat, red and excited, and rushed to the fainting girl. Assisted by Perry Doyle, he carried her to the couch at the side of the room. Doyle was administering restoratives. Thompson faced Doctor Ranier, who alone remained calm.

"This is an outrage, doctor! You surely are not accusing Miss Caulfield of murder simply because of her quarrel with her father? I refuse to believe it—even if the hypodermic *was* found in her room."

"Ah!" Doctor Ranier almost lost his own composure. "Then how could it have gotten there?"

"I don't know but— Oh, it's simply preposterous, that's all. And yet I know Dorothy's headstrong temper. Of course Doctor Caulfield was only her adopted father. And she was madly infatuated with Jimmy Reams. But no! Couldn't the murderer have placed the needle in her room?"

"Ah!" Again Doctor Ranier exclaimed. "A probable suggestion! I thank you. Would you mind answering the door-bell and asking the people who are there to wait a minute? We shall continue after we have revived Dorothy."

Perry Doyle's restoratives were having their effect and Dorothy Caulfield soon returned to consciousness. Doctor Ranier walked over to her couch.

"My dear Dorothy, your refusal to tell what you know is making it harder for us all. Won't you please tell me what you are fighting so to conceal?"

She shook her head. "I refuse to answer."

Doctor Ranier returned to his desk. "Ask the people in the hall to step in, please."

Lawrence Thompson admitted Mary McCann and Finley, respectively maid and butler at the Caulfield home.

"Were you on duty last night, Finley?" Doctor Ranier addressed the butler.

"No, sir—that is, I was not at the house, sir, after ten. The professor, sir, he let Mary and me off to go to a dance we had been wishing to attend."

"Then you left the house at ten, also, did you, Mary?"

"Yes, sir."

"Before you left did Professor Caulfield call you into his study to witness a will?"

"Yes, sir," Finley replied. "He had us both sign our names as witnesses to the will he had just written."

"How do you know he had just written it?"

"Because, sir, he had written it in ink, and the ink was still wet on it, sir."

"Ah, yes. So you are willing to swear that Professor Caulfield had just finished writing this will at ten o'clock?"

"A little before that, sir; say a quarter to ten."

"And you affixed your signatures as witnesses at about ten?"

"Yes, sir; maybe a little before."

"And then you and Mary left the house and know nothing of what happened later?"

"Yes, sir. I mean to say, sir, we did leave the house and know nothing more."

"Was Miss Caulfield at home when you left?"

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"No, sir."

"One thing more. Did you see Doctor Caulfield sign his name to the will?"

"No, sir."

"Very well; that is all. You may go."

"Yes, sir; ah, thank you, sir." And Finley and Mary made their exit.

Doctor Ranier turned to his assembled guests.

"I am sorry; we shall have to wait a few minutes for the next caller. I made a slight miscalculation of the time. Mr. Doyle, would you mind calling up and seeing if the prisoner is on his way here?"

"Prisoner!" Professor Thompson exclaimed. "Have you made an arrest in this case, Mr. Doyle?"

Doctor Ranier replied:

"Jimmy Reams is under arrest charged with the murder of Professor Caulfield."

At his statement Dorothy Caulfield rose to a sitting posture on the couch. It was evident that she was making a great effort for self-control. She dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"Doctor Ranier, I can't stay. I couldn't stand it to see Jimmy put through the third degree."

Doctor Ranier replied gently: "I am sorry, Dorothy, but I am forced to say that I cannot permit you to leave—unless you will disclose the information you are concealing."

Dorothy settled back on the couch. Doyle reported that the prisoner and his escort should arrive at any minute. Doctor Ranier sat toying with his cigar.

"What do you think now, Lawrence? Do you think Detective Doyle has nabbed the right man?"

"I am compelled to admit, sir, that it looks pretty black for Reams. He is the one man who could possibly have a motive for the killing. He might have figured that it was the only way in which he could win the girl he loved. He probably did not feel any too kindly toward Professor Caulfield. He also might have figured it was the only way he could gain control of the Caulfield fortune."

Dorothy Caulfield turned her face away and bit her lip in an effort to remain silent at this last statement.

"The motive is what has been worrying me," remarked Ranier casually. "It hardly seems reasonable that a boy like Reams would kill a man except for some tremendously compelling reason. I know Reams rather well, and he is a pretty wild boy; has a nasty temper and is prone to brood over things—poetic temperament, I guess—but I can't quite imagine his killing a man for such an aim as you suggest. However, it does look black, blacker than you think. Detective Doyle has witnesses who will swear that they saw Reams running away from the Caulfield house at the time the crime must have been committed."

Lawrence Thompson was apparently giving the matter deep consideration.

"There is only one logical conclusion. Reams must have been out of his head when he did it. Only a madman would have concealed the needle in the room of the girl he loved."

"Ah, yes," remarked Doctor Ranier. "That was a mistake. A criminal, however, in covering up his tracks makes some very peculiar breaks, particularly if he is above the class of the ordinary criminal and a man of brains and imagination. I've found that it always happens so."

The door-bell rang, and Lawrence Thompson ushered in Jimmy Reams, a rather delicate, undeveloped boy, in the custody of a blue-coated policeman. Reams was decidedly pale and nervous. Ranier nodded to Doyle, who dismissed the officer, telling him to wait outside and saying that he would be personally responsible for the prisoner.

Reams stood before the desk. He trembled a bit when he caught sight of Dorothy Caulfield. Doctor Ranier did not offer him a chair.

"I am going to be brief, Jimmy." The doctor's tone was crisp but not altogether unkind. "You are in a very serious situation, and I wish to advise you, as man to man, to be frank and open. I want you to answer a few questions."

"Very well, sir. I have refused to talk at police headquarters because you advised me not to."

"I'll want you to repeat what you told me for the benefit of these others. Please repeat just what you told me about the telephone call you received last night."

Jimmy Reams answered cautiously but looked his examiner straight in the eye.

"I was sitting in my room last night,

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reading. Some of the fellows had asked me to go to a show, but I didn't feel like it. The telephone rang and I answered it. I recognized Professor Caulfield's voice—he was speaking under great excitement. He said: 'It's Bob. For God's sake come quick.' I tried to get further information over the 'phone, but he didn't answer, so I jumped out of my bath-robe, jerked on a sweater, and ran across the campus to his house. I found him dead." Reams stopped.

Doctor Ranier prompted him.

"Go on; that isn't all."

"That's all, except that I lost my head and ran back to my room before 'phoning you."

"I wonder why you tried to hide the fact that you ran back to your room before 'phoning. You tried to conceal it when you talked to me this morning. But we'll let that pass. I knew you 'phoned from your room, for I recognized your voice over the 'phone and, after you hung up, I stepped to my window there. I could see you in your room across the court as you were putting down the 'phone."

Doctor Ranier nervously lighted a match, only to blow it out.

"Did you know, Jimmy, that I could see into your room from my windows?" Doctor Ranier was watching Dorothy Caulfield as he spoke. She was leaning forward, hanging on every word. At his question she started. Doyle's note told him the effect his words had had on Jimmy Reams. "You struck oil then," read Doyle's scrawl.

But Jimmy answered quietly: "No, sir, I didn't."

"And now, have you any idea why Professor Caulfield should call you in his emergency, or why he should say to you 'It's Bob'?"

"I haven't; no, sir."

"It sounds like a fish-story to me," put in Lawrence Thompson. "I am more convinced than ever that Mr. Doyle has landed the right man."

"I think I can explain the call," Ranier said calmly. "Your telephone number, Jimmy, is Commercy 25; mine is Commercy 35. Isn't it quite likely that Bob Caulfield was trying to call me and that Central got the number wrong? That would explain his saying 'It's Bob.' Jimmy, I believe your story! I believe that the crime was committed before you reached the house. Now come clean with me and we will clear you here and now. What's the rest of it?"

"That's all I know, sir."

"When you discovered the body, did you see anything"—Doctor Ranier paused and actually lighted his cigar, then laid it aside in the ash-tray—"of the hypodermic needle that was used to administer the poison to Professor Caulfield?"

"I did not, sir." Doyle's observation registered: "Never fazed him." Jimmy Reams was meeting Doctor Ranier's searching look without flinching.

Doctor Ranier used another match and puffed a few puffs, retaining the cigar in his mouth as he formed the next question.

"Jimmy, will you tell me the truth if I tell you that the needle has been found?"

Jimmy Reams remained silent. Doyle reported: "That shot got him." Dorothy Caulfield half rose from her couch. Thompson leaned forward. Doctor Ranier went on, puffing contentedly and attempting to blow a smoke-ring ceilingward.

"And if I should add found in the room of Dorothy Caulfield?"

"That's a lie!" Jimmy Reams screamed it. Then he returned as suddenly to his stoic silence. Dorothy sprang to her feet and remained standing.

"Jimmy Reams," said Ranier, "I am going to acquit you of this crime, but to do so I must fasten it onto your sweetheart."

"You'll not!" Reams's reserve was broken. He was leaning over the desk, glaring directly into the eyes of Doctor Ranier. "If you found the needle at all, you found it in my room—you found it in the bottom drawer of my desk, under some books and papers. I don't know why I didn't throw it away as I was crossing the campus. I was too crazed with fear, I suppose. But I'll come through now. You've got me. I killed Professor Caulfield." After his outburst and confession he settled back to a grim calm, though beads of perspiration were standing out on his forehead. Perry Doyle looked questioningly at Ranier. It

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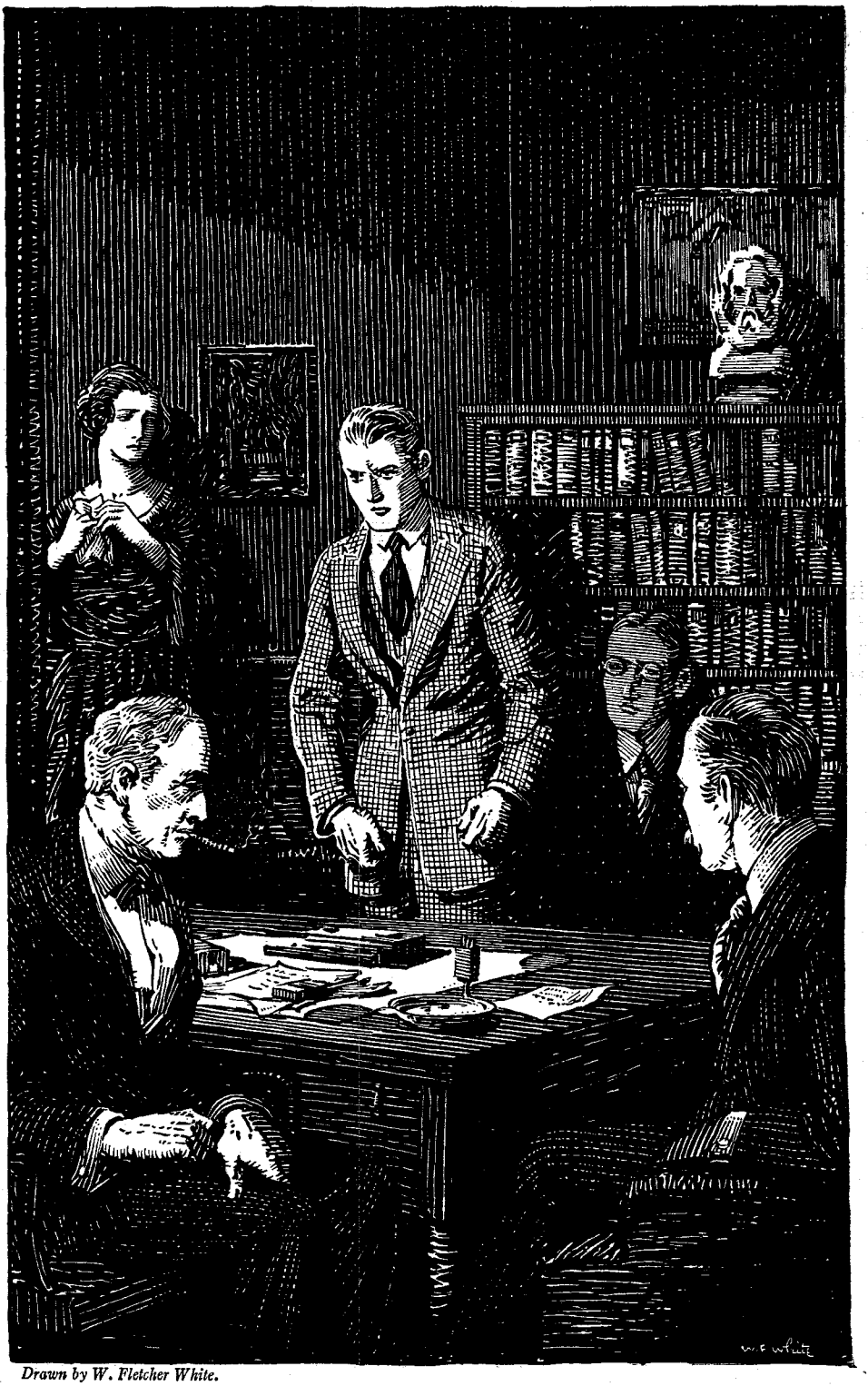

Drawn by W. Fletcher White.

"That's a lie!" Jimmy Reams screamed it.—Page 356.

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should be said for Perry, however, that the first shadows of doubt were beginning to appear. Dorothy Caulfield rushed to the front of the desk, seizing Doctor Ranier by the hand.

"Please, doctor," she implored. "He's confessed now. You tricked him into it by pretending you were going to fasten it on me. Don't torture him any more."

Doctor Ranier patted her hand.

"Don't you think it is time you were confessing what *you* know? I knew all the time that the needle and syringe were in his room. I saw him hide something in his desk last night, after he 'phoned me. My windows, again, served a useful purpose. But don't you realize, little girl, that he is confessing to a crime that he didn't commit—confessing to murder because he thinks that you are guilty."

Dorothy staggered under her surprise.

"You mean he is lying to protect me! Why, no! Doctor, you can't mean that you really think I did it!"

"No, I don't think you did it. But I stated the truth when I said the needle was found in your room. At least, that is the only theory which will fit in with all the facts and explain the psychological reactions of Jimmy Reams. My theory is that the needle was found in your room, but it was found there by Jimmy Reams. He took the needle and he is taking the responsibility for the crime to protect you."

Jimmy tried to interrupt, but Perry Doyle leaped to his feet and hushed the impending protest.

Dorothy Caulfield was speaking.

"I should have trusted you, doctor. I will give you the information I have been concealing. After leaving Madge King's last night, I went to Jimmy's room. I was going to tell him of my quarrel with father and, if he wanted me to, I was willing to elope. He wasn't there—it must have been just after he had rushed out in answer to the telephone call—so I hid behind a drapery, waiting to surprise him. The drapery was near the door. He came in looking like a wild man, and I overheard his 'phone call to you. I realized something dreadful had happened at home. Then I saw him take that hypodermic syringe out of his pocket and hide it in his desk. He was talking to himself all the time. I didn't quite realize what it all meant, but I was terror-stricken, and I slipped out of the door and rushed off toward home. Then you overtook me."

"Ah," sighed Doctor Ranier. "My dear, I saw you leave Jimmy's room and I followed you out of Commercy Court. I had to know how long you had been there and I wanted you to tell it yourself, before Jimmy, so that he would be convinced that he was not shielding you in maintaining his silence. And now, Jimmy, you see that your sweetheart is clear. We can establish an alibi for her. Now, where did you get hold of that needle?"

"Doctor Ranier," Jimmy burst out, his eyes glowing, "you have saved my life and you have saved me from believing Dorothy guilty of a hideous crime. Your chance shot was a direct hit. I found the hypodermic in Dorothy's room. I ran in to call her after I had found Professor Caulfield dead."

"Are you working back to the theory of suicide, doctor?" The question came from Lawrence Thompson.

"I am not. Lawrence Thompson, I am charging you with the murder of Professor Caulfield. Mr. Doyle, there is your man."

Thompson attempted a bold front.

"Me! Why, you are absolutely absurd. I never heard of such a thing!"

"I will present my case against you. First, you lied about having been in your room all last evening. Your unguarded exclamation that a will needed only two witnesses told me that you knew Professor Caulfield's will had two witnesses. It suggested that you had probably seen that will and that you had seen it after ten o'clock last night—the hour at which the witnesses signed. That established the fact that you might have been present in the house of the crime at the time of the crime. I wasn't sure of you yet, but I had my opening. Then, you were too willing to defend the suicide theory, and later to switch to the idea that Dorothy killed her father. You covered it up with expostulations, but you were only too glad to see my questions tending in that direction. It just suited you to have the crime fastened on to Jimmy Reams and you lent yourself too readily to that hy-

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pothesis. My suspicions were further confirmed when you tried to encourage me in my suspicion of Jimmy."

"Absurd, I tell you, absolutely absurd!" Lawrence Thompson interrupted. "What possible motive could I have had?"

"At first I was at a loss for a motive, but your motives are very evident now. First, you succeed to the chair of anthropology. Second, you would inherit something over one hundred thousand dollars before Professor Caulfield could have a chance to effect a reconciliation with his adopted daughter and change his will again. You thought we would all jump to the idea of suicide and it would be easy to avoid suspicion. Then you had another motive—revenge. You wished to avenge the fancied wrongs of Alice Berceau."

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Professor Thompson, mopping his forehead.

"You claimed to know nothing of Alice Berceau, and nothing of your parentage. Again, I am sure you were lying. You cannot lie smoothly, when you are taken by surprise. You forget that I was a boyhood friend of Bob Caulfield's and knew his innermost secrets. Alice Berceau was once the wife of Bob Caulfield; she left him in order to lead the gay life in New York which she preferred to quiet decency. She was a disgraceful woman, and Bob always kept his marriage secret. You were the child of that marriage, the son of Robert Caulfield and Alice Berceau. Professor Caulfield was so bitter against Alice Berceau that he would never admit that you were his son; he was unwilling, at that time, for you to bear his name. Later, you showed such tendencies to follow in the wild path led by your mother that he never became willing for you to bear his name—he claimed that you were not his son. Yet secretly he believed you were and, accordingly, he took you and brought you up. If he hadn't done so, your mother would, probably, have abandoned you. You were originally christened Lawrence Berceau, but Professor Caulfield, of course, would not stand for that, and had your name changed to Lawrence Thompson. Your mother always cherished an unreasonable hatred against your father. She blamed him for not taking her back after she had sowed her wild oats and disgraced herself. You knew of her death—you revealed that in spite of yourself—and it is my surmise that, before she died, she broke her word to your father and revealed to you your parentage. I imagine that she probably told you all her grievances against Bob Caulfield, poisoned your mind against him, and even went so far as to exact your promise to avenge her fancied wrongs."

"I admit nothing of what you say," Thompson declared defiantly. At the same time he was evidently weakening; he was manifestly nervous.

Ranier went on quietly, but closely watching his victim.

"That is almost a confession, Lawrence. Your choice of the poison used was a good one, if you had stuck to your original scheme of planting evidence toward suicide. Curare is such a poison as Professor Caulfield would use, but it is also one which you would use if you wanted to have people think Professor Caulfield committed suicide. Professor Caulfield probably spoiled that scheme when he managed to get in that telephone call for help. Accordingly, you planted other evidence—for example, you probably forced him to write that note, 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.' But you made your worst mistake when you planted that needle in Dorothy's room. You made the mistake that is made by so many crooks of brains and imagination—you established too many plausible theories. The only point in which they could all be reconciled was the fact that they all served to confuse the issue and that they all pointed in one direction—away from you."

Thompson was rapidly losing control; his nervousness was increasing. "Do you mean to say that I placed the needle in Dorothy Caulfield's room?" He attempted a sneer.

"I do," Doctor Ranier stated calmly. "As a matter of fact, I found the needle in the room of Jimmy Reams—not in Dorothy's room. The fact that he had carried it home and so firmly refused to answer questions about it suggested to me that he had found it somewhere else and that he considered the place where he had found it evidence which would in-

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jure some one he loved. I jumped to the conclusion that he was shielding Dorothy. You overdid your expostulations when I put Dorothy Caulfield through the third degree, and before anything in the examination had betrayed the fact that the needle had been found in her room, you protested that you knew she could not be guilty, even though the needle had been found—and you added from your own knowledge the words 'in her room.' That confirmed my suspicions beyond a doubt that you knew it had been put there—that you had put it there."

"That is all very fine but it is not evidence." Thompson was making his last stand.

"Detective Doyle will have no trouble in digging up the necessary evidence. You have convicted yourself, Thompson. I advise you to confess."

"The case is made out to my satisfaction, doctor," interposed Perry Doyle. "I will release Reams from arrest. Professor Thompson, you are under arrest, charged with the murder of Professor Caulfield."

Thompson's nerve broke and he made a dash for the door. He was intercepted by the officer waiting outside for Jimmy Reams.

Doyle issued a staccato order, "Hold that man!" and Thompson's attempt at escape was over. The officer brought him back into the room.

Doctor Ranier was smiling. "That *is* a confession, Lawrence. There is one other point I wish to touch on. When I stated that Professor Caulfield's will was improperly witnessed, I stated the truth. It is required that the two witnesses to a will not only witness the will but also witness the signature of the man making it. Professor Caulfield was, apparently, not aware of this technicality, and had the witnesses witness the will but not his signature. Under the circumstances this will is void and his former will holds. Dorothy Caulfield will inherit the property under the provisions of the first will. Mr. Doyle, I have presented the case against Lawrence Thompson. I will leave it to you to dig up the necessary technical evidence to secure the conviction."

"And you can bet I'll dig it up," Perry Doyle assured him from the confidence born of trained experience. "One thing, though, doctor. You must have had something which originally aroused your suspicions of Lawrence Thompson. I should like to know what that was."

Doctor Francis Ranier smiled. "I think I am right in the way I reconstruct the scene of the crime. First, Professor Thompson forcibly injected the poison into Professor Caulfield's arm. He then turned away to await the effect of the poison; perhaps he started into Dorothy's room to leave the needle. Bob seized the 'phone and sent the call which reached Jimmy Reams by mistake. Thompson rushed back into the room, wrested the 'phone from his hands, and forced him to write a final message which would point toward suicide. *But*"—Doctor Ranier paused dramatically—"in that last message Robert Caulfield double-crossed his murderer. The message which he left was satisfactory to Thompson, for it pointed toward suicide—'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears.' But that quotation, with a straggling question-mark in the place where the author's name is usually found, conveyed to me the first clew to the murderer's identity. Jimmy Reams, can you tell me from what poet the quotation 'Adown titanic glooms of chasmed fears' is taken?"

Jimmy Reams's eyes sparkled. "Professor Ranier, I never thought you were so familiar with the English poets. The quotation is from Thompson's 'Hound of Heaven.'"

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The Typical American

BY SVEN V. KNUDSEN

Author of the "Danish Handbook of Boy Scouting"; Inspector at the Danish State High School

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

[DR. KNUDSEN has been on his way around the world, studying educational conditions. He and his wife have motored in a Ford car from coast to coast, visiting all the Eastern States, the Rocky Mountains, the Indians of the Southwest, old Mexico, and California. They sailed from San Francisco on February 21. In the same car they continued their journey through the Orient, Egypt, and across Europe to Denmark.]

IT is the people, after all, that give the country its character. But what are the American people? That is what really puzzles you. You talk of the United States, and there is no doubt that the Union is a fact. Everything in the history of the States—the Revolution, the solving of the problems in the Civil War, the proceedings before and in the World War—everything shows that the States stick together, and, though diverging in details, after all feel as one body. They have convinced the world of their unity in mind and deed. But what about the American people? The States are a unit, but the people are anything but that. I had hardly been twenty-four hours in New York before I seemed to know several thousand people, if not intimately, then at least by face.

The chauffeurs of the taxis, the newspaper boys, even the little shiner with his box seemed to be known to me. I wondered where I had seen all those faces before, this being my first visit to the United States. Then it suddenly came into my mind that I had seen them all on board the emigrant steamer.

There they had all been: Isaac, Moses, Benjamin, Israel, Rosenthal, and all the rest of them, all coming from different places in Russia and former provinces of that country. All went to the United States to seek what they had not found in the old country: a living and a life in happiness and peace. The United States have more than one hundred millions of inhabitants, but on board that steamer was the material of at least four hundred new ones, and in New York I am sure I found hundreds of thousands of the same type. The sight of that crowd on board the steamer could not help but make one think of how life would be to them when they came ashore. They were all uneducated, could hardly read and write, all insufficiently dressed, undernourished, and probably unable to work hard on account of their weak bodies. Yet all would have to earn a living, though not knowing one word of the American language.

Maybe they are all happy now, just as happy as the rest of their race in the States. But are they Americans? Or will they ever be Americans? That is the question I have put to myself, and to several who regard themselves as Americans to the very back-bone. Most of these have denied it, yet facts seem to answer in the affirmative. If they will ever be Americans the States must indeed be a wonderful melting-pot, superior to the rest of the nations. If they can teach people of so many nationalities and languages to be of one mind and soul, they have achieved more than any nation in the world ever did. It is remarkable to see how people, forever squabbling in Europe, when immigrating to the States seem to co-operate as good citizens. Irishmen work together with Englishmen, Germans with French, and Austrians with Czecho-Slovaks. Maybe they do not co-operate very intimately; they are, anyhow, less antagonistic than when at home.

Crossing the continent by a stretch of the National Old Trails Road, I passed

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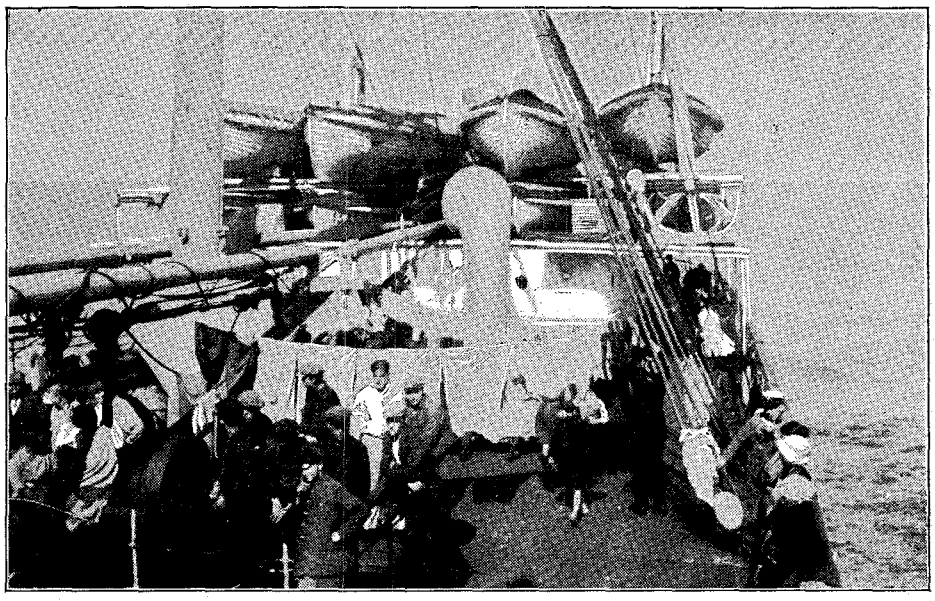

Wash-day on a Jewish emigrant steamer.

through the newest parts of the United States. Those parts gave me more reason than anything else to think of how mixed the American population is. I have realized that most of the European immigrants learn to make themselves understood in the American language, although they talk a very poor language, and write a worse one. But what about the former Spanish population in New Mexico and Arizona? Will they ever be Americans in that sense? I have enjoyed travelling thousands of miles in the States, everywhere having been able to get along with one language. I cannot help comparing travelling in Europe, where you will have to change your language every third day and sometimes more often than that—otherwise people will stare blankly at you, and you will not be able to get even a drink of water. I had, in some ways, that kind of out-of-bounds feeling when driving through the two States mentioned. Being used to getting an answer from anybody on the road, you feel somewhat uncomfortable when the person asked shakes his head and gives every indication of not understanding the American language. Not being able to talk Spanish, one has to try to get an answer on the question from the next passer-by. That is like travelling in Europe for people only mastering their own language. I have no doubt that even the Spanish-talking population in the new States will learn to talk American, if not in this generation then in the next anyhow, and it is my hope that it will not be long before the Mexicans will be like the rest of the citizens of the States. But I must confess that I hope the same thing will never happen to the Indians out there.

Maybe it is un-American to foster any thought like that, but then you will have to forgive me that I am a little cosmopolitan in this matter. To all civilized people the Indians have a charm about them, a touch of early life on earth, that ought to be preserved. There is no doubt that the redskin of the Eastern States is destroyed forever. He is only living in Fenimore Cooper's charming novels. But the Indian of the great Southwest has a chance of keeping up a little of the life and the civilization that is natural to him and, in all its simpleness, is fascinating to modern people. That life preserved will be of more worth to mankind than any little bit of modern civilization transplanted into a soil where there is really no growth for it. Staying with a government inspector, I

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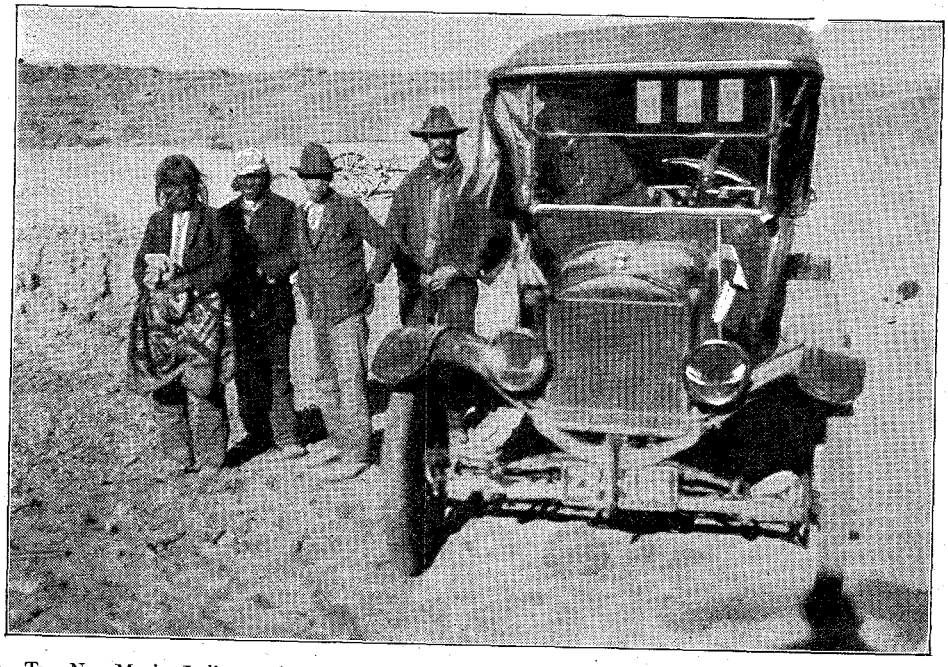
had an opportunity to discuss the problem with an authority on the question. His view affirmed my opinion that it is better to leave the Indians alone and not try to make them Americans. Their hearts and souls are far away from the feelings of white men. *You will lose a few Americans, but an interesting part of mankind will be preserved.*

My visit to the States has changed what I will have to teach my boys at school. We teach them in history that the Civil War was fought principally to free the negroes of the Southern States from abject slavery. The Northern States won, and the nation settled that all slaves should be free. After that day all colored people were to be like white people. That was a day of triumph for humanity. I have found that to be wrong. The colored people are not slaves any more, that is true; but they are not like white people. My only disappointment in the United States was to find that the feeling that we teach as the ruling feeling in and after the Civil War, and the predominance of which meant the greatest step toward the victory of human rights, does not exist. When trying to discuss the problem with intelligent Americans, they all seem to evade a discussion. In my own mind I have interpreted that behavior as an indication of a bad conscience. Maybe I am wrong, yet one cannot help thinking that Abraham Lincoln did not evade a discussion of the problem, but tackled it vigorously. The fact that he is now the glorious national hero seems to contrast strikingly with the fact that very few Americans nowadays live up to his ideals in that question.

All these types—the Jewish immigrant, the Mexican descendant, the Indian, and the colored man—are not what a European thinks of as typical Americans. It is very difficult to point out the type that every Danish boy has in his mind when reading or hearing about the technical wonders, or the immense amounts of agricultural products that are characteristic of America. Who is behind all that? Who is the typical American? It is certainly not any of those that left their homes twenty or thirty years ago. They live all right on this side of the water, are regarded as very good and handy workers, and have, maybe, made quite a lot of money. Yet their broken language tells their origin,



Two New Mexico Indians and two Mexicans helping us out of a river-bed. No conversation except by gestures.

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and when you happen to see them closer at hand, following their lives more intimately, you will soon discover that they do not have their roots in America. They have married here, their children flock around them, they seem to feel at home. Yet the slightest reminder of their boyhood or early manhood in their own country will make them homesick. I have had that experience, not alone with my own countrymen when telling them about home, but my meetings with Germans, Englishmen, Swedes, and Italians, whose home towns I happen to have visited, and who in this way were reminded of early life there, have fully convinced me of the fact that, though they act and behave as Americans, still their hearts are in their old country. But their children, are they not the typical Americans? Far from that. Their language is at least better, but it bears witness of the languages spoken in their homes, where the parents very often try to keep up their mother tongue in daily conversation. Furthermore, the children are, in many other ways, reminded of their parents' old country, so that, out of parental love and a kind of loyalty, they will be kept away from a real, genuine American atmosphere. Anyhow, there is certainly a type that is as pure American as any Indian is Indian. I have met several representatives of that type, and I can tell them from any other type. They are, of course, all descendants of immigrants—the whole white population, after all, consisting of immigrants—but the wonderful thing is that many of them are only three or four generations from the original immigrants. Yet they seem to have forgotten everything about their ancestors, very often only their names recalling their origin. You find them everywhere in the States—not very many, though—but their appearance seems to radiate that energy, that unconquerable virility and manliness that is the ideal of any wide-awake American boy. They do not talk very much of patriotism, yet you feel that they know only of one nation, the United States. England is a democratic country, the whole population having nearly the same rights. Yet there is no doubt a predominating class in England of intelligent, highly educated people that act as leaders to the rest of the people. The United States are not less democratic than England, maybe more, and everybody is praising freedom and equality. *I think that those typical Americans play the same part as England's ruling class, performing the duty of being the American public mind.* Except for this national group, it is, for example, incomprehensible how quickly and irresistibly all newcomers are shaped and formed into the same mould. *This class of typical Americans is undoubtedly behind everything.* They are found in business, although much business is carried on by thousands of others, not caring so much for the States as for their money. (The same is the case in European countries.) They are numerously represented on the staffs of newspapers and magazines, and in educational life. I have had special opportunity to realize how influential these real Americans are in both these lines, and how much all others take after them. Last, but not least, they are found among the farmers. This may sound peculiar to many, as it is commonly believed that farming is taken up mostly by newcomers. Yet it is a fact that many farmers represent that type of full-blooded Americans that largely contributes to stabilize the American people.

I have found quite a few, some tracing their ancestors almost back to the days of the Revolution, still occupying the original homesteads on the tracts that were cleared and cultivated more than a hundred and fifty years ago. This was the case in many places in New Hampshire, yet I found changing conditions there that in a short span of time will make an end of the typical American as a farmer in those districts. Driving around and camping in the White Mountains, it attracted my attention that I found more deserted farms than occupied farms. In some tracts three out of five farms were desolate, the buildings decaying, the fields completely covered by weeds, and dozens of apple-trees offering their rich harvest to the hungry travellers. Inquiring in a village I was informed that since last census the population of the neighborhood of that village had decreased from two hundred and ten to one hundred and four inhabitants. A leader of a boys'

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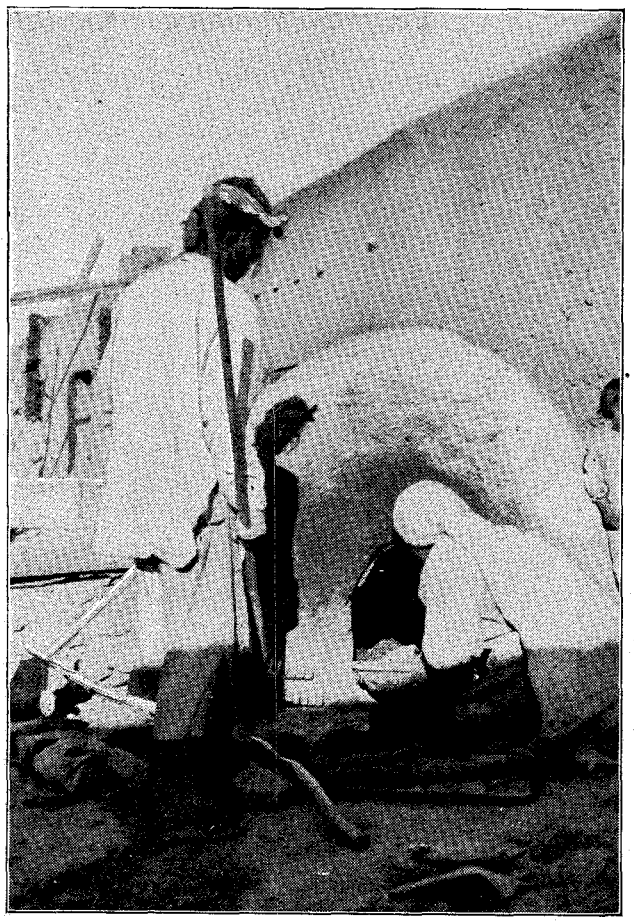
camp around there enjoyed the decrease, saying that in a few years the district would be the most wonderful country, everything being overgrown and inaccessible to ordinary people, the wild animals returning to their dens and thickets, and will be the dominating feature there in the future, thousands of tourists streaming through, enjoying the picturesque scenery. The former farmers will have left for the towns, or have got jobs as mechanics in hundreds of garages, or as helpers in all



Indians of a New Mexico pueblo.

his boys taking full advantage of the wild nature. The only thing missing in his description to give a complete picture of that country as it looked when the first pioneers arrived, was the return of the redskins to their original hunting-grounds.

I know that the final change will not be so bad as that, although it is a fact that many farms are deserted and the cultivated land disappearing. Yet civilization will not die; a new kind of life will take the old one's place. Pleasure-travelling the new-built hotels that accommodate the overflowing stream of travellers. I cannot share that camp-leader's joy at the change, seeing how it brings to waste all the energy and toil spent by many generations in cultivating this country. If not for any other reason, one would think that this cultivated land ought to be preserved out of veneration for the pioneers that gave their work and lives to the States, during the Revolution and afterward, giving proof of their love of

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freedom and their loyalty to the States by maintaining their independence against their oppressors.

The reason for the deserting of the farms in the East is obviously the fact that the soil is not so rich as in many other places in the States, and that many young people are tempted by the fertility of the land in the West and the opportunity of easy money-making there. *The people, going out West, and not dropping farming out there, contribute to stabilize the nation.* Those who abandoned farming because of the toil with the hard soil, being enticed by the easy-going life in the large cities, are forever lost to the farming life. They will soon be in the ever-struggling army of wage-earners, enjoying no more the pleasure of possessing their own farms and daily gaining everything from the soil.

Maybe they do not realize what they actually have lost, because they do not know how happy the farmers are over here—much happier than farmers in Europe. Since the first days of the life of the States the farmers have been the very backbone of the American population, all free and self-dependent, in many ways the pride of the nation. Compare conditions in Europe and you will see the difference. You will find how the farmers for a long time were looked down upon as outcasts, hardly better than the slaves over here before the Civil War. Conditions have changed during the last centuries, the farmers of Europe now being free; but what it took several generations to achieve in Europe has always been the right of the American farmers. They have always had the rights of free men, and have kept up a standard of independence and freedom that has made them mean more to the States than farmers in Europe formerly meant to their countries. Seeing so many Americans giving up farming in some parts of the East, and not taking to it in other places, makes one think that the whole farming population of the States might gradually decrease. Yet going out West one realizes that there is no reason for being afraid of that. It is a real pleasure to drive through the vast stretches between the Atlantic and the Rockies. As far as the eye can reach is seen nothing but farming country, cultivated fields, and pastures. The abundance is surprising to a European. One thing strikes you more

A typical American—the headmaster of an Eastern Preparatory School.

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than anything else, and that is that the farmers do not seem to have much difficulty in making the soil produce what they want. Maybe their many acres yield so much that they do not care to improve the soil; but to one coming from a very small country (hardly any larger than Maryland), with a population of three millions, where the farmers have to cultivate every single acre and treat it as carefully as a garden to make it give its best, it is remarkable to see how the farmers, with little toil, get plenty out of the soil. Yet the more years the farms are worked the more they seem to yield. That is to be seen throughout the Middle West, where many farms are subdivided, and sons of the original owners, now having their parts of the old farm, each by himself on a smaller farm makes just as much money, and sometimes more, than his father did on the whole place. I really had to go south and west of the Rockies to find the endless farms of some thousand acres that we, in Europe, read of as characteristic of America. The continuous new-settling of farmers in the Far West, and the subdividing of the farms in the Middle States, will make the farming population steadily increase; this is of great interest to Europe, which depends on the States for a large supply of farm products.

But still more important is whether that population will be able to keep the spirit that, from the earliest time in the history of the United States, has been the binding force in their life: the love of freedom for oneself and for others. If the Americans, in the future as in the past, will stand up for that spirit, there is no doubt as to who will be the leader of the world.

Old "Prof" Dickson Dies

BY CARL HOLLIDAY

Old "Prof" Dickson's dead at last;
Sixty years have come and passed
Since he first taught in bleak North Hall.
Taught the "boys" their classic lore,
Taught their sons—and even more—
Taught their grandsons. Strange indeed
How they came and went! What speed
They made to hear the world's shrill call!

Old "Prof" Dickson explained great books,
All the time with keen, shrewd looks—
Up there in rickety North Hall—
Sizing up each soul's estate,
Teaching each to do, not prate;
Saw some rise, saw many die;
Death called him too—by and by.
Possessions? Books and books—that's all.

. . . . . .

Lo, at the gates of Heaven a multitude standing and waiting,
Expectant, peering through cloud-land, excited and smiling like people
Who await at an earthly station the train that bears them their loved ones!

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Waiting they gaze down the mystical valley of cloud-land. Impatient
They seem for the guest whose coming had long been delayed and whose absence
Had caused in their hearts a sense of some vague incompleteness of living.

Then a shout from a glorified youngster: "He comes! There he is! He is coming!"
A buzz of excitement and giggling, sly poking of ribs; and swiftly
The soul of the boy unrolls the gossamer folds of a banner,
A banner like air, but distinct with the colors that loftily over
The towers of gray North Hall had flown when in triumph of battle
The stalwart squad of the College had carried the ball past the goal-line.
And now o'er the ramparts of Heaven an eager boy-soul waves it madly!

And behold! up the road that winds billowing softly to Heaven's high portals
Comes old "Prof" Dickson, walking sedately, as ever, and bearing
In one lean hand the ghost of his old and familiar green note-bag;
Reading with studious calmness a manuscript tattered and yellow—
The notes of his lecture on Milton's *Paradise Lost!* Oh, then
What a bedlam bursts forth at the gates of High Heaven! What rhythmical roaring
Of the wild college-yell that for sixty long years had re-echoed and bellowed
Through the halls where so calmly "Prof" Dickson had taught callow youth the beauty
Of letters and living! What cheering! What raising of ghost-filmy banners!
And singing of *Old Alma Mater!* Gray chaps who in days long since vanished
Had heard in North Hall this identical lecture on Milton's grim epic,
Now waving their diadems, shouting a welcome! And whooping and swinging
His gossamer college banner, that boy-soul redoubles the turmoil!

Calmly came old "Prof" Dickson, lifting his eyes from his papers,
And smiling to hear what so oft on the wide college campus had roused him
From study and meditation of those who had written the record
Of the sorrows and joys of the earth-life. And thus into Heaven's dominion
Midst thundering cheers of his "boys" walked quaintly their old "Prof" Dickson,
Unaware that the roar and the tumult of welcome were all in his honor!
Proudly he looked upon them: "I take it you won in your battle."
And up through the streets of Heaven "Prof" Dickson led the procession
Of boys who had sat in North Hall and learned from his lectures their "classics."

. . . . . .

Old "Prof" Dickson's dead at last;
Sixty years have come and passed
Since he first taught in bleak North Hall.
Left no money; books—his hoard;
"Resolutions by the Board."
But my! what cheers rocked Heaven's wall!

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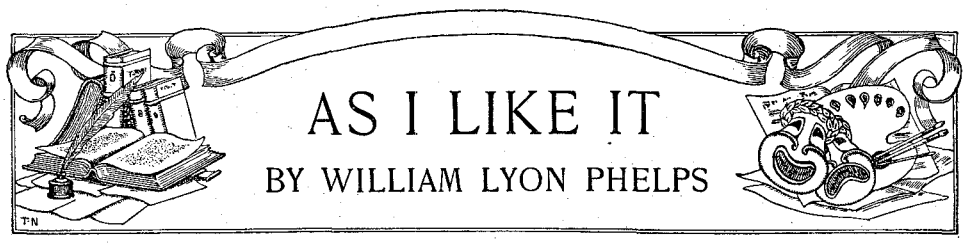

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IN the "New Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," which are appearing in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and which constitute one of the greatest "finds" in modern literature, there is an enthusiastic tribute to Thomas Carlyle. The young Scot had just been reading Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," and he writes: "I subscribe to that essay. My own is quite unnecessary. Do read it, it will do you good; it would do the dead good. It has reminded me once again of the great mistake of my life—and of everybody else's; that we are all trying to gain the whole world if you will, except what alone is worth keeping; our own soul. God bless T. Carlyle, say I."

I am frequently informed that there is to-day a "reaction" against Carlyle—"nobody reads him." From the literary point of view, it would perhaps be nearer the truth to say that those who do not read him are nobodies. I am not sure whether it is wise or not to follow the fashions in clothes; but I am quite sure that it is folly to follow the fashions in reading. Read what is good for stimulating and for refreshing the mind; and leave book-fads to others. They have their reward. Goethe instantly recognized that Carlyle was a moral force; such inspiring energy is needed even to-day. I remember in "Tom Brown at Oxford," the fine compliment paid to the new book, "Past and Present," how eagerly the undergraduates were reading it, and what a powerful influence it exerted on their young lives.

There is this to be said for the average undergraduate: one may lament his apparent absorption in athletics, in societies, in student politics, his appalling waste of precious time; he at all events is a shrewd critic of men, he despises insincerity in his elders, he instantaneously detects a false note in teaching and preaching, and, whatever may be his outer aspect, he responds, both in art and in morals, to inspiration. No wonder the Oxford men were stirred and shaken by Carlyle; if you put flame to powder, something is bound to happen.

When I was eighteen I read Froude's "Life of Carlyle." I well remember the evening when I lit the gas, and sat down to the new book, having no conception of the tremendous influence it was going to exert on my life. Through the thick night I heard the trumpet blow.

A year later, when I was a freshman at Yale, a member of the last class taught by Cyrus Northrop before his translation to the presidency of the University of Minnesota, he informed us that every pupil must select some literary essay, and read aloud to the division a synopsis of the same. I had never read "Heroes and Hero Worship," and I chose for my "effort" the chapter called "The Hero as a Man of Letters." I chose this because I thought it would be good for me. It was.

There are certain spiritual experiences in our lives which we would not have missed for anything. They are worth more to us than years of ordinary existence. In an hour the soul rises to a higher plane, and, despite temporary lapses, one can never live again on the lower level. The mind leaps to an elevation. That afternoon in my room on the top floor of old North Middle, as I absorbed "The Hero as a Man of Letters," I was in an ecstasy. There is no other word for it. The pages of the book seemed to be aflame, and the fire consumed me utterly. When I came to read my paper in the classroom, the spell was still upon me. I trembled with excitement, and could hardly read the words I had written. Professor Northrop, who had probably expected a perfunctory report, looked at me with surprise. His talent for ironical comment had made him a terror both to slackers and to sloppers; if he had chilled my enthusiasm with his famous icy disdain, I should never have forgiven him. But apparently he saw that my all but

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uncontrollable emotion was genuine; that I was really under the domination of the genius of Carlyle. I have not forgotten his brief but emphatic word of commendation.

I therefore echo Stevenson's exclamation—"God bless T. Carlyle." We must forever be grateful to those persons and to those works of art that have lifted our souls.

Nearly every day I receive a letter concerning English grammar or good usage. A physician in the Gowanda State Hospital, at Collins, N. Y., writes: "While I agree unqualifiedly with your strictures on mathematics, I beg to inquire if the usage is now mathematics *are* instead of, as formerly, *is?*" My answer is that words like mathematics, athletics, politics may properly be followed either by the singular or the plural verb. In a poem by Browning, published in 1855, he wrote:

> Mathematics are your pastime.

In all languages there are some expressions that are simply matters of taste, like the gender of the French word for *afternoon*. By the way, I have never received from anyone a satisfactory answer to this question: What determines the gender of a new word in the French language?

A Brown alumnus from Arlington, Mass., writes me the following interesting letter: "Do we not greatly need a word as a common pronoun in the third person singular number to take the place of *he, his, him, she, her*, etc., as in 'If anyone wishes to see me let ? come forward'? You probably recall Ella Flagg Young's futile, if not absurd, attempt with 'hiser, himer,' etc. [I do not.] I suggest the word *e.* As 'If anyone wishes to see me let *e* come forward.' *E* is the only vowel—the one most used—that is not a word. *A* and *I* and *O* are words. Why not *e* with all its merits? And especially since we *need* it? How easily it would glide into use if presented by a persuasive tongue and pen!"

This suggestion is ingenious, but will hardly command universal assent. In the first place, it is not necessary, for the masculine does well enough by implication; secondly, *e* spoken would sound either like bad grammar spoken with a Cockney accent, or as if the speaker were trying to imitate Thomas Hardy's Wessex shepherds.

A letter from Honduras suggests that instead of using *n'est-ce pas* or *amt I*, or any other expression, we adopt a literal translation of the Spanish *verdad*. Some have suggested *yes* and others *no*. But practically all are agreed that there exists a vacancy which should be filled.

My engineer from Honduras continues: "I wonder if you dislike the expression 'in the public prints'? I do hope so, for then perhaps you would include it in your select list of special literary bounders." I do not think I have seen this very often, but I hereby confer upon it my official damnation. All those who on and after this date use it are excommunicated. It is, as my correspondent says, sufficiently banal.

I have been immensely pleased by the general interest in the use of good English, and by an accompanying determination to help in raising the standard. None of us is daily accurate, and there is probably no book on English grammar or speech that is itself free from error. A theologian from California writes, "I found 33 errors in A. S. Hill's 'Rhetoric,' errors in Herbert Spencer's 'Philosophy of Style,' Trench's 'On the Study of Words,' Richard Grant White's 'Every Day English,' Dean Alford's 'The Queen's English,' etc."

If gold rusts, what shall iron do? Iron must improve. An extremely useful book has just been published, in pocket size, yet containing over 350 pages in clear type. It is called "Constructive English: An Aid to Effective Speaking and Writing." The author is Francis Kingsley Ball. This handy volume contains decisions on all kinds of doubtful cases, lists of words commonly mispronounced, and many exercises in punctuation. It ought to have an enormous circulation.

I am often asked, What is the best treatise on the art of writing English—where the aim is not so much to give elementary instruction in grammar, punctuation, etc., but to assist those who wish to write not only correctly but persua-

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sively, elegantly, artistically, creatively? My answer is Barrett Wendell's "English Composition." This book came out of the author's long experience as a teacher of advanced pupils at Harvard. It is a good illustration of its precepts, for it is written with grace, vivacity, and charm; it is steadily interesting. It is the only book on rhetoric that I ever succeeded in reading straight through.

A librarian from Cleveland writes, referring to "Casey," that she has an Anthology of Baseball Verse nearly ready. She remarks that few novels and short stories mention baseball. "There is a game in Harry Leon Wilson's 'Bunker Bean' and a pitcher in Mary Watts's 'The Rudder.' I don't recall any other novel which mentions such a game."

Now there must be many. When I was a boy, there appeared a long list of novels uniformly bound, called the "No-Name Series," because they were anonymous. I read them all, and I particularly well remember one—"The Great Match"—which dealt with baseball. I remember even the hero, Dick, and the villain, Ned Black, who tried to sell out the game, and was foiled by Dick, who had indulged in secret practice.

Mary S. Watts is a truthful and accurate American realistic novelist. "The Rudder" is a good story, but perhaps her best is "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." Her books are too free from exaggeration, caricature, and sensationalism to please the crowd, either natives or foreigners, who demand something more racy or more emphatic; but they are so true that taken together they constitute a trustworthy history of manners.

Sometimes I think that our American woman novelists are more accurate and more honest in their presentments of life than their masculine colleagues. Edith Wharton, Anne Sedgwick, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, Elsie Singmaster, Mary Watts, Willa Cather seem to have as their aim to tell the truth. On this difficult target their percentage of hits is high.

Yale University, which was the first academic institution to give an honorary degree to Benjamin Franklin, Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, has once more honored itself in being the first to bestow the degree of Doctor of Letters on Edith Wharton. No one could possibly question the wisdom of this choice. The artistic distinction of her work is so generally recognized that she has become a world figure. That even the foremost writers appreciate university recognition may be seen from the fact that Mrs. Wharton left her pleasant home in France and a half-written novel to come to New Haven and receive the degree, even as Mark Twain travelled to Oxford. Had she known in advance what was to be the terrific heat of that commencement day, would she have come? On the commencement stage that morning, I lost three pounds.

In talking with Mrs. Wharton, a memorable experience for me, she told me that her translation of Sudermann's play "Es Lebe das Leben," made long ago, continues to enjoy a steady sale. In my opinion, no living writer has been more unjustly treated by the critics than Hermann Sudermann. The acclaim with which his earliest plays were greeted soon turned into detraction and abuse. Much of this came, no doubt, from those who had failed in the attempt to do what he did so well; but that by no means expresses it all. I shall have more to say on this subject when I discuss in a later issue his recently published autobiography. It has been translated into English.

I have been reading the latest book by Edmund Gosse, called "More Books on the Table," containing forty-one short familiar talks on literature, ranging over a wide field. The accomplished critic discusses Housman, Rostand, Beowulf, Akenside, Edwin Abbey, Leigh Hunt, Browning, Edgar Lee Masters, and others. All of these brief essays are sprightly and entertaining, and written with that good taste, good temper, moderation, and fundamental common sense that have generally been characteristic of the author. Mr. Gosse is an admirable critic; it is only when he is called an eminent scholar that I am forced to express dissent. He is frequently spoken of in English books and periodicals as a man of profound learning. I remember read-

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ing this phrase: "Mr. Gosse has pre-empted the eighteenth century," as though somehow that field had become his preserve. He himself has never made any such claim, nor has he ever adopted a pontifical attitude. Critical ability is one thing and scholarship another; from the purely scholarly point of view, Mr. Gosse's books are both inadequate and inaccurate. A very learned English scholar, and one not given to exaggeration or over-emphasis, wrote me that he had gleaned more misinformation from the works of Mr. Gosse than from any other writer, ancient or modern.

This talent for inaccuracy—for that is what it amounts to—does not affect his standing as a critic. He has written much valuable and subtle criticism, has awakened, stimulated, and directed many readers. His best qualities appear in "More Books on the Table." I am particularly glad that he denounced the publisher's puff on the paper jacket of Edgar Lee Masters's "Domesday Book," for which, of course, the American author was not responsible. It is worth quoting as a horrible example: "For startling originality . . . it should rank among the masterpieces of the world." Mr. Gosse's feelings on reading such a pronouncement were quite natural: "This embarrassing violence nearly prevented me from opening the book."

My own custom is to tear off the paper jacket of a new book before reading it, as I do not wish to start with an adverse prejudice. If there must be a jacket—and there are some readers who read the book with the jacket on, just as there are some persons who keep all their books behind glass doors—it should contain only a fair statement of the nature and purpose of the volume, without any puffery whatsoever. It may be that there are unintelligent readers who are impressed by the loud superlatives on the outside, and who are thus led to buy the thing, for there are still many who believe everything they see in print; but I am sure that in one important aspect the puffery is a disservice to the author. I refer to the book reviewers. There is no doubt that the average reviewer, when he sees the book labelled fulsomely, immediately makes up his mind to slate it. His feeling is natural enough. The book has been sent to him for review, and he does not care to be told by anybody what he must say about it.

No judge likes to have his decision anticipated, especially by a party who is interested. Yet how frequently we see the batsman with three balls called throw away his bat, start confidently and cockily toward first base on the next ball pitched, only to hear from the lips of the umpire the fateful word *Strike!* An elementary knowledge of human nature should prevent the attempted forcing of another's hand. Puffery on the jacket is practically just that and usually meets with a result that ought to have been foreseen.

The position I took on books for children, that the best books for children were those not written for them, receives powerful support from a teacher in Rutherford, N. J., who writes:

"A nine-year-old boy belonging to me began five years ago to devote his attention to my copy of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which is fully illustrated with full-page colored pictures. The story he got by asking what the pictures meant. The book now is entirely out of its binding, but its charm has not fled. The same is true of the copy of 'Gulliver's Travels.' Possibly the story there came to him better than in the other. If it were read to him as written, with sentences broken by references to the Bible, it would not have held his interest, but it does when given as a story. Children sometimes like books better when they browse about as they will than when too much is told them, don't you think? As teacher, I found children liking better such poems as extracts from 'Vision of Sir Launfal' than poems written for them. They are not given good things and so must be satisfied with inferior and stunted mentally by what they have been fed for thought."

The latest member of the Fano Club is Mrs. John Meigs, who for many years has exercised a deep influence at the Hill School, and who has always been an enthusiastic student of Browning. She wrote on the picture post-card while sitting directly in front of the famous paint-

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ing in the church of Saint Augustine at Fano, and as the card bears the Fano post-mark, she is now a life-member of the exclusive Fano Club, and entitled to all its rights and privileges. I am certain that the club will receive a number of accessions during this present summer of 1923, and I may eventually have to establish a waiting list, the moral of which threat is too evident to need elaboration.

It is good news that we are to have a complete translation in English of the works of the Russian novelist Gogol, who, like so many other men of genius, entered the world in the year of Our Lord 1809. That was the *annus mirabilis*, not only of the nineteenth century, but of human history. In 1809 were born Darwin, Lincoln, Tennyson, Gladstone, Poe, Gogol, Chopin, Mendelssohn, FitzGerald, Holmes, and some other distinguished persons whose names I cannot at this moment remember.

Great translators are rarer than great creative authors; the necessary combination of qualities being seldom united in one individual. Constance Garnett seems to have them all. The family to which she belongs is sufficiently remarkable. Doctor Richard Garnett, who for many years was an official at the British Museum, illuminated a wide range of subjects with his knowledge, wisdom, humor, and information. His son, Edward Garnett, the husband of Constance, is a literary critic of high standing and of international reputation; and their son has made a sensation with his first book, "Lady into Fox." I wonder if he got the idea from Browning's poem "White Witchcraft"? Look it up for yourself and make your own conjecture. Whatever may be thought of "Lady into Fox," whether it be taken as a piece of light drollery or as a profound satire, it is written in a style so exquisite that we may confidently greet the young man as an important addition to contemporary letters. If ever prophecy were justified, it would seem to be in this happy instance.

Constance Garnett has translated the novels and tales of Turgenev, who is perhaps the greatest artist in the history of prose fiction; the short stories of Chekhov, and has begun to translate his plays; the novels of Dostoevski, and some of the works of Tolstoi; and now we are to have also the writings of Gogol. Her capacity for work is almost as remarkable as its excellence. I am frankly amazed at the rapid succession of translations that proceed from her workroom. I could not understand it at all, were it not for the fact that she suffers from weak eyes. Nothing inspires effort like an obstacle. An enormous amount of first-rate scholarly work has been accomplished by men and women who could hardly see; just as nothing makes for longevity like having heart-disease.

Although Pushkin was the founder of modern Russian literature both in poetry and prose, Gogol was emphatically a germinal writer. His short story, which has been translated as "The Overcoat," "The Cloak," "The Mantle," has had more effect on the course of Russian fiction than any other work or event. Anyone may see this for himself by comparing it with Dostoevski's first book, "Poor People." Gogol's long novel, "Dead Souls," often infelicitously likened to the manner of Dickens, is good only in spots. It has many pages that are insufferably dull, but is worth reading for the others, which are indeed quite otherwise. His masterpiece is unquestionably the short novel, "Taras Bulba," which one will read in two hours, and remember for a lifetime. In that astounding tale, which combines lyric brevity with epic breadth, one gets all the effect of the leviathans of Sienkiewicz.

In addition to producing in a few years a pioneer short story, a long novel, a heroic romance, Gogol wrote the best "regular" play in the Russian language, "Revizor," sometimes translated as "The Inspector General." Although this has always been a favorite on the Continental stage—I saw an excellent performance in Munich—the first time it was ever produced in English was by the students of Yale University. Wholly Russian in characters and scene, the theme is universal—for it deals with political graft.

The other day I was talking with my friend, Professor Theodore Woolsey, and he said, "Why don't you comment on the greatest novel ever written, 'The Del-

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uge,' by Sienkiewicz?" I am sure that hundreds of my readers can remember the excitement caused in the 'nineties by the appearance of the Polish historical romances; an excitement that became a frenzy on the publication of "Quo Vadis?" I have often wished that he had never written the Roman story, because the glamour of its notoriety outshone his finer work. Let me insist that the Polish trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," are just as gloriously inspiring reading in 1923 as they were when everybody was talking about them. They have ceased to become fashionable, but they have not ceased to be works of genius.

If by these few words I could induce some members of the present younger generation to begin reading these magnificent books, I should have the satisfaction of adding to their lives a source of happiness and an influence permanently fruitful.

I am glad that the publishers have included in the Modern Student's Library "American Prose Masters," by W. C. Brownell, so that this important critical work is at last available in a popular edition. Mr. Brownell is our leading American critic. He has experience, scholarship, training, and a wide acquaintance with ancient and modern literature and art. Although some will dissent from all the conclusions reached by Mr. Brownell, and all will dissent from some of them, no one can read these essays on American authors without receiving both illumination and stimulation. The six writers discussed are Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, Henry James. On its publication in 1909 the volume at once took its place as a notable addition to American criticism, and it is well to have it reissued at a price that places it within the reach of all.

One of the world-centres of the study of the life and works of Robert Browning is Baylor University, at Waco, Texas. Thanks to the energy and enthusiasm of Professor A. Joseph Armstrong, the university has acquired an exceedingly valuable collection of Browning books, manuscripts, pictures, and other memorabilia. The latest publication to issue from this source is of almost sensational interest. It is a handsome volume containing the "Letters of Robert Browning to Miss Isa Blagden," which fill over two hundred pages. The original manuscript was bought by members of the senior class (1923) at Waco. The letters have been arranged for publication by Professor Armstrong, and are here printed for the first time. It is unnecessary to comment on their value to students of the poet.

In sharp contrast to the importance of this publication there has just appeared in England a biographical work on Browning, by Frances M. Sim. It is both surprising and unfortunate that such a book should have been published. It is called "Robert Browning: the Poet and the Man," and deals with his early years, from 1833 to 1846. Not only is there nothing important in it to justify its publication, but it is a veritable comedy of errors. It is difficult to say which is its more striking characteristic—its crudity of style or its chronic inaccuracy. As an illustration of style—"Shelley was his worship at the time of writing 'Pauline.'" "The love-story of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett is embalmed in Mrs. Browning's 'Sonnets from the Portuguese.'" Inaccuracies: Byronic *Weltz-Schmart;* Dante's *Purgatoria; La Belle Sans Merci;* while an alleged quotation from a work on psychology by James Rowland Angell is assigned to "Herbert Angell, Professor Psychology, University of Chicago." Quotations from Browning and Shakespeare are not only frequently inaccurate, but seem to indicate that our biographer has no ear.

Says Shakespeare:

"The sounds of music soft stillness in the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

From "Pauline":

"Andromeda with eyes upturned, secure some God
To save will come in thunder from the stars."

The only "contribution" in the book is the suggestion that Browning wrote the hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee," for which there is no evidence. I have read many inaccurate and silly books on Browning, but this outclasses them all.

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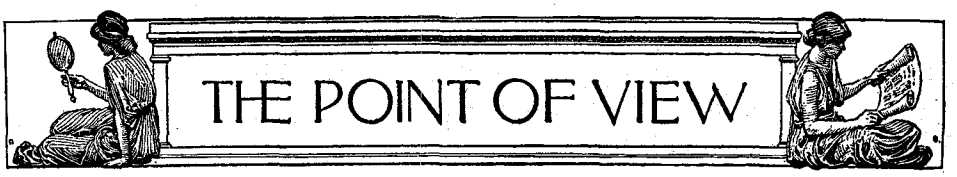

IN these latter days moving has become a commonplace incident. To many housewives October 1, or whatever the local moving date is, brings an event, perhaps not exactly welcome, but at least ordinary and expected, like wash-day and cleaning-day. After many movings they rather anticipate the occasion, with its hopes of sunnier rooms, more desirable neighbors. If they are apartment-dwellers, accustomed to cramped spaces, they have probably so denuded themselves of household possessions that moving is indeed only a glorified cleaning-day. To this class of chronic movers I am unfortunate enough to belong, although my natural instinct and desire is to take deep root. I look with envy upon those blessed creatures who live placidly all the days of their lives in the same surroundings, until they become to us like actors ever in a play with appropriate and beautiful settings. But every year of my married life has been marked by a move.

Moving Episodes

Those movings! Even the first, when we left the tiny apartment where we had embarked so joyously on the adventure of home-making, was a wrench; and it was with a homesick lump in my throat that I took a last look around those bare and empty rooms, so recently vivid with a real personality—the little kitchen, scene of my heart-breaking struggles to master culinary arts; where Peter, scorning my New England traditions, taught me, with the superiority born of past accomplishments in camp cookery, the secret of the tender crusty Southern biscuit; where I wept tears of disgust over the war bread, foreordained to be a gray sodden lump of uncooked dough; where, the night before Christmas, the festive goose, a trifle malodorous for a steam-heated apartment, hung out of the window. The living-room, too, was crowded with memories. Here, with the sun streaming through the western windows, gay with potted plants, we worked and read and talked, surrounded by our books and pictures and the shabby, comfortable furniture—procured by many triumphs of bargaining from second-hand dealers. Such happy, golden days, when a Saturday night jaunt to town, with supper at an Italian or an Armenian restaurant, a stroll through the crowded market district, as varied and rich in color and sound as a bit of a foreign city, and a second-balcony seat at a theatre afterward, satisfied every desire; and the topmost row at the opera represented the acme of human accomplishment. Other homes, larger and finer, we have had, but none more dear.

Sensible people in our profession, realizing the probability of frequent changes, would, doubtless, learn to regard each house as a temporary stopping-place, and so avoid the pain of being rooted up every year or two. Many noble resolutions have we made, usually at moving-time. Next year we will *not* allow things to accumulate so! I survey in disgust a motley array of objects to be foisted upon the kind and unsuspecting neighbors, or, in case they rebel, to be unceremoniously dumped—a coffee-mill which will not work, bought by the astute Peter at an auction; a sofa, hideous and uncomfortable, but for some reason the joy of his heart, similarly acquired; a student lamp, plausible but not successful; and quantities of miscellaneous junk—nails, small tools, screws, candle-shade holders, Christmas-tree trimmings, rope—the usual things you will miss most if you do not take them, and yet which at this particular stage of moving you desire never to see again in this life. Generally we effect a compromise, and find ourselves at the new house burdened with the useless articles, and compelled to purchase anew the indispensable odds and ends we have discarded. Somehow the art of moving can never be learned by experience—movers are born, not made.

However, these little backslidings do not prevent us from attacking each move with renewed hope and faith, like the habitual drunkard taking the pledge. Surely, this time we will move with system, with economy, with ease born of long experience. We make plans as soberly as if we had never before mapped out schedules only to ignore them. According to the plan, I begin in the attic, and here I must confess, although I

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maintain with sincerity that movings are inhuman and abominable, that I take a sneaking pleasure in attacking the heterogeneous collection, accumulated heaven knows how, in so short a time. One uncovers so many interesting and forgotten articles. There is that vase, carefully protected from the corruption of moths and rust, a wedding present, beautiful and costly, but useless to us because we have never had a living-room large and imposing enough to provide for it a proper background. There is a box of reed and raffia and half-finished baskets which I once started in a moment of misdirected zeal. Best of all, there is the trunk full of pieces, which I delight in sorting—gowns, donated by wealthier relatives, out of which I plan every year to make my whole winter wardrobe, but which somehow never fulfil their promise; plumes and laces laid away for the proverbial seven years; that rag rug I had forgotten, which some day, when completed, will adorn my guest-chamber; my wedding-slippers, which, though long since too snug for utility, are yet strangely potent in conjuring up happily sentimental memories.

But the pleasant task of sorting the attic is only a prelude to the grim business of packing and moving. In accordance with advice given by efficient friends—acquaintances, rather, for I should never aspire to be on terms of friendship with efficient people, however much I may admire them—I make a list of the contents of each trunk, box, and bureau-drawer. There will be such a sense of satisfaction in knowing that if on the journey I am suddenly smitten with a desire to know just where my best table-cloth is, I can find out in a second. Peter regards the list with a pathetic hopefulness. To him it seems destined to be the solution of a difficulty faced by all husbands of chronic movers. Heretofore, when in the watches of the night I have been panic-stricken by the sudden fear that my new and expensive wall-mop has been left behind, or that the study curtains still adorn the otherwise empty room, Peter has been able to give me only sleepy and half-hearted assurance. But, as a matter of fact, the list is never of much comfort to us, because I invariably pack it away in some obscure place and promptly forget where it is, but even so, what a joy, when in the throes of getting settled in the new house, to come upon such evidence of systematic and thoughtful packing!

When the packers and movers come, I humbly retire, feeling amateurish indeed as they proceed with expertness and despatch to denude the walls, the cupboards, and the floors of every visible article, leaving only a wake of excelsior and paper. Many movings have not hardened me to indifference, and I shudder as the packer wraps Great-aunt Rachel's teapot with the same impersonal care he bestows on the pyrex pudding-dish. The movers show similar callousness as they hustle unceremoniously into the van the precious gateleg table, the little orange-and-black chairs I painted with so much agony of spirit, Peter's beautiful old chest of drawers, the ironing-board and the kitchen stool, all in one democratic jumble. Then, after the last van has gone, and the family conscience has been appeased in the ritual of scrubbing floors and burning trash, comes the final farewell. The empty unfamiliar rooms bear but faint resemblance to our comfortable, homely abiding-place, and a sense of homelessness comes over me. But the back yard is unchanged, and I walk slowly around for a last look at the snapdragons, the hollyhocks against the wall, the larkspur, so blue and tall. One more garden I have loved and tended and left! Yet in a distant town is another home to be created, another garden to be made and loved, and, in the fulness of time, to be left.

THERE is no park in the world more restful than the Luxembourg, at Paris. An hour slips away there rapidly, not simply because of the beauty of that garden created by absolutism for the delight of democracy—but because of the variety of things within it which give a gentle stir of interest to a mind weary and vacant.

The Pears of the Senators

There are the vistas of the dome of the Panthéon to be exactly sighted along the *allées* of clipped chestnuts. The gay beds of flowers are backed by pomegranates with gnarled old trunks and fresh foliage ranged in their huge boxes around the sunken garden, and it is necessary to see how many of them show, even when the season is over, the blazing scarlet of scattered tiny flowers. In the centre the great fountain is rimmed with children launching their ships. On one terrace the music may be playing to its

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crowd of listeners seated under the trees. On the other side one finds the row of bronze statues of dancing nymphs and piping shepherds and other figures of a jolly rusticity, the fenced rose garden, and the veteran players of croquet whose crafty address demands some moments of respectful admiration. Not far off men swing their rackets in the vigorous strokes of the *jeu de paume*, while the solemn voice of the counter, as he manipulates his colored staff, chants the mysterious score. A few steps and you can watch while a skilled *guignol* draws into the dialogue of his stage the gleeful warnings and questions of his excited audience. Over beyond, past the apiary where the mysteries of the bee-keepers' art may be learned, is the best place to watch the tamed pigeons and sparrows as they take pellets of bread from the fingers of their friends. And, finally, in the remote corner, there are the pears of the senators.

I had my first view of these wonderful fruits when I was a schoolboy and somebody told me then that they were strictly reserved for the senators of France. In my imagination I saw those august beings solemnly eating those pears every day for luncheon. All my own hoarded pocket-money I would gladly have given for a single one of those supernal delicacies. There was something in the solemn austerity of the great grilles which defended the *espaliers*, so rigidly trained that all the flowing curves of the trees have turned into a wonderful angular conformity to a series of perpendicular and horizontal lines, where every leaf seems to be counted and every rare fruit to embody at least a year of patient tending in the past—that suggested a flavor at once nectareous and ambrosial; for I had just learned of the charms of classic mythology, and the *espaliers* convinced me at first sight that the gods of Olympus had no advantage in their feasts over the senators of France.

Never have I visited Paris since without going to inspect the pears of the senators, and for years I have resolutely turned my back on those destroyers of the ideals of youth who have tried to make me believe that those pears are no better than the pears that can be bought in the market and that they are not eaten by the senators of France.

During those years I have met senators of France, but never in such intimacy that it seemed proper to ask: "Have you eaten the pears of the Luxembourg Garden?" But now at last my time has come. Since I left France two years ago a friend of mine has been elected to the senate. I long to see him for his many amiable qualities, but almost the first question I shall ask him is: Do you eat the pears of the senators?

Alas, I have seen him and he has never tasted them! So perishes a precious day-dream of youth.

Curses that Count

"DAMNS have had their day!" cried Bob Acres a century and a half ago, but despite his optimistic efforts at reform, the "damns" are still with us as thick as Fords at a county fair. Let me say at the outset that although not addicted to profanity, at least of the open, vocal brand, I am not easily shocked. But my *Sprachgefühl* is deeply hurt by the endless repetition of commonplace expletives. I crave variety, a new method. "There is no meaning in the common oaths, . . . nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable."

The ordinary oath is in the same class as common slang. Even a college professor of English does not object to slang. What annoys him is hackneyed, threadbare, overworked slang. "You are not the only pebble on the beach" may have been refreshing when Demosthenes contemptuously sputtered out the sharp-cornered pebble which cut his tongue and didn't fit into his elocutionary stunt, but to use the figure to-day is a sign of arrested development. A high-grade moron should know enough to substitute "You're not the only condenser in the radio," or "You're not the only Tut in a tomb." So, too, with curses. Your "damns" and "hells" indicate a barrenness of invention.

The scholar from whom Bob Acres acquired his notion had the right theory—"The oath should be an echo to the sense." But Bob, while improving upon the *S'deaths*, *Zounds*, and *Odd's lifes* of his day, and producing oaths that were "an echo to the sense," fell into a fatal monotony. His "Odds triggers and flints! Odds bottles and glasses! Odds slanders and lies! Odds daggers and balls!" will not do.

For effective profanity has two uses: it relieves the tension and terrorizes the opposi-

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tion. "Odds daggers and balls!" may relieve the tension, but it does not terrorize or quell the opposition. How much better is Caliban's

"A southwest blow on ye and blister ye all o'er!"

And this brings us to the heart of the problem. To whom shall we turn for proper and powerful expletives, if we lack courage or inventiveness? And the answer, of course, is—to Shakespeare! To be sure, the imprecatory psalms are a rich mine, but why turn to the Bible in a discussion not of sacred but profane literature?

The prime ingredient of effective malediction is mystery. Therein lies the fatal defect of your "damn." Everybody, including the dog, knows exactly what a "damn" means. But if some one calls you a "rumpfed runion!" or even a "three-suited, superserviceable, finical rogue!" you stand dazed by the ample vagueness of the insult. This is one of the great merits of Shakespearian objurgation. He gives you not only force, but the murkiness of the unknown, for the objurgation usually contains a word or phrase whose meaning has puzzled the commentators for centuries.

One morning as I hurried through one of the slum neighborhoods of London, I accidently brushed against a hoodlum, who resentfully let loose such a flood of blasphemous profanity that I was shocked into horrified haste. If only I had recalled my Shakespeare! I might have terrorized him into temporary decency had I paused and launched Caliban's curse on him:

"All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats on 'hoodlums' fall and make 'them'
By inchmeal a disease!"

And then, if that had not sufficed, I might have added Kent's: "You base, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; you lily-livered, action-taking, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue!"

One sometimes wonders whether the Great War or the rapid spread of golf is the cause of the recent epidemic of profanity. The question is purely academic. The war may have been responsible for past profanity, but the war is over, and the golf germ or "bug," though already having fastened itself upon two million enthusiasts, is likely to infect half of the population of the United States in another decade. We know, therefore, where to place the responsibility for future profanity.

Hence the pressing need of a profanity that is respectable. If any one needs help it is the golfing "duffer." The long winter of his discontent has passed, the spring has come, the day's at the morn, the fairway's dew-pearled, as he stands on the tee of No. 1, gazing over the links in faith and hope. He has taken indoor lessons during the winter, he has played the course in par as he sat by his fireside, and he now is about to enter upon one of the supremely happy moments of his life. And then! his drive hooks out of bounds into Hell's Half Acre! There are spectators on the club-house veranda. If Shakespeare did not come to his aid, he might express his thoughts rudely and blatantly, but instead he recites poetically:

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!"

And that is what the earth does, forsooth. And then after composedly teeing up for the second trial, with the hazardous but natural desire of driving twice as far as he ever drove before, to recoup the loss of that last stroke, he swings at the ball with a vigor that Hercules would have envied, only to see the pale white sphere trickle gently down the side of the tee. And now he needs the choicest stick of dynamite found in "Macbeth." He knows the occasion calls for nothing less than

"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!"

That malediction has the threefold virtue of vigor, mystery, and literary distinction. It should satisfy the conservative who clings to the old-fashioned "devils" and "damns," and as it mounts with its crescendo to the "cream-fac'd loon!" the radical reformer feels the subtle charm of the unknown. Besides, it is Shakespeare; and though the other golfers have concluded that that duffer does not know golf, they are now convinced that he does know Shakespeare. There's something in that to minister to a mind diseased.

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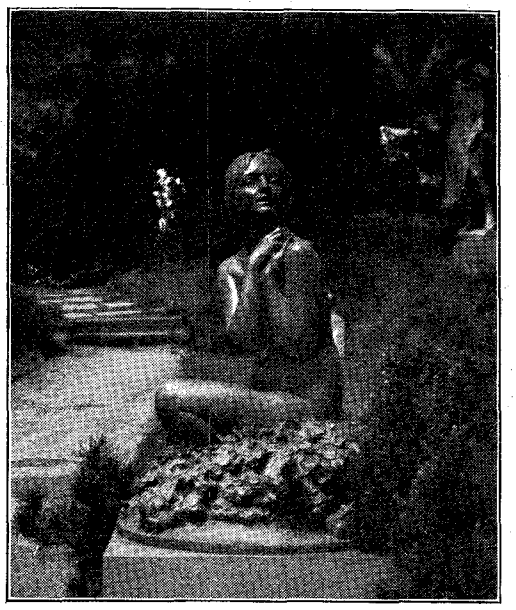
THE FIELD OF ART

Form in Garden Art

BY ADELINE ADAMS

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE

BY a gracious thought of wise minds in council, the National Sculpture Society was lately enabled to make in New York, in that section smilingly called the Acropolis, an extensive, extended, and free showing of the art its members practise. A group of learned societies had given our sculptors the hospitality of the galleries, terraces, and garden-space belonging to their several estates. Beautiful though these various backgrounds are, and well adapted for exhibiting sculpture, they were further enhanced by a judicious and imaginative garden art. That art wreathed stone stairways with roses and ivy. It transplanted great trees of flowering dogwood to make an ethereal setting for lofty gilded equestrian statues. It put laurel around Mr. French's "Memory," and a wall of evergreens behind Mr. McCartan's poetic monument to Eugene Field. It placed informal stepping-stones as byways through a walled garden peopled with storied images, and it arranged formal paths and vistas in a flowery plaisance where at one end the "Spirit of the Sea" made music near a lofty pine, and at the other end Venus and Adonis walked discreetly among all the dryads, virtues, and satyrs known to sculpture. In short, and indeed at short notice, garden art had provided our sculptors with a living, delightful outdoor setting for their works. Thronging thousands visited this show. In general, the spirit of order and urbanity that had created its environment animated the public also.



Woodwind, by Edward Berge.

Many notable plastic works were exhibited within the buildings, either in the stately tapestried hall of the Academy, or in the courts of the Numismatic, or else in the galleries of the Hispanic, where the vivid genius of Sorolla stayed hidden behind the arras, while sculpture rather than painting had its innings. But though masterpieces abounded within doors, the public preferred on the whole to take its sculpture in the open, under clear skies, and in the midst of trees, shrubs, flowers. In charm and interest, the garden was mightier than the gallery. No new happening, surely!

Except in the lives of cliff-dwellers and of nomads born, the garden has from very early times in the process of civilization occupied man's thoughts as a pleasant halfway place between fireside and forest. It

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has been a place in which to forget old cares, and perhaps to invent new ones; a place to look into from the threshold, and a place to look away from, as far as the eye can reach, toward whatever enchantment of horizon is granted by nature and art.

Like other civilizing influences, gardens came out of the East. Perhaps the antiquarians have too often told each other that the ancient Greeks had little feeling for landscape, little love for the cultivation of flowers. And botanists sadly inform us that in the old pre-Burbank Attic days the world had in its gardens only the rose, violet, and lily, the iris, narcissus, and crocus, the amaranth, gladiolus, and poppy, besides a few other classic favorites. Yet we know that with the Greeks, as with the Egyptians and Romans, garlands of flowers played an important part in festivals, religious or otherwise. We know that Greek philosophy gladly took the air in gardens, with statues of the gods and half-gods close at hand. The Greek honeysuckle and ivy and acanthus have been immortalized in sculpture, through the Greek genius for form.

Garden of Herbert Adams.

The genius for form! Perhaps more than we moderns realize, this genius for form—for the making of significant shapes out of all sorts of practicable materials, organic or inorganic—has been a fundamental influence in the most famous gardens of all time. Without letting our surmises stray as far back as to the garden of man's first disobedience, we can readily see that hanging gardens and terraced farms, whether in Babylon or in the Borromean Islands or in Peru, demand first of all a bold reshaping of nature by art, a sculpture upon the hillside. Not only must the earth itself, the very ground under foot, be carved into plateaux, stairways, water-courses, but even the waters must be curiously turned and modelled into new lines, now for the utilitarian purposes of irrigation and refreshment, now in the service of beauty. Again, living trees and shrubs, especially the evergreen varieties, have from early times been trimmed into forms of usefulness or ornament. Man no sooner acquires a possession, say a field or a garden-plot, than he longs to frame it and hedge it and bound it and accent it with finials pleasing to his taste. To-day, we sometimes look on the English topiary work of the seventeenth century as a quaint and agreeable pedantry of landscape art. We smile a little at those venerable bushes of box or privet carved into shapes of ships, peacocks, and unicorns. But perhaps the fantasy was

"Already old when Homer still was young."

In the horticulture of antique Rome, the chief gardener was honored under the name of *topiarius*, a term that suggests an origin from the Greek *topos*, place, and brings to mind the thought that, to a fresh-air folk like the Romans, a garden was indeed a beloved place, possibly the place paramount in the home life. The *topiarius* directed the carving of shrubs such as box, laurel, and cypress into various forms of man, beast, bird, globe, pyramid. Was the ancient myth of Apollo and Daphne thus shown—the maid turned into a tree in the very embrace of the god? Was man's moulding of a tree to his own will a conscious, subdefiant expression of his mastery over nature? Or was it merely a simple and easy way of making a boundary, always with due regard for Mercury, god of terminals, yet without recourse to the more difficult art of sculpture in stone? Pliny the younger, in his often-quoted description of his countryside villa, no doubt bored his contemporaries as much as he has edified later generations by his leisurely correspondence concerning his "box hedge," his "easy slope adorned with representations of divers animals in box,

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answering alternately to each other," his "tonsile evergreens," shaped into a variety of forms. Those "pensile gardens" of Sir Thomas Browne's quaint phrase would no doubt be an appropriate background for "tonsile evergreens." Such gardens and such evergreens are nothing without the pick and shovel, the shears and pruning-knife. Their form is the first consideration. Stone, bronze, stucco, and baked clay are not by any means the only materials used in shaping garden forms.

Fountain Group, by Robert Aitken; and Polar Bears, by Frederick G. R. Roth.

It is true that garden-lovers in past ages were far more limited than we as to varieties of rainbow-tinted flowers. This is but one of the many reasons why form was always even more important than color in the minds of the master garden-architects of the Italian Renaissance. Theirs was a virile art, an art that engaged the attention of men of lofty genius. A garden visualized as "a riot of color" was a much later manifestation, destined for more northern latitudes, the cultivation of flowers for their own sake reaching its best estate in England. And flowers, like lawns, are easier to keep in glowing freshness, month after month, in the moist climates of England and France than in the heat of central and southern Italy. So the great Italian garden-designers, though always valuing the noble simplicity of turf and the radiance of flowers, were obliged to depend largely on other elements of garden beauty. Italian garden-magic was the result of necessity's logic as well as of inspiration.

Tradition has it that even Michelangelo's austere mind did not disdain planning a villa, and whoever planned a Tuscan villa always related the house intimately with its garden, even if he did not actually lay out the garden itself. Bramante in his memorable terraced garden of the Vatican, Raphael in his unfinished Villa Madama, Vignola in his fortress-villa at Caprarola, Annibale Lippi in his perennially enchanting Villa Medici—all these great designers considered gardens as works of architecture, projects in which fitness, beauty, and variety should

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be harmoniously expressed, with art and nature reverenced alike.

Bearing in mind this latter principle, one recalls, by way of contrast, Saint-Simon's scathing description of the vanity of Louis XIV in his creations at Versailles, and especially at Marly, where, even at a sacrifice of human life, incredible violence was done to nature in the name of art. True, the plains of France lent themselves with difficulty to the soaring designs that were a natural expression of life in hill-crowned Italy. The late seventeenth century saw Le Nôtre, that greatest of French landscape architects, seriously studying, even in his old age, the Italian masterpieces of design, on their sites. There followed a natural give-and-take of ideas between France and Italy; and this was fruitful enough as long as fitness rather than mere novelty was the first consideration. Italian garden art was to feel an influence still more alien. The English garden, enchanting indeed on English soil, had not only crossed the Channel to tarry a while in France for the benefit of Marie Antoinette's Trianon and kindred spots; it went farther and fared worse, sojourning perhaps all too long in an Italy to which its spirit was and is alien, an Italy already richly provided with its own native garden traditions. How curious is the curve of garden art, as we watch its progress through successive generations! It is more than a curve, it is an arabesque, sometimes almost a grotesque in its meanderings. The lesson is plain enough for those who will read it. When an English garden, in its artful naturalness, becomes a "jardin anglais," it has already wasted something of its native charm. But when it travels across the Alps, to play the rôle of "giardino inglese," it is lost, as far as integrity of garden design is concerned.

Philomela, by John Gregory.

Until recently, our own country's ideals were those inherited from the English countryside. And that is well. But in many sections, the conformation of the land is more like that of Italy than of England. And often our skies are like Italian skies. American gardens can frequently preserve American individuality, yet show a profound sympathy with the old Italian tradition. This tradition cries aloud for sculpture; sculpture ranging from that simplest form of topiary art, the hedge, up to a masterpiece by a Gian da Bologna, or, to look nearer home, a MacMonnies or a Manship. How beautiful for a garden by the ocean would be Mr. Atkins's "Spirit of the Sea," or Mr. Beach's "Glint of the Sea," and how fitting for any garden, not too small, is Miss Frishmuth's "Vine," or Mr. Gregory's "Philomela"! The Sculpture Society's exhibition held scores of beautiful works well adapted for garden vistas. The animal figures in which our sculptors excel are often admirable denizens for gardens of somewhat informal type. And many an American sculptor has done his or her bit in creating fountains, things that may be as simple as a bird bath or grandiose as a *château d'eau*.

A *château d'eau!* The phrase brings to mind Italian glories such as Vignola's Caprarola, with its exquisite garden-house and its wealth of fountains. Lingering especially among memories of Caprarola is

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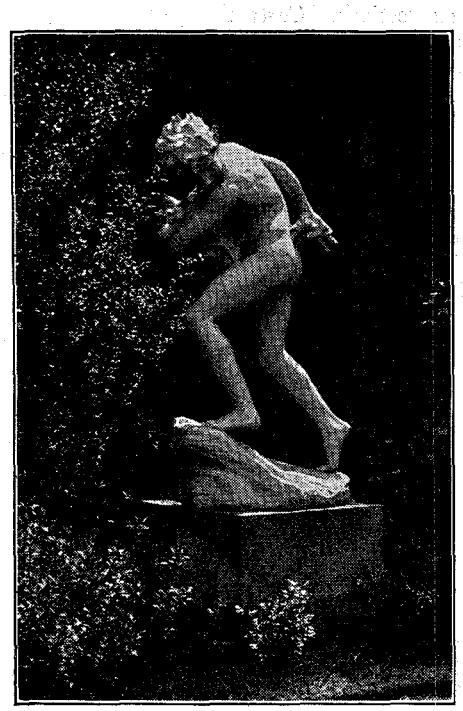
that famous double line of sylvan deities, all fantastically unlike, and antiphonal as Pliny's animals carved in evergreens. In their place, they have their value. Away from their place, they might become as Emerson's sea-shells, "poor, unsightly, noisome things." If this is heresy, let us pursue the subject in another direction. By the time the *baroque* has gained the upper hand in the Italian garden, a mind that is fastidious as to form will find much to dislike in the pebbly, shelly, one had almost said *smelly*, species of sculpture proliferating in stalactites and monsters around fountains and grottoes. On this subject sculptor and architect are sometimes at variance. The true-born sculptor is jealous for the honor of his art at every point. He values sculpture from a thousand aspects. Subject, style, ensemble, silhouette, construction, modelling—all are important to him. With the architect, the general effect is what counts: little vices of modelling pass unrebuked. In fact, the architect in his broad-



Mischievous Faun, by Brenda Putnam.

mindedness may often prefer a rather illiterate piece of sculpture to something better imagined and better done. He bases his choice on a platform far simpler than any that a proficient sculptor can use. Pushed to their illogical extreme, such choices de-

Narcissus, by Adolph A. Weinman.

base sculpture; and the *baroque* style really did debase sculpture. Possibly the debasement was mutual. The *baroque* used too much sculpture. No such tendency at present afflicts the American sculptor; we are but too chary in making use of his art.

In 1903, Mrs. Wharton wisely wrote: "The real value of the old Italian garden-plan is that logic and beauty meet in it, as they should in all sound architectural work." To-day, Americans have a larger understanding of these facts than was possible twenty years ago. Through the well-imagined works of Olmsted, Platt, Greenleaf, Vitale, and scores of other artists (among whom some of the most notable are women), garden architecture has made a very definite advance here during the present century; and but for the war, this advance would doubtless have been still greater. Our summer colonies of American painters and sculptors scattered by hill and shore have, in an obscure yet important way, fostered a good tradition in garden-planning. The gardens created by our artists are not necessarily extensive. Their significance depends on something more valuable than mere extent. They are

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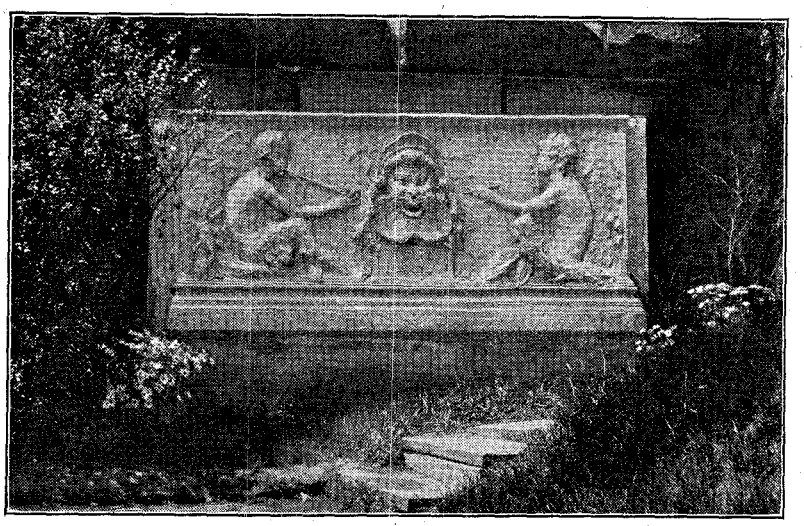
works of art because love and logic have persevered together in handling form and color in harmony with a given environment. Take, for instance, the gardens at Cornish, New Hampshire. These have a rather uncommon landscape setting. Instead of the tumbled fragments of great hills almost always found near a mountain range, the Cornish gardens look out upon an ever-varying, idyllic landscape, ruled by one mountain alone, one solitary Shakespeare of the skies. Its lines recall Fujiyama and Vesuvius, but carry no minatory suggestion. Most of the Cornish garden-plans have eagerly sought the advantage of this large and simple background.

The American artist has inherited from his English forebears a love of trees, lawns, and flowers for their own sakes, while he has acquired from his memories of Italian and French masterpieces in garden-design something of that logic (dwelling side by side with emotion) which characterizes the Latin mind at its best. A garden that is a mere riot of color will not satisfy him; as in the garden art of Horace's Rome, of Michelangelo's Florence, of eighteenth-century Vaux and Versailles, he looks for form as well as color. He realizes that a garden is not the place for a riot, but rather for its opposite, harmony. The American garden that simply imitates the letter of Italian tradition will, of course, be a poor affair. But every American garden created in a spirit akin to that which shaped the Italian Renaissance garden (in the days before the *baroque* with heavy thumb laid on its unmeaning decorations) will be framed with order and fitness. It will depend upon form to enhance color; it will express its own individual blend of logic and magic. It will turn almost instinctively to sculpture, both that of the practical clipping-shears and of the poetic chisel. There will be modelling in water also, whether aspiring, radiant water in jets, or flat, mirror-like water for calm reflections in both realms, thoughts and things. From the first jonquil to the first snowfall, and after, such a garden should be alive with a thrilling sense of harmony between nature, art, and the owner's inmost mind.

Toward the consummation of such a garden, the Sculpture Society's outdoor show in forecourt and on the terrace, in plaisance and in secret garden, offered a wealth of suggestions. Certainly the society's heterogeneous display of beautiful works in plaster, bronze, and stone could not in the nature of things give any completely satisfying picture of what a garden with its gods should be. But the picture was better than complete. It was helpful and suggestive to an interested public.



Caritas—Wall Fountain, by Philip Martiny.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 11.

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THE
FINANCIAL SITUATION

The Anniversary of the Great War

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE anniversary of the outbreak of the Great War is not an occasion which people celebrate. A casual reminder in the newspapers that this is the date when Germany crossed the Belgian frontier, a word or two of reminiscence or perfunctory moralizing, and the matter is forgotten. The attitude is not strange, when even the anniversary of the ending of the war meets with slight observance. Nobody celebrates the battle of the Marne; perhaps it was only after a considerably longer lapse of years than this that the battle of Waterloo or the battle of Gettysburg was celebrated in the aftermath of older wars.

Nine Years Since the German Invasion

To most of us, perhaps to all of us, the memory of the rush of events in August and September, 1914, is nowadays much of a blur. It is not easy, in reminiscence, even to set the bewildering occurrences in their right succession. We can recall the utter incredulity over the possibility of such a war, which everybody shared up to the day when, even in advance of the Kaiser's ultimatum, all the world's stock exchanges closed their doors, the rate of New York exchange on London rose to 12 per cent premium, and a North German liner, bound east with a consignment of $10,000,000 American gold consigned to Europe, faced about in mid-ocean and made a hurried run for the coast of Maine.

All of us can remember the astonishment with which we heard of the American summer tourists stranded in the wake of the advancing armies and trying to get home. Most of us can even bring back to mind the two or three September days when the newspaper cables told us that the French had turned, that something had gone amiss with the German plans, and that possibly Von Kluck and his army would be captured.

What We Expected in 1914

BUT it is scarcely possible for us to remember now what we actually expected would happen next, when the German line swung down in its triumphant and seemingly irresistible advance on Paris or when it was hastily retreating to the intrenchments of the Aisne. It is not at all easy to be sure whether we ourselves had then reached the conclusion that it would be a short war or a long one. But what is undoubtedly impressed on most individual memories is the rapid deepening of the conviction that, however the conflict was to end, it would not be the same world as that of July, 1914, nor the same alignment of the nations, which would come into view at its termination.

It is in this regard that the ninth anniversary of the events of August and September, 1914, suggests a broader retrospect. That neither the economic nor the political position of the important states could ever be quite the same at the end of a great war as at its beginning we had learned long before 1914. We learned it by comparing the England of 1830, in its relations to the outside world, with the England of 1795; the Germany of 1875 with the Germany of 1869; or even the United States of 1880 with the United States of 1859. But what we are not so apt to recognize nowadays is that a very considerable stretch of time was necessary after the return of peace on those occasions before the new alignment of the nations could be seen correctly.

During many years after 1815, England seemed to the contemporary observer to be entangled in a hopeless problem of re-

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adjustment of foreign trade, home production, labor, and ill-regulated currency. The new Germany did not come clearly into view until at least ten years after the Peace of Paris in 1871. Between 1865 and the late seventies the United States was living on European capital and floundering helplessly in paper-money inflation.

NOWADAYS we judge these episodes in the light of the longer results. But "readjustment" and "reconstruction" were matters, not of five years after return of peace, but of ten or twenty. What the present generation vaguely recalls as the reconciliation of the South and the North, which came along with completion of economic rehabilitation in the previously seceding States, was not actually recognized as an accomplished fact until twenty-five years after the surrender at Appomattox.

The Slow Process of Reconstruction

When Henry W. Grady of Atlanta made his celebrated speech of 1886 at the New England Society dinner in New York, pointing out to his hearers that a new era was about to open in the relations between the belligerents of the Civil War, a full generation had elapsed since the South laid down its arms, and yet the audience had gathered to discuss the probability of reconciliation. In the light of such precedent, it may easily be imagined that we are not yet far enough away from the beginning and ending of the last great conflict to get the true perspective. Nevertheless, there is possibility of reaching at least a tentative judgment on the economic as well as political realignment which has followed it.

IN the first place, what were the economic situation and relationships when the new turn was taken in history during August, 1914? That England was the undisputed banking and investment centre of the world; that France was lending the proceeds of her people's industry and thrift to a dozen foreign countries, including America; that the United States was still leaning heavily on European capital to finance its industrial undertakings; that Germany was pressing England hard for commercial supremacy in trade with many foreign countries—all this is a familiar story. Yet in various ways these conditions were changing, even then. London was not maintaining its financial prestige wholly unimpaired; even in 1901 it was thought for a moment that New York would challenge it. The period immediately preceding the declaration of war had been marked by financial uncertainty and industrial unsettlement.

The Position of 1914

It was rather widely believed in European financial circles, when Austria's ultimatum to Servia gave the signal for war and Germany accepted it, that signs of trouble, in both the home trade and the home politics of those two states, had inclined the governments to resort to the experiment of war by way of solving their peace-time problems. The position of Austrian finance was admittedly precarious; declining trade and rise of the public deficit to figures very large for those days—the 1914 budget of expenditure for Hungary alone had doubled within ten years—had forced the empire into an unwilling money market, where it was at one time doubtful if its necessities could be covered. Germany's foreign trade was declining rapidly; there was a good deal of uneasiness in financial Berlin as to the status of the long-term credits lavishly and not altogether prudently granted by the banks to promote the export trade, especially with South America and the Far East.

CENTRAL EUROPE was not the only scene of financial unsettlement on the eve of the Great War. Efforts of the French Government to turn an unmanageable floating debt into long-term loans were blocked by the legislative factions; it was difficult to market any large loans. Italy was in the grip of trade reaction and severe money stringency; it was stated at Rome in March, 1914, that unemployment had become so great that emigration from Italy had for the first time in the country's history exceeded a million in a twelvemonth.

On the Eve of the Great War

Trade reaction had seized England also in the first half of 1914. The cotton-spinning industry had gone on short time; iron furnaces were shutting down, largely because of urgent competition by Ger-

(Financial Situation, continued on page 51)

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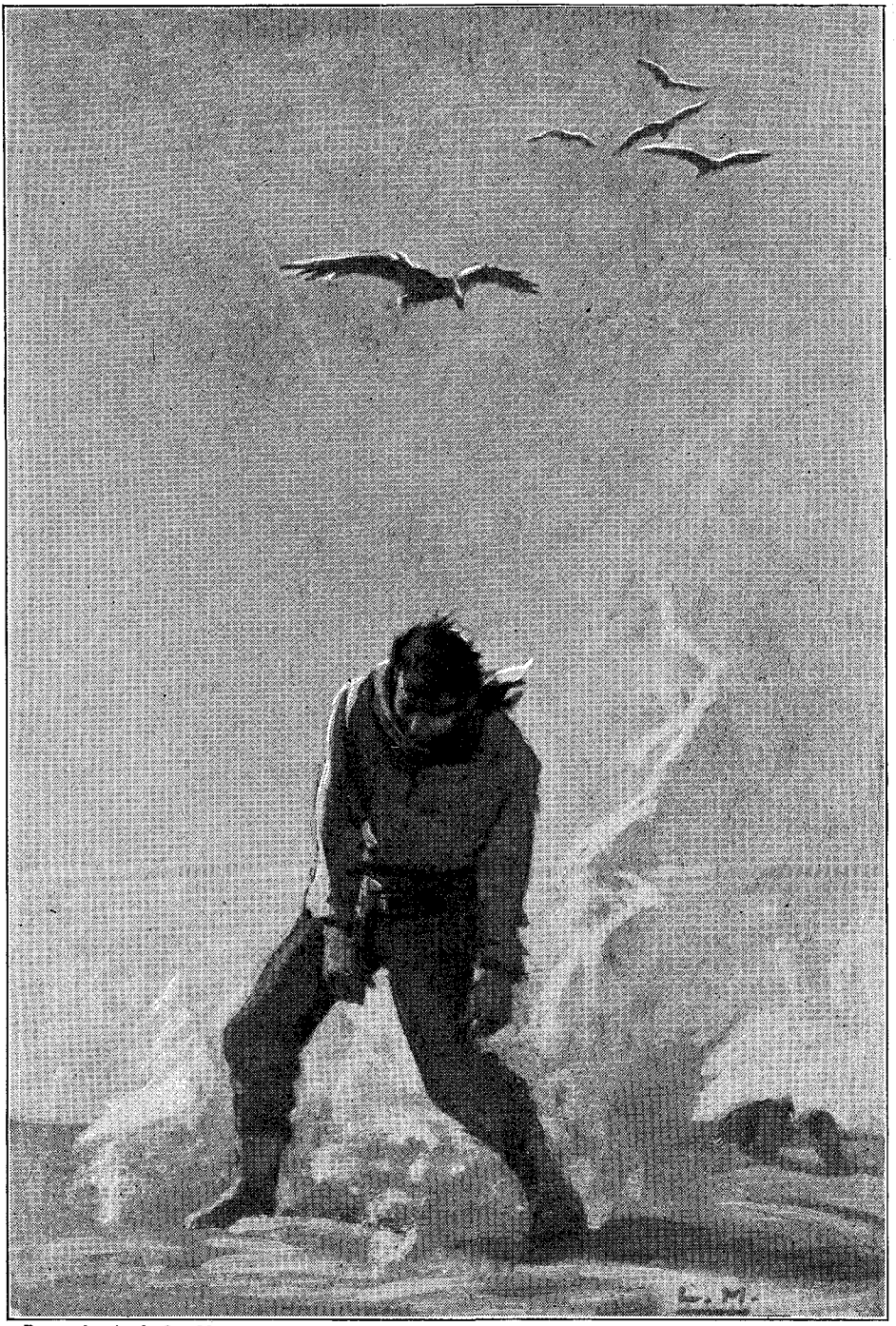

From a drawing by Lon Megargee.

HE HAD FALLEN AND RISEN AND STUMBLED ON.

—"Dead Man's Hand," page 487.

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